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The Debt of the Oldest People to the Newest World.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

October 23d, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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The Debt of the Oldest People to the Newest World.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, Oct. 23, 1892.

It was on the morn of August 3, 1492,—nay, it was not yet morn, it still lacked half an hour to sunrise,—when three small caravels sailed forth from the Spanish seaport town of Palos. Darkness lay yet upon the deep, and chaos encompassed the hearts of the ninety sailors, who started out upon an unknown sea for an unknown port. The starting of the fleet.

Further still that darkness and chaos extended. They covered the whole earth, and they ruled the minds of all its people. Not yet had the mighty creative words: "Let there be Light" resounded for the second time. But the break of day was at hand. The experienced eye could already discern, along the dark horizon, the first faint gleams of dawn. Gutenberg had invented the art of printing, and the presses of Venice, Florence, Rome, Strassburg, Paris, had begun to arouse the people from their long intellectual stupor. The Medicis at Florence, and their rivals at the other Italian capitals, had become patrons of learning and art. Reuchlin had taken up the battle of reason against ecclesiastical ignorance and bigotry, and his pupil Melanchthon was imbibing from him that knowledge and spirit that were soon to stand him in such good stead in his labors for the Reformation. Savonarola, the fiery Florentine preacher, was opening wider and wider the eyes of the world to the corruptions and tyrannies of the Church. Copernicus and Luther sat dreaming on their school-bench, the one of the earth revolving around the sun, the other of the church reflecting the purity and love of God. The cosmographers Behaim and Toscanella and Rabbis Moses and Abraham, and Vecinho were drawing charts and making globes to prove the rotundity of the earth, and the possibility of reaching India by a westward course;—and now a little fleet was starting to make the possible real, and by its unparalleled achievement to hasten the full break of that glorious day, whose first glints darted with roseate promise athwart the New World, and whose radiant morning beams wreathe our fortunate brows to-day.

Seldom has a fleet started on a momentous voyage under such disheartening auspices as did that of Columbus, on the first Friday in the month of August 1492. Seldom have such heart-rending leave-takings been witnessed as on that day. Seldom Under disheartening auspices.

have such curses followed departing vessels as those that were hurled at the admiral by the embittered men and women on shore. Had not this mad adventurer forced them, by order of the crown, to fit out two of his three vessels, which they never expected to see again! Was he not taking their husbands and fathers and brothers out into a sea of darkness, to make them the doomed sport of the pitiless elements, or to give them as prey to horrible sea monsters! What ill-fated craft, driven out too far into the unknown western waters, had ever returned! Was it not madness to sail forth into the very jaws of hell, for could they not see the fires of the netherworld reflected along the western horizon, at every setting of the sun! Was it a wonder, therefore, that it took him nearly three months to fit out his fleet, and that to complete the number of his crew he was forced even to rob the jail of its prisoners to make sailors of them.

The ways of Providence are strange indeed. Who, that witnessed that early morning scene in the harbor of Palos, that heard the imprecations, that saw that motley crew and their old and scarce seaworthy caravels, that knew of the perilous voyage on which they were about to enter for the first time in recorded history, would, or could have predicted their safe return as discoverers of a New World! Neither curses nor mutinies, neither the elements nor men could thwart the will of Destiny. The hour for America's discovery had arrived, and no power on earth could delay it another minute; the appointed discoverer had come, and neither scorn nor intrigue, neither rebellion nor threat, could keep him back, or bend his purpose. The vessel that had started like a convict ship was destined to return in triumph, and he that was hooted and cursed as a mad adventurer, was destined to see his mutinous sailors on their knees before him craving his forgiveness, and the people of Palos eager to kiss the hem of his garment, and the proud Sovereigns of Spain and the greatest scholars of Europe bow in reverence before him.

The ways of Providence are strange.

The anchors are weighed. The fresh morning breezes fill the sails. Swiftly the vessels leap forth upon the trackless expanse, as if conscious of the never-to-be-forgotten voyage they are about to make. The very waves seem to heave with joy, and the winds seem to cheer them on with inspiring songs of promise.

Sailors disconsolate.

But of all this the dejected sailors see naught, hear naught. They look upon themselves as doomed men, carried forth to be sacrificed upon the altar of an adventurer's ambition. Standing in the stern of the vessel, with their eyes eastward fixed, and beholding the land gradually receding, and the outlines growing fainter and fainter, even the most courageous among them lose heart, tears course down the cheeks of the most hardened seafarers, while many of them break forth in loud wails and lamentations, for to the East lay their countries, their homes, their dear ones, their all;—to the West lies their horrible death.

Yet in the front of the vessel there stands a small group peering into the brightening distant West. The tall majestic form of the foremost of

them easily distinguishes him as the long-abused and much distrusted Admiral of the little fleet. No gloom rests upon his brow; his inspired countenance reveals no trace of fear. His prophetic eye already catches glimpses of the land of promise. He who had conquered sovereigns and confounded scholars, he that eighteen years long endured taunt and rebuff, broken pledges and unkept promises, treachery of friends and desertion of supporters, and despite all, is now sailing forth on his great life-mission, he fears not the fury of the elements nor the fierceness of his men, nor the failure of his purpose.

Peering into the distant West.

"Steure, muthiger Segler! Es mag der Witz dich verhöhnen,
Und der Schiffer am Steu'r senken die lässige Hand.
Immer, immer nach West! dort muss die Küste sich zeigen,
Liegt sie doch deutlich und liegt schimmernd vor deinem Verstand.
Traue dem leitenden Gott und folge dem schweigenden Weltmeer!
Wär sie noch nicht, sie stieg jetzt aus den Fluthen empor.
Mit dem Genius steht die Natur in ewigem Bunde;
Was der eine verspricht, leistet die andre gewiss."—*Schiller*.

O, thou valiant Columbus, well it is that thou carriest so brave a heart within thy bosom! Thou wilt succeed. Thou wilt add a new world to the old. Thou wilt pour into the depleted coffers of monarchs marvelous treasures. Thou wilt open up undreamed of opportunities in the new world for those who never had any chance in the old. Thou wilt be received under triumphal arches, and wilt have honors and titles conferred upon thee thick and fast.

Yet thy success will be a far greater source of pain and disappointment to you than ever were thy failures. The very monarch who will honor you will be jealous of the honor he conferred. The very people whom you will enrich will strip you of your hard-earned rights and titles. Not thine but another's name will be given to the new world, which thou hast discovered. Soon the world will grow accustomed to the wonders thou hast wrought, and cease to recognize anything wonderful in it, anything that anybody else could not have done, or would not have done without thee. They will become ashamed of the praise they have lavished upon thee, and seek to correct their mistake by slander and insult. From the land which thou hast discovered they will bring thee in chains to the land to which thou gavest it. They will canonize thee as Saint, and raise monuments to thy memory, after thou art dead, while during life they will cast thee aside, and brand thee a malefactor. The time will come when like these disheartened sailors, thou, too, wilt weep, when in agony of soul thou wilt burst forth with these words: "The slanders of worthless men have done me more injury than all my services have profited me." "Such is the evil name which I have acquired, that if I were to build hospitals and churches, they would be called dens of robbers." The time will come when royalty will no longer smile upon thee, nor the nobility and chivalry of Spain attend thee, nor the populace hail thee with rapture, when, as a wayworn, heart-broken, infirm, and neglected old man, thou wilt plead for thy

From success to sorrow.

rights unheard and unanswered, and lay down to die as the greatest of benefactors and the most wronged of men.

The others of the westward-peering group in the forepart of the vessel likewise attract our attention. Their attire is Spanish, but their countenances betray the Hebrew caste; one is named Rodrigo Sanchez, the *Veedor* (overseer) of the crew, destined to be one of the first to espy the land of the New World, the other is Luis de Torres, the linguist and interpreter, destined to be the first to explore the interior of the newly discovered land. What brought them here? Was it choice, or was it compulsion, or was it destiny?

Jews aboard Columbus' fleet.

It is possible that it was their own free will, and their faith in the enterprise, that lead them to join the expedition. The Jews at that time, and long before, were noted as experienced travelers and venturesome explorers. Being driven from land to land, and obliged to speak, beside their own, the language of the people among whom they resided, being, besides, deeply interested in commerce, and carrying on an extensive trade with their brethren scattered all over the known world, they possessed an extraordinary knowledge of lands and peoples, and languages, and were especially fitted for purposes of exploration. Together with the Moors in Spain, they had become the most renowned astronomers and cosmographers of the world. Three hundred years before Columbus entered upon the scenes, the Spanish Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, had penetrated into China and explored the islands of Southern Asia. Three centuries before Columbus dreamed of a shorter journey to India along the unknown western sea, Jewish and Moorish savans taught that the earth was a sphere, determined approximately its circumference and diameter, and declared that a journey westward over the sea of darkness must lead to the eastern shore of Asia. And before Columbus could venture out upon a wholly unknown sea, the learned cosmographer Martin Behaim of Nuremburg, had to call in the assistance of the Jewish mathematicians Moses, Rabbi Abraham, and the physician Vecinho, to construct a globe, and to perfect the astrolabe, to lessen therewith the dangers of navigation by enabling the sailors to measure by the altitude of the sun their distance from the equator and from the coast. The fondness for exploration has continued a characteristic of the Jew to this day. Jews accompanied Alexander von Humboldt and Agassiz. The explorers of Turkestan, Afghanistan, Abyssinia, were Jews. Greely's ill-fated North Pole expedition counted among its number the Jew Edward Israel, of Kalamazoo. Emil Bessel, a German Jew, was one of the members of Captain Hall's North Pole Expedition, and Kepes, a Hungarian Jew, accompanied Payers to the North Pole. Emin Pasha, the African explorer, is of the Hebrew race, as is also Vita Hassan, one of his brave rescuers; as is also our own Professor Angelo Heilprin, the leader of the Peary Relief expedition. There is, therefore, nothing strange to find Jews accompanying Columbus on his journey over an unknown sea, nor is it improbable that

Jews as explorers.

they joined him of their own free will, either from love of adventure, or in the interest of knowledge, or in the interest of commerce.

But it is also possible that their embarking on that perilous voyage was a necessity rather than a choice. It may reasonably be believed, that when old and experienced sailors of the seafaring port Palos feared to enter upon a journey, that held out no other promise than infinite suffering and a miserable death, these strangers of the Hebrew race would never have embarked, unless urged by some pending danger, unless impelled by a belief that the sea might afford some chance of escape which the land denied.

Embark to escape oppression.

And ground enough we have for such a belief, for was it not on the day before, August 2, 1492, that a scene was enacted in the whole of Spain, the like of which but few have transpired in the History of the world, scenes that moved the hands of progress on the dial of civilization hundreds of years back, scenes that made justice bow her head in grief, and mercy hide her face in shame? On that day 300,000 human beings, men, women and children, rich and poor, high and low, feeble and strong, were driven from the land of their birth, from the land which their industries had enriched, and their learning had blessed, driven out and deprived of all, for the great crime of having been born Jews, and for adhering to the faith of Israel, driven into strange lands and among hostile peoples, or to the sea coast, there to be packed into ships like so many cattle, wives torn from their husbands, mothers from their babes, sisters from their brothers, to be carried off, thousands to be dropped into the raging sea, thousands to perish through want and exposure, through outrage and cruelty, thousands to be disembarked on uninhabited islands to be left a prey to wild beasts, and to starvation. There was little chance for escape. Conversion only brought suspicion of secret adherence to the old faith, and this brought the terrible test of the Inquisition. Could a voyage on an untried sea be more horrible? Could the elements be more cruel? What wonder that some Jews, in their eagerness to escape, found their way to Columbus' fleet, and, with back turned to the country that brutally thrust them out, heartily thanked God for their escape, when the ships leaped lustily forward towards the unknown west.

Perhaps guided westward by destiny.

And who can tell whether it was not Destiny that guided the steps of the people of the Wandering Tribe to the ships of Columbus? Who can tell whether it was not the Will of Providence that a Jew should be of the first to behold the new Promised Land, of the first to set foot upon the soil that was destined to become a refuge for all the persecuted, a haven for the oppressed, the home of religious and political liberty? Who can tell whether the hand that has ever guided the Jew westward, from the Euphrates to the Jordan, from the Jordan to the Nile, from the Nile to the Tiber, from the Tiber to the Guadalquivir, did not now lead him across the Atlantic that he might continue his circuit around the world as teacher of the God of Israel, and disseminator of His Law.

There is many an event connected with the Discovery of America, that seems the decree of Destiny rather than accident. It seems more than accident that the same hand and pen that had just signed the Edict of the Expulsion of the Jew, should also have signed the Articles of Agreement that authorized Columbus to enter upon his voyage of discovery; that on the same day on which Ferdinand and Isabella banished their loyal Jewish subjects from their realm, a fleet, manned by their order, should stand ready to find a new home for them; that a voyage, entered upon for the purpose of finding a new road to an old continent, should end in the discovery of a new world; that a voyage undertaken with the secondary purpose of exclusively propagating the Alone-saving Church, should have led, by gradual steps, to the formation of a government which was among the first to grant to every man the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience. I believe with Schiller that there is no chance in history.

> "Es giebt keinen Zufall
> Und was uns blindes Ungefähr nur dünkt,
> Gerade das steigt aus der tiefsten Quelle."—*Wallenstein's Tod.*

I cannot believe otherwise than that the design of destiny runs through the web and woof of Israel's History,—of all History. Man spins the thread, and throws the shuttle, but Providence draws the design. History, truly written, is but a translation of God's will. God is as visible in the events of History as He is in the blade of grass, or in the wing of insect, or in the mind of man, or in the harmony of the stellar spheres. I see the hand of Destiny guiding Abraham from the land of the Chaldeans westward to Palestine. I see it in the westward journey of the family of Jacob into the land of the Pharaohs. I see it in the dispersion of the remnant of Israel over Western Europe. I see it in their being among the first to attempt a western voyage across an unknown sea, among the first to espy the new world, among the first to set foot upon it, among the first to explore its interior.

First American Jewish settlements.

Whatever the cause may have been that led these Hebrews, aboard Columbus' fleet, to the new world, whether adventure, or compulsion, or destiny, there is no question as to the reason of the first Jewish settlements in this land. It was not a spirit of adventure that led *our* Pilgrim Fathers from the populous centres of Europe, across the dreaded Atlantic, to the wilds of an unknown world. As transported exiles, or as fleeing refugees, they landed on these shores. It was not a greed for gold but a chance to live, that tempted them across the perilous deep. It was the hope of finding somewhere under God's sun a land into which the persecuting spirit of the Church had not yet penetrated, and where fanaticism's tyranny was unknown, that urged them rather to brave the fury of the elements than to endure the cruelty of man.

But, even in this hope, they were destined to be cruelly disappointed, at first. Before yet half a century had passed after the discovery of the

new world, the Church had established herself in all her tyrannous power, and, in her zeal for terrestrial and celestial possessions, had drenched the soil of South and Central America with the blood of tens of thousands of aborigines. When the natives had been subjugated, when rapacity and bigotry had laid their palaces into ruin and their homes into ashes, and had turned them from a guileless and peace-loving people into cruel savages, the conqueror returned once more to the old victims of his wrath, to the Jews, who had begun to settle in small colonies, and visited upon them his old-time cruelty. He gave them the choice between the Cross or exile, and while some in their despair submitted to baptism, the others once more took up their staff to prove themselves "The Wandering Jew" even in this Western Hemisphere.

Early persecutions.

But their sufferings were of short duration. Northward they turned, and when they reached the Dutch and English colonies, they came in contact with the peoples who themselves had suffered the cruelties of religious persecution, or who had fled from the old world to find in the new political and religious liberty, and among them the "tribe of the wandering foot and weary breast" found a welcome and a home at last.

A brighter era dawns.

And from that day to this we have remained in undisturbed possession of our social and political and religious rights. From that day to this we have been treated as men among men, as citizens among citizens, free to live where we choose, free to do as we like, free to worship as we desire. No ghetto has walled us in. No restrictions have fettered our feet. No inquisitorial tribunal has cowed our spirits. Free to develop our best faculties, and to make use of all the advantages which this new land affords, we have grown up into flourishing communities all over the land, and the Jewish name stands distinguished among the names of the most honored men and women, in every walk of life.

We have not proven ourselves unworthy of our blessings. Conscious of the debt we owe to the American people for having been the first of modern nations to restore to the Jew his full human rights, and for having imparted a much-needed object lesson of tolerance to the nations across the seas, we have faithfully striven to pay off our sacred obligation with honorable and useful and patriotic citizenship. As a law-abiding citizen the American Jew has no superior. In industry he has perhaps not his equal. In patriotism he yields to none. In peace and in war, in legislative-hall and on battlefield, he has served his country with all his heart and might. He recognizes no mortal ruler higher than the President of the United States, and maintains no institutions opposed to those which his fellow-citizens cherish. He constitutes no political body by reason of his race or creed. He has never regarded politics as his prerogative, nor office-holding as his special right. Yet, he has ever been at his country's call when needed, and he has never been found wanting when a responsible trust was reposed in him.

The American Jew's gratitude.

And so will he continue forever. The story of America's noble treatment of the Jew is graven upon his heart. Time will never efface it. From Father it will pass to child, and from child to child, unto the most distant future. And in each successive generation it will kindle a more enthusiastic love for the country that opened a peaceful haven to their oppressed and persecuted fathers, and arouse an ever greater eagerness to offer up their fortune and their all, if needs be, even their life, in the defense of the country that first of all nations of modern times boldly declared that before God and before the Law all men are equal, be their color black or white, be their faith that of the Gentile or of the Jew.

Past and Present Purpose of the Church.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Oct. 30, 1892.

"And thy gates shall stand open continually, day and night shall they not be closed.' Isaiah, LX. 11.

"The world stands on three things—on the study of the law, on divine service, on deeds of kindness." Talmud Babl. *Aboth*, I, 2.

"Not the study but the practice is the principal thing." Talmud Babl. *Aboth*, I, 17.

The culture of peoples has been estimated by various indices; some have judged it by the weapons and implements used in war and in husbandry, others by the treatment accorded to woman, others by the style of raiment or by the kind of literature, others by still other signs. I shall venture to suggest this morning yet one more, and that is: the Place or House consecrated to the worship of the Deity. Describe to me the Sanctuary of a people and I will tell you the state of its civilization. Read the history of the development of Shrines and Temples, and you read a treatise on the mental evolution of man.

A people's church the index of its culture.

Religion has ever been the nearest and dearest interest to man, and the God he worshipped has ever been to him an awe-inspiring presence, a being all-powerful for good or evil, whose favor it was profitable to propitiate, and whose wrath it was wise to ward off. For that end no sacrifice was too great for him, no labor too hard, no expenditure too heavy, no Temple too gorgeous or too vast. Without a tremor he poured upon his sanctuary's foundation-stone the heart's blood of his favorite child, and with a smile upon his lips he bared his own breast to the priest's knife to furnish the blood for the dedication cup. He wore out his life in the quarries and mines, he delved to the bottom of the sea and climbed to the highest mountain- peak, braved the dangers of the elements and the fury of the enemy, to procure the materials and ornaments for his Sanctuary. For its site he selected the choicest spot, and he tolerated no building near it to eclipse the grandeur of the dwelling of his God.* His sanctuary was his greatest pride, upon it he expended his greatest care and treasures, and to this day the traveller in foreign lands finds the pagoda or dagoba,

On it it spends the best that mind and hand can give.

*כל עיר שגגותיה גבוהין מבית הכנסת לסוף חרבה

"Every city whose houses overtower the synagogue will be destroyed." *Sabbath* 11, a.

the temple or mosque, the pantheon or basilica, the cathedral or minster, the most interesting and attractive of sights, and the most representative of a people's taste, skill, and culture.

Applying this general rule of judging the culture of a people by its sanctuary to particular peoples, we have a striking illustration of its truth in our own Old Testament. If we had no other knowledge of ancient Israel's culture, that which we glean from the construction of their altars and shrines, tabernacles and temples, would have sufficed to give us an intelligent idea of the state of their minds and of the skill of their hands. When we read of the Patriarchs erecting a simple stone by the wayside, anointing it with oil, and naming it an "Altar of the Lord," a "House of God,"* we know that we are dealing with a primitive people, whose life is nomadic, who have no permanent home of their own nor any for their God, whose Supreme Being is still largely local, confined to certain districts, haunting mysterious groves, gloomy caverns, weird mountain-defiles, desolate stone heaps, dreary plains and deserts, revealing Himself by means of awe-inspiring natural phenomena, or by means of strange dreams and visions and sounds.

Proof from the Sanctuary of the Patriarchs.

When we read the graphic description given us in the Book of Exodus of the construction and grandeur of the Tabernacle, we know at once that we are dealing with a people that has made mighty strides forward in its culture, skill and wealth. Here is no longer a mere oil-anointed monolith, here is a miniature movable townhall, court and temple in one, and of exquisite structure. The workmanship displays the highest skill, and the materials are of the costliest,—gold, silver, brass, expensive woods and furs, textures of fine linen wool and hair interwoven with beautiful figures. The then rare and expensive colors blue and the purple and the scarlet abound. Sculptured figures of solid gold surmount the Ark. An artistically wrought golden candelabrum diffuses a mellow light. Priests in magnificent vestments minister at the altar, and people crowd to it with their sacrificial offerings.†

From the Tabernacle in the wilderness.

Reaching King Solomon's time, and reading the description of the gorgeous Temple which he had built—the high massive stone walls, the gilt interior, the golden altar and candelabra and cherubim, the rich carvings, and the numerous other objects of artistic skill‡—we are made conscious of another mighty forward stride in the culture of Israel. The tribe has grown into a nation. The nomads of former times have settled down into communities of agriculturists and artisans. The movable tent-Tabernacle of the wilderness has become the permanent and well-fortified capitol of Palestine, the pride of Jerusalem, the glory of Israel.

From the Temple at Jerusalem.

And yet, while we can distinctly trace a development in the culture of the Israelitish people from the time of the Patriarchs to the illustrious

*Gen. XXVIII, 18. †Exod. XXV, *et seq.* ‡I Kings, Chap. VI.

Solomon, as evinced by the taste displayed in the building of their Houses of God, we fail to discover a corresponding advance in the purpose for which these Sanctuaries were built. Only the external form changed, the motive for building it remained largely the same. Each of the three Sanctuaries mentioned had for its object the fastening down of God to a certain spot, and the keeping Him there in readiness to accept the offerings of man, to listen to his supplications, and to grant his prayer. Each of these Sanctuaries was regarded as a place where man might settle his accounts with God, where by performing a certain number of rites, and offering a certain number of sacrifices, and repeating a certain number of formulæ, he may consider himself as having done his duty towards God, and go his way in peace, till the next clearing-day arrives, or sooner, if urged by distress or guilt. This was the sole purpose which the Monolith and the Tabernacle and the Temple were intended to serve, and they never served any other. They knew nothing of preaching and teaching, nothing of counselling and directing the people in the way they should go. When people went astray, and came to them, they afforded them the means to set themselves right with God; to prevent their going amiss was not their function, and was not attempted by them. They aimed to be merely soul-cleansing institutions, not preventers of soul-pollution, hence the people's constant backslidings into vile idolatries and gross corruptions, and the prophets' unceasing complaints of the wickedness of the people.

An advance only in architecture, not in purpose.

Nearly three millenials have passed since Solomon's time, and judging from the many magnificent Houses of God, that to-day raise their proud heads in civilized lands, structures of majestic proportions, of marvellous beauty, of inspiring art, we must conclude that we, too, have made vast strides forward in our artistic taste and mechanical skill. And examining the uses to which they are put in our day, we must conclude that we have also progressed in the purposes which we make our Houses of God to serve. With some of us now they are not exclusively Houses of God, they are Houses of Man as well. They are not merely soul-cleansing institutions, they also strive to keep the soul from becoming stained. They summon the people not only for service of God, but also to teach them how to be of service to man. Good morals are preached, and wise counsels are given, from pulpit and in class-room. Earnest efforts are being made to send from sanctuaries such streams of thought as may flood every heart with love, every home with peace, every workshop with sunshine, every mart with rectitude, the whole of humanity with tolerance and good will.

Modern magnificent Shrines prove still greater advance in culture.

But of this far too little has as yet been attempted, so little indeed, that the world seems scarcely conscious of any change having taken place. Despite our artistic sanctuaries, and despite the vast number of them, our penitentiaries are filled to overflowing; our newspapers recount an endless tale of vice and crime; our streets teem with drunkards and vagrants; our slum

But not an advance in virtue.

districts rot their miserable tenants and poison our atmosphere; our laboring classes cry out against oppression; our wolves and bears of the stock-exchanges prey upon innocent lambs, with corrupt officials sharing the booty for holding their peace; church deacons fatten on the sweat and blood of their overworked and underpaid employees, and silence their preachers by contributing fat chunks towards their salaries and big slices towards the heathen-conversion funds.

In far too many churches the purpose of the service is still very like unto that which prevailed in the sanctuaries of old. They are still run on the theory that on the day and hour set by the Committee, God enters the Sanctuary in state, to grant, like some Oriental Potentate, audience to his subjects, delighting in hearing Himself praised and flattered, and taking pleasure in keeping a strict lookout whether the smallest minutiae of the service are faithfully complied with by the worshipper. Far too many people still attend services in the belief that they have a soul in constant danger of being lost, and which can only be saved by regular attendance at the services, and by scrupulous compliance with certain rites and ceremonies, even if they do not know their meaning, and by reciting certain prayers, even if they do not understand the language, and by making certain professions and confessions even if they do not grasp their import,—these duties performed, they may go forth into the world, content in the belief that their souls are safe, and that, besides, they have made a goodly deposit in the Celestial Bank on High, which some day will buy them the golden wings and golden slippers and a golden trumpet, when they assume their angel-life in Heaven.

Still kept up only for God and not for man.

This narrow purpose that has been given to the Church has in our day disgusted many, has driven hundreds out of their pews, and has marshalled them in opposition to all things religious. Hundreds of people who might have been the Church's proudest ornaments and ablest supports, are to-day toiling with all their might to cast discredit upon it, and to undermine its strength. This opposition, however, is as unfortunate as is the cause that gave rise to it. Their appeal for change and reform, for widening of purpose, attempted from within the ranks, would have met with a speedier response than their hooting and jeering and throwing of stones and mud from across the street. The kind correction of a friend is speedier heeded than the bitter denunciation of an enemy. It is difficult for one, who derives comfort even from the narrowest purpose that is given to the Church, not to be offended at incessant declarations of the uselessness of religious institutions.

This narrowness has alienated many.

It argues intolerance as well as ignorance to pass sentence of uselessness upon a thing because it has been abused. Law and government, affection and charity, home and school, have been abused, but only a fool or a villain would declare them useless, and advocate their abolition, on account of the abuse.

Abuse does not argue uselessness.

There has never been a church built to God but ignorance and super-

stition and mythology and greed and hypocrisy have set up house-keeping close by, and, when crowded for room, have, without asking, quartered themselves within the church, and poisoned or polluted its sanctuary. And yet even this impudent and irrepressible quintette has never yet succeeded in crowding all the good, and in crushing all the life, out of the Church. It has not been done, and it never will be, neither by man nor by any of the absurdities or follies of man.

A little babe will sooner pluck the stars from the firmament, a tender lily will sooner quench the fires of the sun with the dew-drops on her petals, than man will pluck the religious instinct out of the human heart, and quench within the soul the sacred fires which God Himself has kindled. Man may continue dealing hard blows at the Church, but the anvil will outlast the hammer. He may set all the raging storms upon religion, it may shake and quiver in the gale, and pitch and lurch in the fury of the tempest, but it will never sink. When the fury will have spent itself, and the mountain billows will have subsided, it will be seen skipping merrily before the wind, all the brighter and fresher for the storm. He may tear away worthless accretion, and strip away gaudy tinsel, and bring this or that down with a crash, and yet the Temple of God will stand as firm as ever, for its foundations reach down to the centre of the earth, its pillars are fastened to the dome of heaven, its girders are riveted to the ends of the earth, and before it can fall, the heavens must tumble, and the earth must be torn asunder, and the universe must pass away.

The Church is imperishable.

Man will continue to worship; it is his nature to do so, and blessed he that it is. Alas for that society that can not worship anything higher than itself; the time will come when it will find nothing lower than itself. They that cannot lift their eyes upwards to God, will soon cast them downward, like the brute. A prayer may only be words, only a whisper, but in these words lies a power that will more successfully route your anarchy than all your artillery, and in that whisper lies a charm that will secure the peace of your country and the purity of your home better than all your standing armies or police forces.

Man will continue to worship.

It is well enough to say that we have no need of costly churches merely for prayer, that, since God is omnipresent, we can pray anywhere, in the Temple of Nature, under the star-lit sky, on the inspiring mountain-top, on the shore of the rolling ocean. So we can, and so we should; but the trouble is we don't. When the Rabbi of old declared that a man's prayer is only heard when offered in the Sanctuary* he probably meant that it is seldom offered anywhere else to be heard. The highly cultured mind sometimes is aroused to stammer words of praise and thanksgiving in the presence of overawing phenomena of nature, but the masses need the consecrated place, the sacred environments, the accessories of imposing architecture,

The need of a sanctuary for prayer.

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*אין תפלה של אדם נשמעת אלא בבית הכנסת Berachoth 6, a.

inspiring art, uplifting music, picturesque vestments, stately ceremonials, crowds of worshippers, to bend their knees and bow their heads and lift their hearts and move their lips in prayer.

The mistake of the Church is not in its being used as a House of Prayer, but in its being used as a House of Prayer only. The wrong lies in our keeping it closed all the week, save a couple of hours on the Sabbath, when, like some mausoleum, its rusty hinges turn to admit a few mourners into the gloomy interior, or it lies in our regarding it as a sort of Soul-Insurance-Building, whither we betake ourselves once a week or month or year to pay our premiums, to protect ourselves against all future emergencies by mumbling a few prayers and performing a few rites and enduring the torture of a sermon, and then go forth no wiser and no better than we came, no poor widow or orphan the more comforted for our coming in, no straying or fallen or sinking or despairing soul the less miserable for our going out.

Mistake in using church for prayer only.

What our Churches need is broadening of purpose. It is said that Michael Angelo one day visited the studio of Raphael. Finding the young artist absent, and looking around, he beheld figures on the canvas on which Raphael had been engaged. Angelo took the crayon, and drew lines outside the figures, making them larger. Underneath he wrote the word *amplius*, broader, larger. That little incident is said to have marked a turning-point in Raphael's career. He recognized that the chief fault of his figures lay in there having been too cramped. That, too, is the chief fault of the Church, it is too cramped, and the moment when that will be remedied, when the church will broaden its purposes, will mark the most eventful turning-point in its history. When the Church will broaden enough to add to the Service of God also Service to Man, it will find that God will lose nothing, while man will gain much. The Midrash relates a touching story of a father who on the wedding-day of his only and dearly-beloved daughter, and in the painful hour of parting, addressed these words to his new son: "Take her with you, and be ye happy. Only this I crave of you: wherever you establish your home, set aside one little room for me, where I may occasionally come to feast my eyes on your happiness." Similar words we may imagine God addressing to us when we consecrate a House of Worship to Him; "Only a little part of it reserve for me, keep all the rest of it for yourselves, and use it for your own best good."

Church needs a broadening of purpose.

The Rabbis of old declared that society stands upon three things upon study, worship, and charity,* and they made study precede worship, and charity follow as a natural consequence of both. As the securing of society's best good should be the object of religion, we would be acting wisely were we so to widen the purpose of the Church as to make it rest upon

Church must rest on the pillars of service, study and charity.

*על שלשה דברים העולם עומד על התורה ועל העבודה ועל גמילות חסדים
Aboth I, 2.

the same three pillars, not upon worship alone, but upon study and charity as well, were we to throw its doors wide open, day and night, not only for divine service, but also for the training of the mind and heart. We would then send people out into the world better fitted than now to do the right and to shun the wrong, better trained to do their duty to self, to fellowman, to God. We would then silence the charges of uselessness and selfishness that are now hurled, and not unjustly, at the church, and we would give religion a hold on the community such as it never yet has had.

Must provide free libraries, reading-rooms and class-rooms.

It is wrong and justly reprehensible, to erect at enormous expenditures, magnificent edifices in the most accessible parts of the city, and then to keep them entirely closed six days in the week, and all but a couple of hours on the seventh, while people in the neighborhood for the want of proper places where they might profitably spend an hour or two of an evening, are tempted into evil places and into evil ways. Throw your church-doors wide open, day and night. Make provision in your House of God for the needs of man. Locate in them cheerful and attractive Libraries and Reading Rooms and Class Rooms for secular studies. Invite the people from the temptations that beset them without, to your ready tables within and give them a chance to drink in wisdom at the fountain of useful knowledge. Have no fear about the sanctity of your church being lessened by making provisions for secular studies. All study is sacred. There is no exercise holier than that of filling the mind with useful knowledge. "He who passes from the Place of Prayer to the Place of Learning," says the Talmud, "will receive the *Shechinah* of the Lord."* Save not on your light, it will shed a hundredfold light on the community. Save not on the heat, it will spread a thousandfold warmth and glow in countless redeemed and happy homes. Save not on instructors and books, they will do infinitely more good than the expensive sermonizers and dogmatizers and theological fossils in your pulpits. People may suffer from a plethora of preaching, but they have not yet complained of a plethora of teaching. Once let your meeting-rooms and class-rooms, your vestries and halls, be thronged with interested readers and eager learners, once let people hurry to them as to places of delight and profit, and you will find religion, which in far too many congregations has resembled a frozen stream, thaw out, and flow joyfully along, covering its banks with grass and flowers, cleansing putrid spots, and washing away rot and decay, fertilizing the land to the right and left, driving the mills that have long stood idle, carrying on its liquid bosom millions of tons of precious freight and myriads of noble and useful passengers, and spreading health and peace and joy everywhere.

But before the Church can reach this lofty goal its purpose must broaden out still more so as to encircle the yet remaining third pillar on

* Berachoth, 64 a.

Must add to service and study also charity.

which society rests. To the pillars of *Worship* and *Study* it must add that of *Benevolence*. Without it its work will be incomplete, if not wholly useless. Of what profit is love of God, if it lead not to love of man? Of what profit is study, if it lead not to kindly deed. "Not the study is the principal thing, but the deed it leads to,"* taught the Rabbis. If charity is not the fruit of the tree of which study is the root, and piety the stem, in vain will have been the planting, and for naught will have been the care bestowed upon its growth. It is not enough to feel for humanity in pulpit and in pew; the Church must translate feeling into action. Sympathy unaccompanied by deed has never dried a sufferer's tear, nor appeased the hunger of the breadless. A little less prayer for the erring and fallen and a good deal more personal service among them, will prove the surest and speediest means for redeeming them from sin and vice and crime. That church alone is worthy of its name, which, besides caring for service and for study provides also for charity, and that person alone is worthy of his Church to whom membership means a pledge of Personal Service to God and to man.

When churches will count their membership not by the number of Contributors of Dues but by the number of Dispensers of Good Deeds,

The Church's Golden age.

when churches will recount in their annual reports not the number of souls they have gained for heaven, or the number of heathens they have converted in foreign lands, but the number of hungry and despairing souls for whom they have prepared a heaven on earth, and the number of native heathens whom they have redeemed to honorable and useful lives; when churches will pride themselves not so much with the chapels and missions they have built, but with the number of healthy tenements they have erected for the poor, amidst wholesome and uplifting environments; when every tyrannized employee and employer will find an untiring champion in the churches, and every wronged a defender, and every oppressed a liberator, and every abused a vindicator, when churches will plant themselves firmly and immovably on the pillars of Service, Study and Benevolence, then—and not till then—will their creed and their deed silence attack, and turn opponents into zealous friends, then—and not till then—will injustice halt, and vice abate, and crime diminish, and joy and peace and good will, will spread a glory over human kind like May-day blossoms and flowers over hill and dale, like the golden and crimson sunset light over the dewy evening sky.

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*לא הכרש הוא העקר אלא המעשה Aboth I, 17.

Ernest Renan.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

November 6th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893

1. Israel's Debt to the New World
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
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SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

Ernest Renan.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Nov. 6, 1892.

"One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die."

There has been so much to keep us busy, and so much to absorb our attention at home, within the past month, that many of us seem to have had scarcely any knowledge of the happenings in foreign lands during the same time. With attractive processions parading our streets day and night, in honor of the quadri-centennial of America's discovery, with a magnificent opening of a World's Fair to rivet our attention to the Metropolis of the West, with an exciting Presidential Campaign to keep us busy with listening to, or reading of, brilliant speeches, with looking over the political field, and conjecturing probable results, with a President's wife struggling for weeks with the inexorable Monarch of the Tomb, and succumbing at last to his all-conquering sword, it may almost be deemed a pardonable offense not to have known of the mournful scene that took place, on the second of last month, in one of the apartments at the College of France, in Paris. While the loud sounds of brass bands, and the clamorous shouts of the paraders and lookers on, rent our air, far across the wild Atlantic, in the sunny land of France, in beautiful Paris, the awful silence of death, pervaded the chamber, in which one of the most brilliant lights of France had been extinguished, and one of the most eloquent of tongues had been silenced, and one of the bravest of hearts had ceased to beat. Within the walls of that far-famed seat of learning lay all that was mortal of the immortal Ernest Renan.

Too busy to heed the death of Renan.

It is possible that even with less excitement and attraction at home, the news of Renan's demise might not have awakened any greater interest, or any greater regret, for what is there in the death of a Professor of Semitic languages, and author of a few books, that it should, even for a moment, interfere with the pursuits or pleasures, or even with the common every-day thoughts, of men and women three thousand miles away. Yet I venture to predict that the name of this French professor and author will live in history long after the memory of the exciting and attractive events of the past month will have faded from the mind of man, that even in the distant years to come a single line of his writings will be held in greater reverence than

Might have been unheeded even if less busy.

all the speeches that have been delivered from platforms, rostrums, and stumps, within the past few weeks, that the tread of the small, silent, and sombre procession of learned men, that followed their teacher from their beloved *alma mater* to the portals of that highest university at which all men must matriculate, will linger longer in peoples' ears than the deafening tramp of all the noisy and spectacular parades of the past weeks will in ours, that remote descendants of those of us, who had not the time nor the interest to bestow a thought on the passing away of one of the greatest of our sages, will regard it their most solemn duty to sacredly remember the anniversary of the death of that man whose pen liberated perhaps more minds from the bonds of ignorance and superstition, than ever Frenchman's sword freed bodies from the shackles of cruelty and slavery.

It has been said that a prophet is never honored by his country or by his house. Whether this proverb still holds good to-day we can not tell, since the age of prophets has passed away. But great men we have among us still, and judging from the treatment accorded to many of them, we may, I believe, safely coin the proverb that: Great men are seldom appreciated by their time. Their honor is the delight of the future; their neglect is the shame of the present. Their biographies are the history-lessons of future school boys, and their achievements are set before aspiring youth to pattern after and to form their ideals by; their struggles and hardships are the recognition bestowed upon them by their own times, and a real or feigned ignorance of them is the sign of contemporaneous appreciation. Mediocrity, fearing eclipse; envy, writhing at the sound of another's praise; malignity, detesting superiority; darkness, hating light; stagnation, loathing innovation; join their forces in a fearful conspiracy against the truly great. And they succeed only too frequently, and only too well, in drowning their voice, in quenching their light, in maiming their soaring wing. Great men often begin to live only after they are dead. The less there is of them beneath the soil, the more there often is of them above. Often when there is nothing left of them but crumbling bone, the world begins to immortalize them in enduring stone.

Great men seldom appreciated by their time.

But why complain of this apparent indifference to the passing away of so brilliant a scholar and writer as Ernest Renan? Why not rather rejoice? Why not rather thank God that the time for the possibility of such indifference has come at last? A time there was when the final scenes of a man like Renan could not have passed unobserved, when a notoriety would have been given to his death, which would have enforced the attention of all the world. A time there was when men who wrote and spoke as Renan did were not permitted to pass away peacefully in the bosom of their families, and to be entombed amidst distinguished exercises in honored spots. A time there was when the approaching death of such a heretic as Renan was proclaimed, amidst appalling solemnity, for weeks in advance, in scores of churches, when to its actual occurrence a publicity was given which the poor victim little cherished, which thronged the city of exe-

This heedlessness rather a cause for rejoicing.

cution with a mass of eager spectators, somewhat like the opening of the World's Fair did a fortnight ago in the city of Chicago.

John Huss, the learned and eloquent professor and preacher of Prague, had not written or spoken anything as heretical as did Ernest Renan. He had but claimed the right to follow the Scriptures as he understood them, and not as interpreted by the Church, and for that crime he was, by order of the Church, cast into a horrible subterranean dungeon, mutilated, tied to the stake, and burnt, at Constance, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, his charred corpse beaten into fragments, and fired anew, and his ashes spread broadcast over the Rhine.

The notorious death of heretics in former times.

Wonderfully eloquent was the brilliant preacher Savonarola, and vast were the crowds that thronged to the Cathedral of Florence to hear him preach, yet never did his eloquence and zeal and popularity entice him into utterances as radical and bold as were those of Renan. It was not the doctrines of the Church but their perversion that he attacked, and for that offense he was seized, repeatedly tortured, publicly hanged and burnt.

Servetus, the distinguished theologian and scientist, had only interpreted the Trinity Doctrine as three different manifestations of the One God, instead of three distinct God-heads, and a public execution, at Geneva, as a heretic was the reward of his exemplary character, acknowledged piety, and profound scholarship.

The philosopher Bruno had but questioned the Doctrines of Transsubstantiation and of the Immaculate Conception, and had defended the Copernican system of Astronomy, and was obliged, after seven years of imprisonment, to die the horrible death of heretic at the public stake of Rome.

It is a fortunate sign, therefore, that Renan's death attracted so little attention, for, surely, had the same intolerant spirit, that ruled the Church three or four centuries ago, still prevailed, this scholarly and eloquent teacher at the College of France would never have been permitted almost to complete man's allotted three score years and ten, would never have been allowed to sink into his final sleep within the sanctity and privacy of his own home, tenderly ministered to in his last moments by the love-consecrated members of his own family, would never have been tolerated as lecturer in one of the world's foremost seats of learning, nor could he have sent into the world any of his publications, without suffering the extreme penalty of the Church. His book "*The Life of Jesus*" alone would have ended his career, would have procured for him a heretic's death, whose horrors would have eclipsed those at Constance and Florence and Geneva and Rome, and whose spectacular display would perhaps have attracted vaster crowds to the city of Paris than have the most memorable events of that city of spectacular wonders.

Would have been the lot of Renan.

We can little realize to-day the effect which his "*Vie de Jésus*" had on the mind of the reading world, at the time of its first appearance.

His heretical "Life of Jesus."

The people of that period still speak of it as one of the most extraordinary events of their day, and the attacks and defenses and controversies which it evoked in the periodical literature of that day, confirm their story. It came upon half the world like a thunderbolt, and upon the other half like a revelation. Edition after edition appeared in rapid succession in almost every tongue of Christendom. Next to the Bible it was perhaps the most widely-read book on a religious subject, and perhaps the most praised and the most condemned.

It is not surprising that the book should have met with the reception it did. It certainly deserved it, and as much for *how* it taught, as for *what* it taught. For the student of the origin of Christianity it contained perhaps little, if any, new revelations. Critics like Strauss had published their scholarly researches; but they were stupendously learned treatises which only the initiated could grasp and follow. Renan wrote for the people, and because he had something to write, which he believed they ought to know, and felt like knowing, and would gladly learn, if made palatable to them. He had no fear that the people will think him less erudite for making himself more understood, and if they had, it would have mattered little to his great soul, which thought infinitely more of the intellectual needs of the people than of the bubble of fame. He never believed that scholarship and rhetoric are necessarily at daggers drawn, and that unintelligibility is a sign of mental greatness. He has evidenced by all his publications that good style and good scholarship can be so skillfully interwoven as to make it difficult to decide which of the two is the more to be admired. Whatever else his enemies might say of him, they cannot deny the clearness of his thought, the brilliancy of his style, the charm which every line and word of his exercise upon his readers. These were his keenest weapons, and these he wielded with a masterhand, and nowhere better than in his "*Life of Jesus.*"

Its brilliancy of style attracts.

Well-nigh countless are the sketches that have been given of the Nazarene teacher's life, but not one has painted it with such glowing colors, so graphically, so picturesquely, so life-like, as Renan. And only such a mental combination as was his,—a rationalist's penetration, a woman's heart, a Frenchman's fancy, a priest's piety—was capable of producing such a work of art. Though not as critical as some of his other writings, it excels them all in charm of treatment. One can clearly discern that his breach with the Church is still of recent date, that Church bells and incense still beguile his ears and ravish his senses, that the critical spirit of Paris has not yet wholly dissipated the child-like faith of the Brittany-born, that the professor's ripeness has not yet weeded out all the childish fancies, and all the dreams of the young acolyte. On his desk stands an inkstand with two receptacles, one filled with iconoclasm, the other with credulity, and in the excitement of the theme the pen occasionally dips in both. The thought frequently comes charged with explosives, but the hand is checked by the remembrance of a mother's faith, and

Its reasoning charms and convinces.

the paper is saturated with a sister's tears, and the effect is neutralized. Whether for destruction or construction, his power is equally wonderful. He breathes upon a few dry fragmentary reports and tales and legends, and they turn into luxuriant life. He passes his wand over a mass of incoherent and contradictory narratives, and a most fascinating drama unrolls itself before our eyes that holds us spell-bound from the moment its hero enters upon the scenes in the Galilean town of Nazareth till he breathes his last on the mount of Golgatha.

His hero is born of Jewish parents. His schooling is thoroughly Jewish, though somewhat tinctured with the demonology of the neighboring Pagans and Samaritans. He attains to manhood at a time when political excitement runs high in Palestine, and when the Province Galilee resembles a seething caldron in which sedition and fanaticism and yearning for martyrdom are in a state of ebullition. The people are restive under the yoke. They long for a Deliverer, a Savior, a Messiah, to free them from the Roman thraldom. A number of zealots, notably Galileans, rise to answer the peoples' want, and the Roman procurator soon cools their zeal on the cross. The spirit of unrest grows intenser. The nation grows desperate. Internal quarrels ensue; sects multiply; corruptions increase; the end seems at hand. Jesus feels himself charged with a mission. The people must abstain from rebelling against Rome, and give up hoping for the establishment of the Kingdom of Judea. They must fight against wickedness, and prepare for the Kingdom of Heaven, which is at hand. His preaching and teaching gain many followers, and a number of devoted disciples. These insist that their Master is their expected Messiah. He bids them silence at first, but is at last carried away by their enthusiasm. In the heat of their enthusiasm many things are said and done by them, or are reported of them, that offend the spiritual heads of Israel. He himself brings on a crisis by permitting himself to enter the capital of the nation, now under Roman rule, at the head of a triumphal procession, and by allowing himself to be proclaimed "King of the Jews." The heads of Israel are alarmed. They fear dire vengeance from the Romans for this act of treason. This impetuous and dangerous band must be scattered, and their leader must be put to death. Too much already had they suffered from such ecstacies and delusions. Far better, they think, that one disturber of the peace die than that a whole nation should perish. They seize the proclaimed King; accuse him of blasphemy and sedition, find him guilty, and the Roman procurator sentences him to be nailed to the cross, with a mock crown on his head, and a mock inscription over it, to cool the ardor of other would-be "Kings of Jews."

Outline of his story.

Such, in brief, is the story that runs through the twenty-eight chapters of Renan's remarkable book, remarkable not only for its style, but also for its wide departure from the teachings of his Church. His Jesus is not a God, nor a Son of God, nor a Messiah, though he labors hard, and succeeds admirably, in painting him in god-like colors. He strips away all supernaturalisms, and explains

He denies the supernatural.

all miracles either as natural events or illusions or the inventions of misguided followers or the embellishments of later compilers.

From this rationalistic method, however, he strays occasionally, and nowhere more flagrantly than in his account of the trial. Here, even he seems to share the prejudice of his people against the Jew, for, with scarcely an attempt at critical analysis, he repeats the deplorable concoctions of ignorance and malevolence, heaped up against the Jews in the gospel stories, which contradicted Jewish laws, institutions, customs, and practices, and which are manifestly the inventions of Jew-hating propagandists, whose field of missionary work lay among the Romans, and who, to ingratiate themselves with them, scrupled not to clear the cruel persecutors of every share in the slaying of a God, and to charge it to the powerless and helpless and hated Jews.

Prejudiced against the Jew.

Such occasional concessions of the mind to the prejudices and predispositions and fond remembrances of the heart mark many of his other writings, and quite frequently they lend materially to the charm of his style. It is pleasing to see a great mind occasionally condescending to step from its lofty heights down to the humble regions wherein we plod. We feel all the more drawn towards it upon beholding that it is human like ours, and that it shares our weaknesses and failings. The absolutely-perfect, the faultlessly faultless awes, but it does not attract. We admire it—but best at a distance. Those that are superior to us, and yet have feelings akin to ours, who have suffered and joyed, who have striven and failed, as we, win our trust and love. We delight to thrust our arm in theirs, we love to rest our heads upon their shoulders, to feel their soothing hands upon our brows, to look into their eyes and to read there how much better they are than we, and still how much like us.

A pardonable failing.

The "Life of Jesus" gave Renan a world-wide reputation, and he had no longer to fear the persecutions of the Church. The days of his trials were over. It was a long and bitter struggle, but sincerity routed hypocrisy, and the freedom-loving soul vanquished the spirit of darkness. His uncle, a priest of very modest means, had, by dint of the most-self-sacrificing economy, made it possible for young Renan to enter, at the age of twenty one, the *Séminaire de Saint Sulpice*, to prepare for the priesthood. He came there with a record of brilliant scholarship, and with two year's preparatory training in philosophy at Issy. His philosophical mind found itself uncomfortable and cramped within the Seminary walls, and the spirit of the musty theological volumes clashed mightily with the results of his own thoughts and researches. His heart clung to Orthodox Christianity; his mind yearned for Liberal Thought. His debt to his priest-uncle's self-sacrifice drew him to the Church; the debt to his own mind made him yearn for a more congenial vocation. Much had he to suffer and much had he to endure after his final decision was made, but all his persecutions never caused him the tortures which he endured during his two years connection with the Seminary. Only those who have undergone similar experi-

Renan's early struggles.

ences in similar places, who have endured within themselves similar struggles between liberal thought and untenable belief, between respect for their own mind and regard for the wishes of others, can faintly grasp what that giant mind of young Renan must have endured within the dwarfing environments of the *St. Sulpice.*

At last the final and the irrevocable decision was made. Forth he stepped from the stifling halls of the Seminary, into the light and airy streets of Paris, with the priesthood thrown behind him, but with not enough of means of his own to exchange the clerical gown for the citizen's coat. Yet his head was filled with knowledge and his hand was eager for work. He had devoted himself with special zeal to the study of the Semitic languages, to researches in the origins of Christianity, and to critical analyses of Scriptural writings, and on these he now published treatise after treatise, and had the satisfaction of seeing a number of them crowned with the Academy prize. Soon the Academy, recognizing his great ability, employed him on important journeys for antiquarian researches, and on one of these to Syria, and in the very country and home and haunts of the Martyr of Golgatha he sketched the first draught of his "Life of Jesus." His irrevocable step.

Upon his return he was elected to the Professorship of Hebrew at the College of France, but so great was the outcry of the Church against the appointment of this heretic that the government was obliged to suspend him from his professorship. In the following year his "Life of Jesus" appeared, and the outcry which this book raised has not subsided to this day. And he never gave it a chance to subside, for from that day almost to the last hour of his life, he issued with marvelous industry, one work after another on the origin of Christianity and of Scriptures, on the History of Ancient Israel, one more radical than the other, and one more distasteful than the other to orthodox Christian and to orthodox Jew. His fame extended far and wide. His following became universal; France was shamed into restoring him to the place from which bigotry had driven him, and that position he held, with distinction and with unabating popularity, to the hour of his death.

What Renan's influence has been on the countless number of his readers and hearers, and on the development of modern liberal thought, it is difficult to estimate at the present hour. We feel our loss still too keenly to be able to rightly compute our gain. It would seem a sacrilege to count up our inheritance ere yet the tears have dried on his mourners' faces. But this we may predict, that when, at some future time, a generation, somewhat more removed from him than we, will study into the nature of his bequests, it will name him among the greatest benefactors of our time. Difficult to estimate his influence.

Christians will find him to have been one of the worthiest of their sect, a firm believer in God, Immortality, and in the Morality taught and exemplified by the Nazarene Rabbi, a priest all his life, preaching, gowned and capped as College Professor, truer Christianity and to larger congregations, than ever he would have done He was a true Christian.

in the church, even were he mitred as bishop or robed as cardinal. They will acknowledge him to have done more for the strengthening and perpetuation of Christianity by stripping away poisoning and corroding myths and legends, and by exhibiting it in its simple and invulnerable form of Love of God and Service to Humanity, than did those who fed it to death with the pap of credulity, or bundled it to suffocation with the tatters and rags of dead or dying ages.

And Jews will find him to have been one of the most zealous of their champions. They will learn that, however freely he used the dissecting knife when analyzing their early history, that however much he may have been prejudiced against them in his earlier writings, and however bitter his satire against the materialistic Jews of the present day, his tearing away and putting to flight cherished idols and fondled fancies, had but for their object the placing Israel and Judaism in their real and inspiring grandeur before the world. Much as he loved pure Christianity he loved idealistic Judaism no less. Often it seems as if his tone grows warmer, as if his language becomes more eloquent when the Jews form his theme. His researches into the origin of Judaism and Christianity have revealed to him the identity in creed and goal of both, when stripped of myth and legend and paganism. This thought he never loses out of sight. He often speaks of these foremost apostles of the One God as if they themselves were one, as if the breach of centuries had been healed, and daughter and mother had reunited. He sees Christianity exalted only because of Judaism. He writes:

And a friend of the Jews.

"The glory of Christianity is the glory of Judaism. Yes, the world has become Jewish, in following the law of kindness and humanity preached by the disciples of Jesus. And Judaism which has done so much in the past, is destined to do as much in the future for the cause of liberty and of the modern spirit. The enemies of Judaism are enemies of the modern spirit. The creators of the liberal dogma in religion are the ancient prophets, the Jewish school in Alexandria, and the first Christians, who followed the Jewish prophets. These are the founders of the spirit of justice in the world. For these modern ideas the Jews worked and suffered."

He grants that Judaism in its rigid Rabbinical form could not have won the Western world, that it needed the plastic form of early Christianity to make the religion of Isaiah and Jesus palatable:

"It is more than doubtful whether the Judaism which was developed in a Talmudic form would ever have had so extraordinary a fortune. The Jewish propaganda was made by means of Christianity. . . . . Christianity at its origin is no other than Judaism, with its fertile principles of almsgiving and charity, with its absolute faith in the future of humanity, with that joy of heart of which Judaism has always held the secret."*

But he fails to see why this separation between identical creeds should be continued in the present state of Civilization. He bids the Jews to toil on, and to hope on, for their ultimate triumph. "It is the Jew who will win the day," says he, "to him belongs the future."†

Not to the Jew, not to the Christian belongs the future; it belongs to both—to both purified and reunited into one. They were one; they

*Hibbert Lectures, 1880. Lect. I. † Hibbert Lectures, 1880. Lect. II.

are still one; they will yet be reunited into one, and such minds as Renan's, and such work as his, will yet effect that union.

Rest thee, thou noble soul. Long hast thou toiled, and well,—thou deservest thy rest. While pained at thy going hence, yet are we consoled that thy spirit is with us still. It quickens in a thousand minds. It moves a thousand hands. It kindles a thousand tongues. The battle thou hast waged so long will yet be won.

His work to be continued by others.

"Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

—BRYANT, *The Battle Field.*

From Doubt to Trust.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Nov. 13, 1892.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."
TENNYSON. *In Memoriam.* PT. XCV.

"Wie der Mensch, wenn er leidet, sich ausweinen muss, so muss er sich auch auszweifeln. . . . Wie durch das heftigste Weinen, so entsteht auch durch den höchsten Grad des Zweifels, die Krisis der moralischen Heilung." HEINE, *Ludwig Marcus.*

"Che, non men che saper, dubbiar m'aggrata."
DANTE, *Inferno*, xi. 93.

סוף דבר הכל נשמע את האלהים ירא ואת מצותיו שמור כי זה כל האדם
(Ecclesiastes xii. 13.)

Some of our preachers are very much alarmed at the drift of modern thought. In their eyes the world is fast changing into a repulsive lazaretto, or into an insufferable madhouse. Wherever they look they behold the leprous spots of doubt and unbelief, and wherever they turn they hear the ravings of discontent and pessimism. In vain is their cry of "Halt." The people will not listen to them, or only mock their words of warning. A frivolous spirit of blighting and destructive negation has seized upon society. People are losing faith,—faith in God, faith in human kind, faith in virtue, faith in the worth of life. And of nothing are these preachers surer than that this decline of faith is accompanied by a corresponding increase of corruption. Vice, they say, is the boast of society; dishonesty is the trademark of commerce, bribe is the trump-card of politics, hypocrisy is the creed of the church.

Preachers alarmed at modern Skepticism.

This is not a flattering picture, it is not even a true likeness. The lines are frightfully overdrawn and distorted. The painters, I fear, are worse than the painted. The wailers over the peoples' loss of faith have more reason to bewail the loss of their own. There is more positive belief and firm conviction and unswerving integrity and honest striving for the true and the good in society than they give it credit. And even where there is an apparent or real lack of faith, where people are beset by harassing doubts, where the existence of a just God is denied, and the worth of virtue and of life itself is questioned, even there, we may safely believe, that this much decried spirit of negation is working more good than evil. It is not till

Their picture is overdrawn.

the earth-imbedded seed begins to break up and to decay that its time for sprouting comes. No cloud, however dark or threatening, has yet shadowed our day, but the sun shone upon it on the upper side. Often it is only after a man's beliefs shrink and shrivel and decay that a most luxuriant growth of trust in Higher Wisdom and Power sprout forth. Never yet have the chilling and darkening mists of doubt and unbelief hovered over man, but the light of reason illuminated them on the other side, and, in the end, penetrated and scattered them, and made faith all the brighter for its temporary eclipse.

"There is nothing new under the sun," said Koheleth of old, and however doubtful we may be as to the truth of his saying, when applied to modern science, we shall not venture to question its applicableness to modern skepticism and pessimism. The faces of these bugaboos of the Church are wrinkled with age; their heads are bowed down by the weight of years, their garments are threadbare, and their weapons are blunted. It is surprising therefore to hear learned men speak of them as new enemies, and as enemies of mighty and fatal power.

Skepticism an old scarecrow.

What is this modern teaching of a God-less and purpose-less and worthless world but a repetition of the Shopenhauer extravaganzas of half a century ago, which so alarmed the Church, and so fascinated those outside of it, with the doctrines that this world is too worthless to have a God, and if it have He is too worthless to be loved and worshipped, that man would have been infinitely better off if he had never been born, that no man is happy except when drunk or deluded, that to live is to desire, to desire is to want, to want is to suffer, and hence to exist is only to suffer, and life is necessarily and hopelessly wretched, that nothing is worth the trouble which it costs us, that misery outweighs pleasure, and that, next to him who is never born, he is happiest who is speediest removed from these haunts of horrors and follies, or who speediest removes himself from this vale of tears.

A repetition of Shopenhauer.

And what is this Shopenhauer gospel of pessimism but an echo of that preached by the very author of the saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." Open your Bible, and turn to the Book of Ecclesiastes, and read his lamentation on the worthlessness of life. What a torrent of pessimism sweeps through that book! What an avalanche of negation buries there out of sight bright-hued flowers of hope and joy, and silences the merry sounds of song and laughter! What a soliloquy on the vanity of life and of all its joys and possessions! Listen to his tale of woe.

And he an echo of Koheleth.

In eager search after happiness he had, like Goethe's Faust of later date, thrown himself into the arms of wisdom, had drunk deep from the fountains of knowledge, had filled himself with learning, so that his renown for scholarship far exceeded that of any other man before him. Yet no happiness had he found, not even knowledge. He had but rummaged in empty words. He had

Koheleth finds wisdom a folly.

but discovered that all the pains that man takes to grasp the great problems of life profit him only vexation of spirit, that the more he knows, the greater his knowledge of his ignorance, the vaster his storehouses of knowledge, the greater the sorrows he heaps up for himself, that the same sad end befalls alike the wise and the foolish, and that after a while the world remembers the sage as little as the fool.

Foiled in wisdom, he had concluded that there was nothing better for a man than to eat and drink and make merry during the brief span of life that is his, and so he had resolved to surrender himself, from that time forth, to the pleasure of the senses. And pleasure a delusion. He had built himself magnificent palaces, and had attached to them beautiful orchards and vineyards and gardens. A multitude of servants attended to his every want, and male- and female-singers and -dancers and -players stood in readiness to beguile his weary hours with their rhythmic poetry of motion, and with the cheering sounds of the trumpet and the psaltery, of the cymbal and the timbrel, or to lull him to sleep with their bewitching song and with the dreamy sounds of their lute and harp. There was not a joy which he had denied himself, not a pleasure of which he had not tasted. But he had surfeited even of this constant round of pleasure; his plentifulness had palled on him, and had cloyed his appetite. His pampered flesh had become weak, and his indulged spirit had begun to droop. Bodily ailings had commenced to torture him, and to admonish him of his end, and in the bitterness of his soul he had wailed aloud: "Even pleasure yields no happiness; even joy is vanity and a vexation of spirit."

Yet elsewhere had he turned in eager search for happiness. He had sought to escape the vexations that had attended wisdom and pleasure by absorbing himself in laborious toil. But this, too, had brought him grievous disappointment. Labor had brought wealth, and wealth had brought greed, and greed had brought anxious care, sleepless nights, endless misery. The more he had, the more he wanted; no sooner had one ambition been gratified than a score of others arose to take its place. His riches had towered high in front of him, yet his eye had been dissatisfied with its insignificant size; men had spoken of his enormous wealth with undisguised envy, yet his ear had not been content with the sum they named. At last he had looked about him and had seen how much more contented the poorest laborer had been with little than he with much, and he had looked into the future and had seen as final reward for all his slavish toil and miserly hoarding, not happiness, but hungry heirs, and hungry worms, falling mercilessly upon him, and he had burst forth with the cry of bitter disappointment: "What profit has a man of all his labor? Vanity of vanity! All is vanity and vexation of spirit!" And labor a vexation.

Convinced that happiness lay not within his reach, he had gone forth among the people to see whether they fared any better than he, but what he had seen among them had fully confirmed him in the belief, that the world was a miserable failure, and life And the world a miserable failure

not worth its living. He had seen the righteous suffer and the wicked flourish, the wise despised and the fools honored, the worthless on top and the deserving at the bottom. He had seen the tyrannies of the mighty and had heard the cries of the oppressed. He had witnessed violent perversions of justice, and had seen the triumphs of might over right, of cunning over merit, the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favor to men of skill. He had followed the careers of men to their very end, had witnessed the same sad fate awaiting alike the righteous and the wicked, and in the agony of his soul he had asked aloud: "What, O maligned and injured innocence is thy recompense? Of what benefit is it to have toiled and suffered and bled for righteousness sake? Does the memory of the good that man has done outlive the hour of his death? Is the bed of the grave softer and brighter for the saint than for the sinner? Does the tooth of the worm abstain from the flesh of the godly, and feed only on that of the wicked? Alas, virtue is a snare, and happiness a delusion, and wisdom a madman's ravings, and life a troubled dream commencing in the cradle and ending in the coffin! Far better never to have been born at all than to eke out an existence whose wisdom is folly, whose joy is sorrow, whose laughter is weeping, whose hope is despair, whose reward is decay and oblivion!"

How came this book of doubts into the Bible.

We must pause here to re-assure ourselves that we have not been listening to a harangue by one of our modern preacher-alarming pessimists, nor to a lamentation by a Shopenhauer disciple, but to a lesson from Scriptures, to the words of Koheleth the preacher, to one of the wisest sages of Biblical times. Yet, while it is quite comforting to know that the skeptic is not a creation of our own time, this knowledge raises another question: "How was it possible for such dangerous teachings as these to find a place in Sacred Literature?"

Probable reasons given.

Probably for the reason that the compilers of the canon, far from seeing anything dangerous in the skeptic's philosophy, believed it to be wholesome for the mind, and helpful to the ultimate arrival at positive belief. Its acceptance among the Biblical Books, though not unopposed,* does honor to the tolerance and wisdom of the ancient Rabbis. Their observations had probably taught them that there are times when doubt will seize upon the mind with a force which no earthly power can resist, that there are periods when the triumphs of crime and corruption, when sad events in life will shake to its very foundation man's faith in God, in virtue, in justice, in the worth of life. They probably knew that an attempt to keep, at such times and periods, the mind from doubting would be as futile as to keep it from thinking. They were probably convinced that they had nothing to fear from it, that, as in the past, some of the greatest men in Israel had had their seasons of doubt, and had gradually returned to a trust in Higher

* Talmud Babl. *Sabbath*, 30 b; *Megilla* 7 a;—Mishna *Yadaim* III. 5, IV. 6; *Eduyoth* V. 3.

Will and Wisdom, so will there be men in the future, who will have to grope their way along the dark and cold and stony and tortuous path from harassing doubt to comforting trust, and so they probably intended this book for a guide to point out the dangerous precipices, the horrible abysses, the engulfing quicksands, and to lead the weary and troubled truthseeker all the safer and speedier to his restful goal. It is also probable that they meant this book to serve as their public declaration that Judaism does not countenance blind faith, that its fundamental doctrine is not: "Believe, and thou art saved; doubt, and thou art damned," that, on the contrary, by laying bare the most serious obstacles to faith, by raising of its own accord perplexing problems, it seeks to force man to subject his beliefs to a searching examination, to bravely face every doubt and difficulty, so that, if after enduring the trial he finds himself still believing, he may be able to tell why he believes, what the difficulties are, and how they may be met.

The skeptic deserves better treatment.

It is surprising that with such a Biblical warrant for the rightfulness of doubt, which the Book of Ecclesiastes furnishes, the skeptic should have been regarded by church people as a man to be feared and shunned, should have been suspected of harboring evil designs against the faiths of men, and should therefore have been branded and punished as the enemy of God and man. The clergy's ignorance during the Dark and Middle Ages, of the real teachings of Scriptures, and their fear of too close an inspection of some of their own teachings, which they palmed off as oracles and revelations, and their dogma of "Salvation by Faith, and Damnation for Disbelief" may have had much to do with the horror with which skepticism was regarded, and with the insults and cruelties that were visited upon the skeptic. But that church-people should even at this late date shun and fear and ostracize the man who exercises his inalienable right to question the creed which he is asked to believe, and to discard such beliefs as seem to him untenable, is more surprising still. Despite the revelations of psychical science, a man's belief or disbelief seems still to be regarded as a matter of his own wilful choice, it seems still to be the opinion that he can be orthodox or conservative, radical or infidel, just as he pleases, that by a simple act of the will Ingersoll and Talmage can exchange beliefs, and while the once noted agnostic attracts to the Tabernacle large audiences to hear his eloquent sermons on the beauties of Calvanism, Brooklyn's former popular preacher convulses vast audiences with his satirical sallies on the Bible and its believers.

Doubt like belief, not a matter of choice.

It is time that we begin to understand that a man is as little responsible for holding different views from another, as he is for differing in facial features from his neighbor. If we must find fault let us quarrel with his progenitors and teachers and environments, and with nature, for not having endowed and trained him differently. But rather than quarrel let us admire that law of nature that stamps the mark of difference on every mind created. But for this difference between the minds of men, we would never have had

differences in thoughts and beliefs, and without such differences, human progress would have been impossible. It is the highest time that we learn to regard differences of opinion as wise provisions of nature to keep the stream of progress in active and healthful flow, and that we treat them with respect wherever we encounter them. It is sad enough that man's ignorance of this law of nature in the past proved a fertile source of human misery and suffering and bloodshed, and retarded the world's progress for many centuries. Let our better knowledge serve us better in the present. Instead of persecuting or condemning the mind that dares to think differently from ours, let us rather treat it with kind consideration, and, if marked by brilliancy and usefulness, let us accord to it its merited esteem. If it indulges in excesses, let us trust to time and to maturer judgment and to calm argument to restore its equipoise, and not to fanaticism's lash. Men say that the founder of the Ethical Culture Society has become somewhat conservative of late, and it seems quite apparent that Col. Ingersoll has changed from a scoffing atheist to a thoughtful agnostic, with a perceptible leaning towards an Immortality-Belief. Had both these men received more respectful treatment, and a more generous recognition of their distinguished merits, at the hands of church-people, neither of them might have gone to the extremes he did, and both of them might have been considerably nearer to the rational church than they are.

Have no fear for the man who doubts. The mind that doubts is the mind that thinks, and where there is thought there will ultimately be belief. Doubt is the child of faith, and the mother of trust. Skepticism is often but the gateway that leads from error to truth, or from a lower to a higher faith. The rational doubter is more to be commended than the never-changing believer. The latter is blind to flaws and defects. Foundations may give; walls may yield; beams and rafters may crumble, he will not alter or repair, he continues to defy the tooth of time till the whole structure tumbles over him, and buries him under its ruin. The former, however, bestirs himself betimes. He trusts not to external appearance, nor relies he on builder's certificate. He holds frequent and thorough investigation, and whatever cannot stand the test is speedily cast aside, and the stronger and better put in its place.

Doubt the child of faith, and the mother of trust.

I am strongly inclined to doubt the sincerity or the worth of that man's religion who never doubts. His faith may give him no trouble, because there may have been no trouble to test it. When the storm will come he may reach out his hand to lay hold upon an anchor and find himself clutching at a drifting straw. He is a reckless mariner who never subjects his vessel to a thorough examination, so is he a foolhardy voyager on life's troubled sea, who entrusts his soul to the bark of some particular creed without ever looking whether the beams are staunch, and the masts firm, and the rudder sound.

It is a well confirmed truth that the greatest believers have at one time been great doubters. Of Moses and Buddha and Jesus and others

it is stated that ere they could become founders of mighty religions they had to retreat into the wilderness, there to have their faith rent and torn by all sorts of doubts and disbeliefs, and there to have their sincerity tested by most trying temptations. But for their preliminary distrusts they might never have attained their subsequent firmness. Shaken and wrenched by the storms of doubt they had gathered their loose surface roots and had sunk them deep into the bed of immovable trust, from which they could no more be dislodged. Such experiences alone can develop the true religious character. Only they that wrestle with their creed can become princes of the Lord. Shallow, and easily evaporated, and speedily frozen over is the stream that is never agitated by wind or current or foreign influx. The stream that is lashed by storms, that has tributaries rushing in upon it right and left, deepens its channels and extends its banks, and no drought can empty it, no Northern blast can freeze it over. Inrushing tributaries may for a time render its waters turbid and unsightly, but in the days of calm the impurities will gradually precipitate themselves, and reveal pure and limpid waters to delight and to refresh land and beast and man.

Great believers have been great doubters.

Give the skeptic but time for his agitation to calm and for his doubts to settle, and he will yet reveal himself as a man of faith, a different faith perhaps from that which he held before, or from that which you or I hold, yet a faith it will be withal. As Heine says, the skeptic must drain the cup of doubts to its very dregs before his perturbed soul can find rest, as the man of sorrow must have his cry out before the overburdened heart can regain its quiet. We have proof of this in Koheleth, this Biblical Prince of Skeptics and Pessimists. When his agitation is over, and the fury of his skepticism has spent itself, the man of strong doubts becomes a man of firm trust, the pessimist becomes an optimist, the cynic becomes a panegyrist, the detractor of the world becomes a lover of life. 'Surely,' he says, 'the light is sweet to the eyes, and life is a pleasant thing. A living dog is better than a dead lion. While there is life there is hope, and where there is hope there is joy. Go to, pluck the roses while they bloom, and if you prick yourself on a thorn, dont worry, it will soon heal over. Rejoice in thy youth, and when thou growest older, take a partner to thy heart and rejoice yet more. Be content with what thou hast; let not another's belongings mar the enjoyment of thine own. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. Occupy thy mind with knowledge, and thy hand with goodly deeds. Share thy blessings with the poor, and let thy character be always spotless. Keep thyself in readiness for the summons, and trust to God and to His justice for what thou canst not fathom. Brood not over thy destiny after death, but let thy comfort in thy last hour be the firm trust that only the dust returns to the earth, the spirit wings itself to the God who gave it.'

Koheleth turns from doubt to trust.

Thus peacefully ends the storm of doubt that rages through the Book of Ecclesiasts. Such is the climax of Koheleth's soliloquy on the problem

of life. Such are the positive convictions of the great negator, such the optimistic teachings of the great pessimist, such the firm trust of the arch-skeptic.

Worry not, therefore, ye preachers, over the doubts and pessimistic thoughts of men. Be ye rather glad that in these busy and grasping days men bestow time and trouble on the examination of their creeds. It is a sign that they are in earnest, that they think, that they are no longer willing to be led like sheep whithersoever the shepherd listeth.

More faith in honest doubt than in blind belief.

Have no fears for the doubter's end. Man is born to believe,—but also to doubt. He that never doubts, never thinks, and he that never thinks never believes. The fool or hypocrite repeats parrot-like what he hears, and imitates ape-like what he sees. The honest man wants to know the "why" and the "wherefore," the "whence" and the "whither."

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Sinai and Olympus.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

November 20th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893

1. Israel's Debt to the New World.
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
5. Sinai and Olympus.
6. One to Sow, Another to Reap.
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SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

Sinai and Olympus.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Nov. 20, 1892.

It was Ruskin who said that "mountains are the beginning and the end of natural scenery." With equal truth, I believe, we may claim that mountains are the beginning and the end of many of our natural religions. Man sought his God on the mountain-tops long before he looked for Him in the stars; he prostrated himself in worship on the eminences of the earth before ever he thought of erecting Temples in the plains below. Many a religion, which to-day sweeps with majestic flow, in channels deep and wide, through countries and continents, may be traced back to some tiny spring bubbling forth from some sequestered and mysterious spot on some lofty mountain side, or to some rivulet or brooklet formed from the drippings of the eternal snows that crown the mountain-peaks.

Mountains a home of religion.

Towering altitudes have ever awed the mind of man; inaccessible heights have ever awakened strange beliefs. To the region barred to human eye, or difficult of access to human foot, human fancy had ready entrance, and half of our mythologies and half of our theologies are the results of its frequent excursions. The mysterious gloom of yawning chasms, the running and leaping and rushing and roaring of waters in the canyons, the reverberating echoes in the rocky defiles, the alternating dazzling lights and horrifying shadows, the suddenly appearing and disappearing mists and clouds, the purling springs in the grottoes, the whispering winds in the caves, the storms whistling through the gorges and raging in the gulches, the rattling thunders and the darting lightnings in the crags, the dazzling glaciers and the glittering snowy summits, the fuming craters and the lurid volcanoes, all these have stood to primitive man for more than mere natural phenomena. They were the abodes of supernatural beings; they were the voices of gods and demons, of gnomes and nixes, of fairies and sprites; they were the haunts and battlegrounds of beings differing from, and superior to, man, who never approached them or ventured among them but that feelings of awe and terror took complete possession of him.

The overawing mystifies.

To this day the mountaineer is unable entirely to shake off a belief in the presence of supernatural beings on the summits or crags above or in the clefts or fissures beneath, and of his frequent encounters with them; while we from the populous centres of civilization note with surprise, how the love of the

Mountain scenery awakens poetic fancies.

mysterious suddenly awakens within us in the presence of colossal heights and dizzying depths, how the awful silence or the weird sounds, the fantastic forms and stunted growths, cast a strange spell upon the mind, and give the reason much difficulty to maintain its ground opposite credulity.

In the presence and in the midst of mountain scenery the mind forsakes the laws of cool and logic thought. It rhapsodizes. It unshackles the draging fetters of prose, and soars on the wings of poesy. The purity and rarity of the atmosphere, the extended views, the distance from the earth beneath and the apparent nearness to heaven, strip earthly thoughts from the soul and thrill it with thoughts divine. The superadded knowledge of centuries is forgotten. Nature stands face to face with nature. The soul of man holds converse with the soul of the universe. Who that has stood on the snowy summit of Mt. Blanc, or on the sunlit Inspiration-Point of Yosemite, who that has feasted his eyes on the dazzling beauty of the Jungfrau, or reclined on the bosom of the snowy-locked and snowy-bearded Father of the Rockies, who that has heard the thunder's rattle on Mt. Pilatus, or the wind's moaning and wailing in the canyon of the Colorado, the cannonading on Mt. Vesuvius, or the belching and snorting and spurting in the mountains of the Yellowstone, the weird rumbles in the Catskills, or the dreamy whispers of the Watergap, has not felt himself environed by mystic forces, has not believed himself in another world and among different beings, has not felt earthly thoughts leaving him and a worshipful mood come over him, has not found his prosy thoughts turn into poetic fancies, and myth and legend transform into reality, has not caught himself, in his unwary moments, spinning the impressions and yearnings of his ecstatic senses into mystic threads, and weaving them into fantastic myths and legends of his own.

When at this late date mountains cast such a strange spell upon us, it is not surprising that in the hoary past, and among people in closer touch with nature than we, they should have spoken yet more mystically and yet more eloquently, that they should have been regarded as the homes of the gods, or as their most favored resorts on alighting from heaven, and that they should therefore have been selected as the most suitable sites for worship, or as places where theophanies or revelations might more likely be vouchsafed to man. It is not strange that an inspired mind like that of Moses, who, as an inhabitant of the Egyptian Delta, had probably never before contemplated a mountain scene, should have been transported with ecstasy the first time he chanced into the presence of weird, majestic, towering, overawing *Mt. Sinai.* It is quite natural that, unaccustomed to colossal mountain-scenery, he should have been fascinated up and into it, and while there should have been so awed and mystified by the strange sights and sounds as to believe himself in the very home and presence of God. It is quite natural that he should have named it the "Mountain of God," that he should have thought it the most fitting place for worship, and for meditation, and that he should have regarded such mountain

Moses inspired on and around Mt. Sinai.

reflections and reveries and ecstasies as inspirations and messages from God.

What the impression was that Mt. Sinai made on the people of Israel at their first sight of it can hardly be imagined, much less described. Even but faintly to conceive it, you must think yourselves some thirty-five centuries back. You must divest your mind of all that it has since learned of science and philosophy. You must go back to the fertile Delta of the Nile, where pyramids and obelisks and temples form your only conception of grandeur and height. Like the children of Israel, you must cross the Red Sea, and commence your dreary pilgrimage through the desert of the Sinaic peninsula. On, on, you must pursue your solitary path, through barren wastes, with a tropical sun over your head, with a parched soil under your feet, with not a drop of water in sight as far as your eye can range, with not a sound to break the awful silence, save your own voice, without an object to relieve the dreary monotony, save an occasional hillock or a stray thornbush.

The desert journey to Mt. Sinai described.

On, on you trudge with weary step. You are faint and disspirited. Fervently you wish you were back again whence you started, never to start again, when suddenly there bursts into sight a something you never saw before, something you had heard of, but whose real meaning you, who, as a sojourner of Goshen had never seen a lofty mountain before, could never grasp. Before you, in the midst of the desolate wilderness, there rises into the very sky a huge pile of dark, rugged, naked granite, several miles in length, and about one third of its length in width, skirted at the base with a broad strip of vegetation. You draw nearer and gaze and gaze, now at its colossal peaks, now at its mysterious wildness, now at the vivid coloring of the unclothed sunlit granite, now at the deep shadows in the rocky defiles.

Mt. Sinai looms into sight.

The colors grow fainter; the light grows dimmer. A dark cloud envelops the peaks and crags. You seek shelter under a cluster of tamarisks. The lightnings dart and leap and flash. The thunders roar and rattle. The winds howl and rage. The deafening torrents tear away huge rocks, and uproot mighty palms below. Such a display of titanic rage and power you never saw nor heard before.

Its overawing and mystifying grandeur.

The lightnings cease, the thunder dies out. The cloud lifts, the sun bursts forth again. You are all wonderment.

"What meaneth all this?" you ask. "What master hand has built this gigantic masonry of solid stone, in the midst of this vast wilderness? Whence gathered He His material? Like little anthills are the pyramids of the Pharaohs compared with this heaven-piercing granite range, and yet what years of labor and what countless thousands of people, what emptying of quarries far and near they required in their construction. Surely, this never could have been built by human hand! It is the work of a God! It is

Israel regards it as the throne of God.

His throne on earth! Here sits He in judgment over the children of man. The light is His garment. The sunshine is His smile. The storm is His frown. The thunder is His voice. The lightnings are His messengers. The clouds are His chariot. Woe to him who draws nigh where a God alone durst dwell! A holy spot is this, the holiest on earth. There is no other place where God is so near and so manifest to man. No other place there is so fit for worship, and for receiving the mandates of God."

That belief accepted by the civilized world.

Thus may the people of Israel have felt and believed when they first beheld and pondered on the grandeur and height and mysteries and terrors of that 8000 feet high, and curiously peaked, barren granite pile in the midst of the wilderness. This may be the reason why they feared to draw nigh unto the Mountain of the Lord, and why their leader Moses filled them with awe for daring to ascend the mountain, to trust himself to its recesses, to venture into the very presence of God, to speak to Him face to face. This may have been the reason why the laws and the commandments, the statutes and the institutions, patiently thought out by Moses during his lonely meditations in the God-permeated mountain-recesses, were regarded by their author as divine inspirations, and accepted by the people as direct messages from God. And this may have been the reason why the vividness of that Sinaic impression has never faded from the mind of Israel, why the roar of its thunders and the flashes of its lightnings still thrill the whole civilized world, why the laws there proclaimed with unparalleled solemnity, and their first received with never equalled impressiveness, still resound from millions of pulpits and tribunals and desks, and are still obeyed by half a billion of men.

A journey into Greece.

Let us leave Israel in their wonderment at the foot of colossal Sinai, and Moses in his mountain-reveries, and retrace our steps, through the dreary and desolate wilderness, back again to Egypt. There, about a thousand years later than our first journey, let us take sail, and setting our prow to the North, let us cross the Mediterranean, wind our way through the Archipelago, and enter the Aegean Sea. Northward still let us continue our journey, close to the Grecian shore, that we may feast our eyes on the luxuriance aud freshness and beauty of the sceneries. What glorious climate! What delightful temperateness between the extremes of heat and cold! What soothing lights and shades! What balmy atmosphere! What invigorating breezes! What bountifulness of wheat and barley and flax, of the vine and olive and fig! What abundance of laughing springs and murmuring brooks, and leaping cascades and rushing waterfalls! What plentifulness of leafy bowers and shady groves and romantic grottoes and mystifying caves!

A glimpse of Mount Olympus.

Northward, northward still we skip before the brisk breeze, when suddenly there looms into sight a scene which in majestic grandeur eclipses all that we have hitherto seen. Before us rises a lofty rocky ridge, gradually tapering into a gigantic mountain, towering, first densely wooded, then naked, then snow-clad, high above the clouds. It is *Olympus*, the Mountain of the Gods.

The contrast between the heaven-piercing snowy peaks, and the luxuriant verdure and the genial spring below is overawing. It tempts a closer inspection, and we alight. We wind our way through flowery glades and fragrant dells, along crystal streams and through song-resounding groves, up shady terraces and out on overhanging ledges. At every bend we encounter a shrine, at every promontory a sanctuary, decorated with statues of gods and goddesses of enchanting beauty and bewitching grace, so artistically chiselled, so life-like made, that one cannot refrain from speaking to them, and from thinking them proud for not deigning to make reply.

On the enrapturing heights.

Our assent becomes more difficult, but more romantic with every step. Wider extends the view. More mysterious grow the sounds of the rustling leaves, of the rushing waters, of the screeching birds, of the dripping snows above. The scenery becomes rugged and wild. Strange voices and calls from above, below, right, left, back, front, strike our ear. We turn everywhere, but no person is in sight. We begin to feel that we are in the haunts of beings, who in their guise of invisibility delight to tease and vex and mystify intruding mortals. And soon our eyes see what our minds believe. In every secluded brook we surprise comely-featured *Naiades* disporting themselves in the limpid waters. Behind every tree stands a golden-haired *Dryad* beckoning us to join her in her graceful dance. On crag and in cave we see the lithe and agile *Oreades* leaping and tumbling, and luring us with their irresistible charms to their dangerous trysting-places.

Higher, higher still we mount. We reach the base of the last and loftiest peak. We are 9000 feet above where we started. Here we pause. We no longer doubt that we are on the Mountain of the Gods. We no longer wonder why man worships here. The view from that height is uplifting and overawing. Fair and fertile Greece lies at our feet. The sail-studded, commerce-bearing sea rolls in the distance. What place so far removed from the lowly earth, what place so near to the scintillating stars? What place so brilliantly painted in the dewy morn by rosy-fingered dawn? What place so affectionately remembered with the last greetings of the setting sun? What place illumined by the moon with such bewildering charm? What place more worthy of the gods? What place more likely to be chosen by them?

Near the bewildering summit.

The last and highest peak is wrapped in snow. Its summit is the *Mansion of the Gods.* O, for a glimpse of that celestial assembly! Alas, the foot cannot obey the will. But why grieve? What is denied us has been granted to other men. Homer and Pindar, Aeschylus and Sophocles have had frequent sights of the gods on yonder summit, have caught glimpses of their doings and have listened to their counsels and decrees. Let us content ourselves with their story.

Twelve deities, six males and six females, have their several palaces on the summit, and, unless engaged in their exploits among the mortals, spend their days around the banquet table of Zeus, their king, under the open sky, feasting and carousing laughing and singing, telling of their triumphs and of their

The story of the gods.

deeds of wrath, of their tricks and of their amours. They have their respective duties, one to preside over heaven, another over the earth, another over the sea, others over music, love, wisdom, industry, husbandry; but these tasks they usually leave to their subalterns. They themselves are more interested in their pleasures, which often consists in displeasing others. They have their favorites among the mortals below, and as the favored of the one is generally the hated of the other, they frequently conspire against each other, and scheme and plot against the favored mortal. Here are no spiritualized beings, and, with but one or two exceptions, not even ideal characters. It is difficult to believe that these gods and goddesses differ in anywise from a congenial company of bright and beautiful men and women, save that they far exceed them in beauty and power and wisdom, and enjoy the gifts of perpetual youth and immortality. Otherwise they share all the virtues and all the vices of man. They alternate between faithfulness, constancy, pity, mercy,—and cruelty, revenge, sensuousness, and faithlessness. Similar to them in gifts and faculties and character are the countless lesser deities and attendants, who do the biddings of their superiors in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the Plutonian regions under the earth.

Not an ennobling story.

The story of the poets is disappointing. The scenic grandeur, the favorable climate, the fortunate lay of the land, the luxuriant fertility, have led us to hope for better and for more. The footstool had far greater attraction than the throne. The pedestal was worthier than the statue. Of elevating truths and laws and ordinances and statutes, of inspiring examples of purity, nobility, forgiveness, self-sacrifice, we heard but few, of foibles and failings, of tricks and deceits, of tyrannies and cruelties, of crimes and vices we heard more than we had ever expected to hear of celestial beings. However interesting their exploits, however ravishing their beauty, however enchanting their speech and song, they lack that holiness, that earnestness, that sustaining and encouraging and uplifting interest in the joys and sorrows and efforts of man, which transport the mind, thrill the soul, inspire the heart, and secure unwavering trust, and eternal love and reverence.

Influence of Olympian pantheon on Greeks.

We are eager to know what influence these Olympian deities exercise upon their worshippers, and so we descend the mountain, and pass through the hamlets and towns and cities of classic Greece. We are much pleased with what we see. We admire and covet their exquisite art. We marvel at their stately architecture. We are spell-bound by their orators, charmed by their poets, entertained by their dramatists, instructed by their historians, taught by their philosophers. We much admire their representative form of government, and their political freedom. We are delighted with their industries, and with the joyousness with which they do their toil. The husbandman sings behind his plow. The artisan's voice makes sweet accompaniment to his vigorous blows upon the anvil. The comely-faced

maidens at the spinning-wheel sing touchingly of Iphigenia ill-fated, of Ariadne ill-requited, of Cassandra unheard and spurned; while the matrons go about their household duties singing of Helen fair but frail, of Niobe and Eurydice unfortunate, of Arete domestic, of Penelope faithful. The agora resounds with the din of busy traffic, and the harbors are crowded with the white-winged crafts of distant ports.

Yet in one thing they fail utterly, and that failure we fear will yet lead on the ruin of all their brilliant achievements. The people that produces the masterpieces of epic and lyric and didactic poetry, of tragic and comic drama, of sculpture and painting and architecture, of oratory and philosophy, of military valor and statesmanship, accept a rhapsodists fancies as their religion, and set up gods and goddesses of ungodly character as objects of worship and imitation. Their temples are numerous, and their statues are many, but they are erected more in honor of man than of the gods. The Olympian deities have not a very strong hold upon the souls and consciences of the people. These occasionally speak lightly of them, and refrain not even from publicly criticizing them, and from openly making sport of them. They regard them more as their equals than as their superiors. "Men," they say, "are mortal gods, and the gods immortal men." They know too much of the frailties of their gods to approach them with great awe. They fear their power, and, therefore, offer their prayers and sacrifices, otherwise their souls are not much troubled. They are fond of religious festivals, but not for reasons of piety, but for the games and sports and reunions, for the dances and revels and orgies, which they afford. On such occasions the frivolous devotee vies with his gods in the excesses of his riots and debaucheries, and the shame and alarm, which these orgies awaken in others, make it only too evident how much better the noble Grecian is than his gods.

While still in the heyday of youth, and in the flush of success and prosperity, while their powers are still fresh and vigorous, and their land fair and fertile, they will thrive and flourish, despite the lack of ennobling religion. But when their riots and revels will pall on them, when sportive youth will turn into earnest manhood, when struggles and defeats, plagues and famines, will sober their intoxications, and lead them to more serious thoughts, when in their despair they will lift up beseeching hands to the immortal gods and find them too busy with their carousals and amours, with their rivalries and conspiracies, to heed their cry, they will heave a sigh which will shake mighty Olympus to its foundation. They will loathe their pantheon of frivolous and demoralizing gods and goddesses, and overthrowing them, they will find themselves without religion, without elevating ideal, without stay and comfort and hope, and in the consequent corruption and despair they will decline, and fade away, and perish forever.

Its evils felt.

And what we predicted, proves but too true. When after the lapse of a few centuries we tread the soil of classic Greece again, we find the land desolate, the temples in ruin, the shrines desecrated. The chisel and the brush have fallen from the hands of her artists. The tongues of her orators have lost their

Effects the ruin of her people.

cunning. The lyres of her bards hang unstrung on withered boughs. Her poets are silent and her rhapsodists are heard no more. Her Lyceums and Academies are closed. Her Pan-Hellenic festivals with their choric dances, and poetic and athletic contests, and fascinating mysteries, have ceased. The markets are desolate, and the harbors are deserted. The glory of Greece has vanished like her gods. Mt. Olympus still stands, but only as a towering pile of snow-clad rock. Not a stone is left of that wondrous palace of fancy once presided over by migty Zeus and Hera, his proud and jealous spouse, and whose banquet tables Apollo and Athené and Hermes once spiced with their song and speech, and Poseidon and Ares entertained with the stories of their exploits on sea and land, and Hephaestus made merry with humorous tales of intrigue, and amorous Aphrodité and chaste Artemis and beautiful Hestia and beneficent Demeter, and a host of beautiful companions and attendants graced with their presence. The ruin and desolation make us sad, make us almost regret the passing away of the brief but joyous reign of the Grecian gods, and with the poet we ask and mourn:

"Schöne Welt, wo bist du? kehre wieder,
Holdes Blüthenalter der Natur!
Ach, nur in dem Feenland der Lieder
Lebt noch deine fabelhafte Spur.
Ausgestorben trauert das Gefilde,
Keine Gottheit zeigt sich meinem Blick,
Ach, von jenem lebenwarmen Bilde
Blieb der Schatten nur zurück."

SCHILLER, *Die Götter Griechenlands.*

In vain is the effort of Rome, after her conquest of Greece, to revive the Olympian gods by infusing her own religion into the shrivelled form of her nearest kin. In vain is her trying to make her Capitoline Hill to take the place of Mt. Olympus. In vain is her showy transfer of the sculptured gods of Greece to her own magnificent temples. Their life is extinct. What for a brief time seems life, is but a temporary galvanic twitching with a powerful government and a skillful priesthood manipulating the battery behind the scenes. The would-be savior of the Greek pantheon has greater need to save her own. She, who with tears in her eyes helps to deck and lay out the once fair and beautiful gods of Hellas, knows not that her own are fast sinking into death. She sees not that her gods are losing their hold on her people, that her religion has become a political institution, maintained as a convenience by augurs and priests, who are the politicians and warriors at the same time. She sees not that her religion has become a barren formalism, and wields but little influence on the heart and conscience of the people. She sees not that her moralists and philosophers are alarmed, that they strive hard to save her religion and her people by sublimating and idealizing the gods of flesh and bone, and of questionable morality, into abstractions, which the people, too long accustomed to visible gods, cannot grasp nor follow.

Rome seeks to restore Olympian Gods on Capitoline Hill.

When at last she is made painfully conscious of the danger of her religion, by the unparalleled vices and crimes of her people, by the open scoffing and ridiculing and repudiating of her gods, when she hears throughout her vast domain the cry resounding: "The gods are dead,—eat and drink and be merry to-day, for to-morrow we, too, shall be dead," she rushes to her shrines, only to find them coffins, only to weep at the tombs of her beloved dear ones, who had gone to meet the bitter fate of their brothers and sisters of Mount Olympus.

Rome's own gods in last agony.

In vain does she now seek solace in the arms of Isis and Osiris, of Serapis and Adonis, who have reared their mystic and fascinating temples in her Capital. In vain does she deify her kings and heroes to fill the gap left by her departed gods. At last in her despair, she ventures beyond the Tiber, into the filthy Campus Martius, which she has assigned as dwelling-place to the hated and despised Jews, enters their humble synagogue, prostrates herself before the invisible God of Sinai, and rises comforted, henceforth and forever a follower of the God of the Jews. She hurls her dead gods from their pedestals, and enthrones in their stead the statues of Moses and Isaiah, of Jesus and Mary, of Peter and Paul, the Jewish apostles of the God of Sinai.

Rome at the feet of the Sinaic God.

More than thirty centuries have passed since last we saw Israel encamped around Mount Sinai, and listened to the laws and commandments proclaimed from its awe-inspiring heights by their God-permeated leader Moses. Sad had been their fate before, and sadder since. They have been the conquered of many peoples and the subjects of many rulers. Every civilized speech has been their speech, and every civil code their code; but no other peoples' religion has been their religion, and no other than the God of Sinai has been theirs. They are not a people whom human hand can sweep out of existence, and their God is not a God whom human breath can puff into nothingness. Their God is not a spiritualized pretty-faced Greek, not a wanton and effeminate pleasure-seeker, not an idle and treacherous mischief-maker, whom a dramatist can slay with a couple of plays, and a satirist stab to the heart with a few thrusts of his keen-edged wit. Their God is not an image of man projected on an Olympian screen. Their God-conception flashed into their mind like an inspiration, like a revelation, and though eye has never seen Him, nor ear heard Him, nor mind grasped Him, still no power on earth, has been able to cast Him out. He is as immovable as is that Sinaic mount, and as awe-inspiring, as towering, as majestically grand in holiness. "Ye shall be holy," spake He from yonder heights through the mind of man, "for I, your God am holy," and on this unshakable and unchangeable holiness of God they base their laws and institutions, and these they can never surrender, and these the whole civilized world must accept and follow.

Sinais God and people untouched.

The acceptance of the Sinai God was not as delightful for Israel, as was the selection of the Olympian deities for the Greeks. He had no

Blessings of the spread of the Sinaic God.

ambrosia and nectar to share with them. He had no bewitching graces and no classic tastes, no alluring luxuries and no pleasing popularity to lavish upon them. As dreary and desolate as the Sinaic wilderness in which He first flashed into their mind in all His overpowering grandeur was to be their history. As tempestuous, rugged, naked, as the Sinaic granite peaks was to be their fate. They had to be steeled in the furnace of affliction, and hardened on the anvil of adversity, to endure the test to which they were to be put. They had a world in arms to face with their God, and to conquer. Not like the Greeks, who early bloomed and early faded, whose existence—beautiful, joyous, long to be gratefully remembered—was like that of the golden-winged and honey-sipping ephemera, was to be the fate of the Jew. He had great and glorious and enduring work to do. He had a Bible to write. He had great lawgivers and prophets and reformers to school. He had idolatries with their attendant vices and crimes to route. He had the seeds of humanity to scatter on barren soil, and patiently to watch and nurse their growth. He had peace to enthrone on earth, and good will to establish among men.

Hardships and ultimate triumph of Israel.

Much of the destined suffering the Jew has endured, and much of the work required of him he has done. But much work remains yet for him to do, and, therefore, much suffering remains yet for him to endure. Not to share the Grecian's fate, he must not forget that he has been chosen to be the World's Redeeming Messiah, and until all the work is done, the world will not forget to make him the World's Suffering Messiah. Like Prometheus, for grasping the fire from Sinai's heights, for turning with it brutes into men, and changing darkness into light, he must be banished to the ends of the earth, must be chained on the rock to be preyed upon by the cruel eagle. But like that martyr he cannot be destroyed. The liver preyed upon by day is restored in the night, and in the end the eagle is slain, and the dispenser of light is unbound and set free. Like Hercules, he must hear at his birth the decree go forth: "Great and blessed shall be thy work, but thou shalt have no profit of all thy labor, till thou comest into the realms of the immortals." And when, like that hero, the Jew will have performed his herculean labors, will have slain the monsters of sin, will have cleansed the haunts of vice, will have turned the weapons of war into plowshares, will have dispelled the hells and opened the heavens, then, his, too, will be Hercules reward,—he will be clothed with the celestial robes of victory, and on his head will be placed the Crown of Immortality.

One to Sow, Another to Reap.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1892.

"They shall not plant, and another eat." *Isaiah, LXV, 22.*

"Let the farmer for evermore be honored in his calling, for they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God." *Jefferson.*

"Honor the laborer for he ennobles the earth, and increases the joys of men." *Talmud.*

Both the farmer and the turkey came in for a share of praise on last Thanksgiving-Thursday, the former in meagerly-attended churches, the latter at well-attended tables. The turkey, no doubt, had she had her way, would have been satisfied with the lesser praise, if she could have remained in her barnyard at the side of her gobbler, instead of being gobbled up. But the farmer has not escaped entirely the asperities of life, he has suffered his share of "gobbling up" before. Even the praise he received was more of a perfunctory discharge of duty than an expression of appreciation bubbling forth from a grateful heart.

The farmer's meagre praise on Thanksgiving day.

The meagerness of church-attendance on thanksgiving-days is partly due to a belief, held by a considerable number of thoughtful and patriotic men and women, that in a country, in which the Church and State have been completely separated by the Constitution, in which the various denominations amply provide for thanksgiving services in their own way and at their own time, the issuing of Thanksgiving-Proclamations by President or Governor is an unwarranted assumption of authority, that a compliance with such proclamations opens the way to those pernicious State interferences in matters of religion which the founders of our Government sought to prevent, that a non-compliance is not an act of disrespect towards their chief-executives, but an act of respect for the highest authority, the Constitution. While this well-founded belief may account for many peoples absence from church on Thanksgiving-Day, I greatly fear that by far the greater number keep away for the reason that they do not know to whom or for what they should give thanks. And it was well, that the time of the farmer's praise was set in advance of the turkey's appearance, else he might not even have received the little he did, for, as Emerson wisely observed, that 'a man believes less, and denies more, after dinner than before.' Before dinner some few may have really believed they owe some thanks to the farmer, if for nothing else than the anticipated turkey. But after dinner even that little belief may have vanished with the curling smoke of the fine Havana, or may have been washed down with a glass or two of sparkling champagne. Instead of

thinking themselves indebted to him, they may have thought him greatly in their debt for ridding him of his turkey and of his other produce.

Farmer not appreciated in ancient times.

It is an old story, this of the people's lack of appreciation of the farmer's worth and service to humanity. Tradition commences it at Eden's gates, and History brings it down to our doors. The first tiller of the ground went to his laborious task with the curse ringing in his ears: "Cursed is the ground; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return into the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."* Still this day the farmer goes to his toil with this curse but slightly modified. Still this day the farmer goes forth into the field with a knowledge that there is little blessing in the tilling of the soil, that it means life-long toil and anxiety and privations, with but scanty recompense, that it brings abundance of sweat and but little of the sweets of life, that of what he sows others reap the golden harvests; that for him are the thorns and the thistles, for others the flowers and the fruit; that for him are the herbs of the field, for others the choicest of ground, bush and tree; that he must not ask for better nor expect it, for society has pronounced that he is but the dust of the field, and dust he must remain, until to dust he does return.

Conflict between Agriculturist and Nomad.

Upon the forehead of the first tiller of the soil a primitive Nomad people stamped the brand of disgrace, and that brand has not been wholly obliterated to this day. For what is the Cain and Abel story, this story of the feud between the discontented agriculturist and the favored shepherd, but the faint echo of a terrible conflict in primitive times—a conflict oft repeated since—between the hard-toiling tillers of the soil and the easy-going shepherds, of the rushing in of the latter, in seasons of drought, upon the cultivated fields of the former, of their depredations and tyrannies by reason of greater number, and of the final uprising of the long down-trodden farmer, and of his overthrow of the supremacy of the plundering and tyrannizing gentlemen of ease.

The bible story of this feud, evidently told by one of the family of the defeated Nomads, is hard on the agriculturist and on his pursuit. It has but curses for both. It brands him as a murderer, and banishes him from the face of God and man. And yet, despite this bitterness, a later hand, is forced to erect upon him as cornerstone the entire framework of civilization. It is the family of Cain, the agriculturist, that founded the first city, that opened the first mines, that started the first foundries, that first began to foster the fine arts.† The isolated dweller on the field made possible the rise of the populous cities. The producer of the breadstuffs of life made possible the breadwinners in the busy centres of industry; The sower of grain made possible the ripening of brain. The cultivator of the soil made possible the cultivation of the arts. The conscript to the

*Gen. III, 17-19. †Gen. IV, 17-22.

barest necessities and meagrest comforts made possible the enjoyment of the richest pleasures and the most indulgent luxuries.

But, from the first, he received in return for his benefactions but little thanks from his fellowmen. With but few such exceptions, as among the ancient Israelites, who never tired singing the praises of agriculture, and who were proud to speak of Kings and Prophets of Lawgivers and Rabbis coming to the front from behind the plow, the lot of the tiller has never been very enviable, and often scarcely endurable. Where the caste system prevailed, his station was at the foot, or next to it, while that of the politician, of the soldier, of the priest, was at the top. Cultured Greece spoke of the pursuit of agriculture with contempt, and denied the right of citizenship to its pursuer. Military Rome deemed it an occupation fit for slaves only, and for his championship of the honorableness of that vocation, and for the rights of its pursuers, for his impassioned speech to the outraged toilers that while the wild beast has its den, the bird its grain, they have less than the necessaries, and that spiced with contempt, the Tribune Tiberius Gracchus was forced to surrender his life to the enraged patricians. In Cicero's time the vast areas of land about Rome were owned by less than two thousand Romans, and every worker thereon was a slave. When these at last grew tired of their yoke, and threw it off, when these deserted the fields, preferring the idle and luxuriant life of the Eternal City to their slavery on the farm, and when Egypt and Sicily grew tired of serving as granaries of overcrowded Rome, the impoverished city became an easy prey to the conquering barbarian.

During the Dark- and Middle-Ages the treatment of the farmer differed little from that accorded to him in ancient times. Honorably excepting Moorish Spain, the European tiller of the soil was a serf, and the serf was a slave. Of his toil he could but claim his sweat and his hunger and his misery as his own, all else belonged to his feudal lord. Those were the times in which the kings boasted of ruling for all, and the soldiers of fighting for all, and the priests of praying for all, and the starving peasantry groaned that they had to feed all, man and beast. What the armies did not consume or devastate the church demanded as tithe or as fee; what the enemy did not plunder the feudal lord seized for his revels and carousals. The peasantry had no rights, not even the right to complain; their's was but the duty to toil like slaves and to die like dogs. When maddened by insufferable cruelties into insurrections, the nobles soon proved themselves their masters, and whereas "they had been whipped before with scourges, they were now chastised with scorpions."

Nor in the Dark- and Middle-Ages.

While in modern times the agriculturist's lot has much changed for the better, he is still far from receiving his just deserts. Not yet do we honor as we should the hand that hardens for us, the back that breaks for us, the face that browns and wrinkles for us, the mind that stunts itself for us. Not yet do we comprehend as fully as we should that it is the husbandman, who sets our-

Nor in modern times.

looms and furnaces in motion, who propels our ships and locomotives, who runs our schools and props our governments. Not yet do we realize as fully as we should, that while, if it had to be, we could dispense with politicians, and do without teachers, and manage without our trades and industries, we could never do without the tillers of our soil, that on their toil depends all other toil, and on their produce all produce of factory or shop, of school or office, of studio or legislative hall. Not yet do we comprehend as fully as we should, that not he who presides over the White House Cabinet, nor he that fills the Chief Justice's seat in the Supreme Court, not he that holds the highest Church title, nor he that holds the highest rank in the army, not he that controls the market, nor he that wields the sceptre of the press, determines the fate of the nation. The hand that guides the plow rules the people. The hand that scatters the seeds in the field, scatters plenty and peace, light and joy, among the children of men.

Frequently ridiculed and defrauded.

But in return for these benefits, we treat him,—excepting Thanksgiving mornings and election times—with indifference, and not infrequently with ridicule or cunning. Exiled, for our interest, from the centres of civilization, deprived, for our sakes, of the advantages of good schools, of ennobling art, of polished society, he frequently lacks the manners and graces and learning of cultured city people. Instead, however, of beholding in his mental and social deficiencies only the signs of his noble self-sacrifice, we make his calling synonymous with stupidity and gracelessness. We make of him the butt of the stage, the carricature of the illustrated magazine, and the standing joke of the press. Sharks prey upon him. Wolves fleece him. The Bulls and the Bears of the Stock-Exchanges tear the flesh from off his bones; they determine the price of his produce before yet he has scattered the seeds, and sell it before it is yet ripe, and gamble it away from him before it is yet garnered in. Often the reward of spring's sowing and of summer's toiling, is to him a fall's mortgaging of his farm, and a winter's starving, to others, a rich larder, and a yet richer bank account. Does it not seem as if of such as these the Prophet Micah had written: "Thou shalt sow, but thou shalt not reap; thou shalt tread the olives, but thou shalt not anoint thee with oil; thou shalt press the sweet wine, but shalt not drink thereof?"* Does it not seem as if also to such as these the poet's lines to the busy bee applies:

"Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee,
What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil."

The farmer discontented.

It is not surprising that farmers of small holdings, unable to compete with powerful land monopolies, and to endure the legalized gambling of the stock-exchanges, are obliged to desert their farms, that many of those who remain are crushed with the weight of mortgages, that the voice of their discontent is

* Micah VI, 15.

heard in the land, that they have given such an unmistakable expression of their dissatisfaction at the last election, and that in some sections the signs of a possible outbreak of one of those former bitter feuds between the agriculturist and those dependent on him have manifested themselves.

This voice of discontent may yet be assuaged, and the threatening outbreak of the feud may yet be averted, by a more thoughtful care for the agriculturist, by a more honorable treatment of the cornerstone and mainstay of our prosperity. There is no reason why he, who toils in the sweat of his brow that we may live, shall scarcely have a living for himself, why he who for our good is compelled to isolate himself from all the advantages of culture, of good professional service, of refined amusements, which the populous centres afford, must be entirely deprived of them. His inability to maintain these in his small villages, because of numerical weakness, is not yet sufficient reason why his children must grow up uncultured, must be tempted from the dreary farms and their irksome tasks to the gay cities, for the lack of advantages, and for want of proper entertainment at home, or why he should be compelled to trust his health and his life to the tender mercies of country quacks. The government must come to his assistance for its own protection and safety. The government that has millions of dollars for the survivors of those that fought for the country, must have subsidies for those that preserve it. The government that has plenty of money for the salaries of city-politicians, must spare some of it for good professional service in the villages. He, that provides others with the pleasures and comforts of life, is entitled to a little for himself. He that feeds others, shall have sufficient for himself. He that sows shall also reap.

Plea for better treatment.

Yet other men there are who sow much and reap little, and as the most prominent among these we may name our laboring classes. But of these we must speak more cautiously, even from the pulpit, for the Labor Question is a very unpopular one,— excepting at election times, when the laborer's rights and grievances are proclaimed from a thousand platforms and stumps, fill thousands of newspaper columns, form the motto on thousands of banners and transparencies, and fill with grief and wrath the tender hearts of thousands of candidates. When the battle is won, the spoils of victory soon assuage the wrath of the men in office. The laborer's troubles are forgotten, and the labor question is frowned down as dangerous socialism.

Laborers, too, sow much and reap little.

Have you ever heard that socialistic cry which so much alarms people in easy circumstances? Have you ever ventured into the poverty-stricken tenement districts, climbed filth-reeking rickety stairs, entered the miserable holes, ironically named the laborer's home, and listened to his tale of woe? Have you ever heard him burst forth, in the bitterness of his spirit, with words such as these:

"We are called benefactors of man. Poets sing of us. Historians write of us. Essayists praise us. Philosophers call us the "salt of the earth."

Their tale of woe.

From the factories and foundries, from the mines and quarries, from the tracks and waves, where we perform our labor, flows the broad stream of prosperity, which, in the form of wealth and comfort and happiness, is drained into millions of homes. But for us, the authors of it, it leaves the refuse and the offal. Our toil that brings joy to others brings misery to us. We no longer work, we slave. We rise early to go to our House of Bondage, and return late, sore from the chains we wore all day long, and worn out from the long day's toil. Hunger and competition stand as cruel taskmasters over us. The needs of wife and children compel us to prefer slavery to suicide. When night comes the dread of the morning's toil robs us of its enjoyment; when morning comes the thought of the night's scanty meal and miserable lodging makes us dread the setting of the sun. Thus it is day after day, and year after year. When sickness comes we are thrust into some hospital. Old age finds us in the Almshouse. Death ends all in the Potter's field.

"Yes, the world has praise for the laborer in books and in vote-baiting platforms, but not in real life. The more favored classes shun us as if we were the pest. They slave us to death, and pay us starvation wages, and crowd us into filthy quarters, and rob us of every chance of higher culture, and close their Galleries and Museums and Libraries and Exhibitions and Theatres in our faces on Sundays, on the only day in the week when we could profit by them, and then they taunt us with being ignorant and boorish, with dressing poorly, and with lacking refined tastes and manners. Of course we lack the elegancies and the graces. But a factory is not a drawing-room; a mine is not a brilliantly illumined club; the slaughtering-house is not scented with rosewater or cologne; the quarry is not furnished with Axminster carpets or Turkish rugs or Parisian divans or Brussel lace-curtains; the sound of machinery is not as melodious as that of the piano; spade and pick, hammer and saw, do not tend to soften and whiten the hand; ten or more hours of hard labor six days in the week, at wages scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together, leave little time and little money for French-teachers and Dancing-masters. No wonder that their sons flee from our callings, and that their daughters turn up their noses at ours, that they would not be seen carrying bundles or with ungloved hands lest they be taken for shop-girls or factory-hands. Their women cry their eyes out at seeing some enacted wrong on the stage, and saturate their fine lace handkerchiefs with their tears, yet they think not of

> "The girl whose fingers thin
> Wove the weary broidery in,
> Bending backward from her toil,
> Lest her tears the work should spoil,
> Shaping from her bitter thought
> Heart's-ease and Forget-me-not."

Thus runs the tale of woe of many of our hard-working laborers. Reading or hearing of it in our comfortable sitting rooms, after a delect-

able dinner, we are apt to denounce it as a socialist's harangue. But listening to it with our own ears, and seeing the proofs of it with our own eyes, in his miserable tenement, we are more apt to think it the just lamentation of an ill-rewarded benefactor. It is a frightfully pessimistic story; it sees no speck of sunshine; it fondles no glint of content; it nurses no ray of hope; it sees no good in labor; it recognizes no friend among the favored classes. But a pessimistic view of labor is the growing tendency of the hour. Poets no more sing its beauties as they were wont to do. We had a striking proof of this the other day. The French Academy gives a prize of four thousand francs every year for the best copy of verses for which it suggests the subject. Last year it was "Labor;" and of all the two hundred and more poets who struggled for the prize, the *St. James' Gazette* informs us, "not one had treated the subject from any other point of view than that of pessimism. All dwelt on the painful toilsomeness of manual work, and not one on the satisfaction it produces, or even it would seem, on the healthfulness of body and the sweet sleep it necessarily yields. Labor is, in fact, to the writers, an object either of abhorrence or of the kind of pity stirred by physical misfortune."

Labor no longer poetic but pessimistic.

The role of an alarmist is neither profitable nor pleasant. The warner's reward is generally a disbelieving smile or a contemptuous sneer. But no true man will think of his own pleasure and of profit when the welfare of his fellowman is endangered. No true man, observing the frequency of disasterous strikes and lockouts, thinking of the recent political revolution, largely brought about by the laborer's vote, watching the closer and closer federation of laboring men, for defensive and aggressive purposes, will keep silent when a threatening evil might be warded off by timely and temperate speech and redress. Whatever the reason be which the employer assigns for the many hours of hard labor he requires in return for the small wages he pays, they will never convince the laborer, that he, the producer and hard toiler, must therefore eke out a miserable existence, while his employer leads a life of comparative ease, and occupies luxuriant quarters in aristocratic neighborhoods. He will submit to this state of affairs only as long as he is the weaker. But recent strikes and elections have demonstrated that the revolutionary spirit is moving. Woe to our industry and prosperity, if to the revolutionary spirit they add the revolutionary hand, and if the discontented agriculturist joins his forces with those of the dissatisfied laborer!

A threatening danger.

The threatening outbreak may yet be averted by a faithful application of the principle, that he who sows is entitled to his just share of the harvest. All the plums must not be on one side of the pudding, and all the crust on the other. The pudding-story of the captain and the mate well applies to our point at issue. Whenever there was a plum pudding made, by the captain's orders all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed the plumless part to

How it may be averted.

the mate. The latter, tiring of this game, prevailed on the steward to place the plumless part next to the captain. The captain discovering at a glance that he had the wrong end, picked up the dish, and turning it in his hands, as if merely to examine the china, said: "This dish cost me two shillings," and put it down again, with the plum end next to himself. "Is it possible," said the mate, taking up the dish to examine it, and, as if in perfect innocence, he set it down again, with the plum end next to himself. Both looked at each other for awhile, finally the captain laughingly broke the silence by saying: "I tell you what, young one, you've found me out, I shall cut the pudding lengthwise hereafter."

The laborer has discovered on what side of the pudding the plums are, and he wants to cut it lengthwise. For his work of sowing he wants a just share of the reaping. Having to endure the sweats of toil, he asks for a share of the sweets of life. The captain has taught us the only amicable way out of the difficulty. Would that we might profit by his lesson and example! Would that we might so live that our ease might not be purchased at the expense of another's killing toil, nor our culture at the cost of another's degradation, nor our luxuries at the price of another's heartblood. Would that no sound man would reap who had not sowed, and none that sowed go without the just reward of his toil! Once let these principles *wished* become principles *lived*, and the vexing problem is solved, and the threatening danger is averted. The laborer's hours of toil would then be less, and the profits of his toil more. More leisure and more means would give him more opportunity for culture, for comfort, for respectable environments, and for recreative amusements. The voice of discontent would cease in the land, and Isaiah's prophecy would be fulfilled: "They shall not labor in vain nor produce for trouble; they shall not build and another inhabit, they shall not plant and another eat. They shall build houses and inhabit them, they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them."*

* Isaiah LXV (21–23).

Brethren at Strife.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

December 4th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893.

1. Israel's Debt to the New World.
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
5. Sinai and Olympus.
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SERIES V. 1891—1892.

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4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
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6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
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15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
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21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
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27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

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2. The Force in Nature—God.
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5. The Law of Environment.
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7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

Brethren at Strife.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 1892.

"Let there not be strife, I pray thee, between me and thee . . . . for we are brethren."
—*Gen. XIII, 8.*

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"
—*Psalm CXXXIII, 1.*

The story of ancient family-life is the story of bitter and fatal strife. The first recorded quarrel is between brothers; the first chronicled murder is of a brother by a brother slain. If we question the historical value of the fratricide at Eden's gate, the subsequent family record of the Patriarchs furnishes ample illustrations of strifes between brothers. Ishmael and Isaac quarrel, and part never to meet again, save at the burial of their father. Jacob defrauds his brother Esau, and is driven from his father's house by a brother's threat of murder. Joseph is hated by his brothers, is by them cast into a pit, sold into slavery, and reported as dead. Should we regard even these stories as mythical, we have the record of Miriam's and Aaron's malicious attack on their brother Moses, of Abimelech's slaughter of his brothers; and if these be deemed untrustworthy, we have the stories of the brutal and bloody dissensions between the sons of David, and of those in the families of the Asmoneans and Idumeans.

Strife in ancient Jewish family life.

Turning to other ancient histories, we encounter among all of them similar strifes between brothers, similar rivalries and hatreds, similar conspiracies and bloodsheds among children of the same parents. Admitting that many of the narratives of ancient family dissensions, such as the murder of Remus by his brother Romulus, the founder of Rome, are mythological and legendary, this by no means clears the ancients from the reproach of frequent fratricides and domestic infelicities. The virtues and vices delineated in the myths and legends of peoples are ever the reflections of the thoughts and deeds of the men and women among whom they have their origin. The mind may exaggerate, but it must have some facts for its substratum. It can not conceive anything that has never been, unless it clothes it with the shapes and forms, and endows it with the virtues or vices, of that which has been. It must have a knowledge of goodness and purity, or of vice and crime possessed and displayed by real beings, before it can ascribe them to imaginary creatures. The ancient writer or the early

In the family life of other early peoples.

bard must, therefore, have had before himself the example of hatred and bloodshed between brothers before he could transplant them into the realm of myth and legend.

Such strifes were by no means restricted to the nearest of blood relatives. We encounter in the histories of the ancients no less bitter and fatal contentions among the different branches of the same family-stock, among the different clans of the same people, among the different tribes of the same race, among the different sections of the same country. Neither do we meet with these among the ancients only. They constitute the web and woof of all the history that has since been made by man. Eliminate the record of the quarrels and dissensions, of the wars and bloodsheds, during the last eighteen centuries, between families and tribes, between sections and sects, and your voluminous histories will shrink to a few pages. There has never been a time since the dawn of our modern era, when brother has not had his hand upon the throat of his brother, when the near of kin or of creed or of country have not heartily sought each others destruction. Even at the present day, when the spirit of humanity has somewhat subdued the vindictive passion that raged so violently in former times, the bitterest hatreds may still be found between peoples of bordering countries, between close neighbors, between sects and sections of sects, between branches of the same family, between the sons and daughters of the same parents. The proverb of old, that a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and the contentions of brothers are like the bars of a castle,* is as true to-day as it was in Biblical times, and so common still are quarrels between brothers that one is hardly surprised to read that a gentleman, who remarks to a friend that the latter and a certain other man lived like two brothers, should have received as reply: "God forbid!"

Contentions between neighboring clans, sects and peoples.

The causes that have brought about such strained and hostile relationships between the nearest of kin and creed, and between the closest of neighbors and countries, are many. As one of the chief sources of hatreds between brothers, we may mention the practice once in general vogue, of giving the first-born son of a family an undue advantage over all the later-born. The family's titles and rights descended to him, and the lion's share of the family's possessions fell into his lap. At the father's death, he assumed the reins of family government, which act was frequently the signal of secret conspiracy, or of open revolt, by those over whom his authority extended. Long before his ascendancy to authority the distinction he enjoyed and the preferences shown him by his parents engendered in his brothers feelings of envy and jealousy. When the time came for them to submit to his rule, they were unwilling, or found themselves unable, to play second to one whose claim to superiority rested solely on the accident of earlier birth, and who, as the first-born, was frequently

Primogeniture a cause of strife between brothers.

* Prov. XVIII, 19.

so petted and pampered, as to be absolutely unfit for exercising authority, or for commanding the respect of his younger brothers and sisters. To be rid of him, to surmount him, to usurp his rights and titles, became the ambition of his younger brothers. They, in their turn, began to fight among themselves for the coveted honor, and thus arose those bitter hatreds, those bloody feuds, those horrible poisonings and assassinations, those cruel wars of brother against brother, that have tended not a little to shake man's faith in the existence of love among brothers.

Constant and close contact, under the same family-roof, between brothers and sisters of different temperaments, of different likes and dislikes, of different gifts and failings, have proven another fertile source of family dissensions. The clashings and frictions to which these give rise frequently fan the cheer- and warmth-diffusing domestic hearth into an affection-devouring, into a home-consuming conflagration. Owing to some strange contrariness of human nature, we judge more quickly, and censure more severely, and resent more relentlessly, the offenses of our nearest of kin than those of strangers. The familiarity which, outside the domestic circle, often breeds but contempt, breeds only too frequently implacable enmity within that circle. The better brothers or sisters know one another, the deeper is often the hatred which that knowledge ripens. The patience and forebearance which we show to strangers, we are not always quite so ready to show to our own. We are satisfied with the mediocrity of others; we look for perfection among our own, and are bitter when we find it not. Still worse, we are often more fascinated by the foibles and frailties of others than by the virtues of our nearest and dearest. A stranger's flattery is more pleasing to our ear than a brother's sincerity. A stranger's volley of abuse kindles not half the wrath that does a sister's well-meant word of reproof. A trifling word, a mere look, a gossip's whisper, is often sufficient reason to us for banishing ourselves from a brother's side or from a sister's associationship, perhaps to return, with words of repentance on our lips, in hours of misfortune or bereavement, when our fair-weather friends have flown.

Constant contact of different temperaments another cause.

Much the same reason may be given for the hostilities between close neighbors and friends. We see each other too often, know each other too well, pry too much into each other's affairs, expect too much from each other, grow so familiar with each other as to allow ourselves too many privileges, as to neglect those little attentions and courtesies with which we were formerly so lavish. We see slights where none are intended, and construe as insults what were not meant as such. The merest trifles we magnify into heinous wrongs, and proceed to hate and to shun, to detest and to molest each other with a vindictiveness that would do honor to a savage, while perhaps at heart we really love one another. Rabbi Hillel of old displayed no little knowledge of human nature when he declared that the essence of all religion lies in the Mosaic command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor like thyself," and held that all else is

Similar reason for hostilities between neighbors and friends.

but commentary; and Mr. Ingersoll was quite right when, in his criticism of the New Testament precept: "Love thy enemy," he remarked that he could not love his enemies, that he had about all he could do to love his friends; and Goethe speaks with the forcibleness of personal experience when he says:

"Mit fremden Menschen nimmt man sich zusammen
Da merkt man auf, da sucht man seinen Zweck
In ihrer Gunst, damit sie nutzen sollen.
Allein bei Freunden lässt man frei sich gehen,
Man ruht in ihrer Liebe, man erlaubt
Sich eine Laune; ungezähmter wirkt
Die Leidenschaft, und so verletzen wir
Am ersten die, die wir am zart'sten lieben."

—*Tasso, Act III, Scene IV.*

Similar reason for hostilities between neighboring countries.

What is given as reason for the hostilities between neighbors and friends applies with yet greater force to the feuds and warfares between bordering peoples. The different traditions and histories of each give rise to tantalizing boasts and prides. Natural advantages stir up envies. The success of the one awakens the enmity of the other. Different laws and customs, different speech and creed, give rise to clashings. Each is more concerned with the doings of the other than with his own. Each scans the other across the dividing stream, or on the other side of the separating mountain, with the eye of distrust. If trouble is to arise between the two peoples, it is in the bickerings between the border-zealots where it is most likely to have its origin. But for that accidental dividing stream, its waters might never have been reddened with the blood of both of the bordering peoples; but for that separating mountain, its sides might never have been whitened with the bones of the fallen heroes of both.

Bitterest hostilities between similar creeds.

Similar reasons may be assigned for the bitterest hostilities of all, that between kindred creeds. Cruel as have been the feuds between brothers, ferocious as have been the enmities between neighbors and neighboring countries, not even their combined cruelties and enmities will equal the implacable hatreds, the inhuman brutalities, the relentless persecutions, of sect against sect. The closer the creeds are to each other, the wider apart stand often the believers thereof, and the intenser is their hatred against each other. Christianity and Judaism have never waged such bitter war against the Heathen as they have against each other, nor have they ever been as cruel against each other as against many of their own sects. The Catholic has never hated Jew as much as Lutheran; the Lutheran has never hated Catholic as much as Calvanist; the Calvanist has never hated Lutheran as much as Puritan; the Puritan has never hated Calvanist as much as Quaker. Radicals and orthodox agree better among themselves than does the conservative with either of the two. The nearness of their creeds to his is their greatest crime. He would think more of them if their creed differed more from his. He cannot forgive the

one for being more radical than he, nor the other for being more orthodox. He hates the one for believing less, and the other for believing more.

The world has never ceased wondering, and never will, at the monstrous hatreds of the church. It has time and again sought to reconcile the professions of the clergy with their practices, and has utterly failed. It has never yet found out how the same lips from which words of love and peace and good will flow so mellifluously during the service, can drop such deadly poison during the sermon, or after the service, when speaking of a brother's differing faith, or how the same hand that implores the blessing of peace upon the people can deal such painful thrusts, or pen such cruel attacks.

How can teachers of love be haters of men?

It certainly does not effect the morality of the people, if one offers up a prayer in this language or in that, or one of longer or shorter duration, or ascribe one attribute more or less to an unknown God. If anyone is hurt by it, it is God, and He is perfectly able to defend His rights, and to get His own, without the aid of the preacher. But while God apparently sees no offense, judging from His non-interference, the clergy sees it for Him, and acts for God in a most ungodly manner. All is false that they hold not true; all is wrong that they hold not right; all is execrable that differs from theirs. They estimate their piety by the zeal they display in the persecution of holders of different creeds. They rest their claim for saintship on their success in tearing down or in impeding or in belittling the achievments of other faiths. For making themselves the least beloved of man, they think themselves the most beloved of God. For speaking ill of their fellow-laborers in the same vineyard of the Lord they think themselves deserving of the highest praise.

Differences in creeds affect God and not man.

Montaigne tells of his encountering two teachers one day, on the roadside, one walking behind, and at some distance from, the other. Upon asking one of them who the other gentleman was he received as answer: "He is not a gentleman, he is a grammarian, and I am a logician." Somewhat akin is the opinion preachers hold of one another. Let one differ from another in belief, or in method of work, or in line of training, and straightway he forfeits the good will and respect of the other. His different belief is branded as heresy, his different method as sensationalism, his different line of training as ignorance, his followers as deluded simpletons, or sacrilegious accomplices. Look at the disgraceful heresy-trials of Professors Briggs and Smith, now going on in New York and Cincinnati. Hear the venomous epithets hurled at each other by preachers, professors and writers, who are pleased to call themselves "men of God." Read the ungenerous criticisms, the unwarranted attacks, the malicious charges in religious journals, notably and flagrantly in some of our Jewish papers, whose editors and contributors and correspondents—often men devoid of the requisite scholarship, of the sense of justice, of the instincts of a gentleman—regard it their divine right to carp and stab,

Odium Theologicum.

to sneer and scoff, to misconstrue and misinform, to sit in judgment and pass sentence upon everybody and everything that has the misfortune of not pleasing their tastes and fancies.

Attacks against us

Read the attacks published in some of our Jewish papers, against our Congregation, with a persistency and regularity that is surprising, considering the utter failure to effect the slightest change in our views and ways.

Neither as a congregation nor as individuals have we ever laid claim to infallibility. We have never professed to be the depositaries of the sole truth. We confess our guilt of having departed from many a former custom and rite and belief. We have gradually laid aside such ceremonies and observances as appeared to us untenable, barren and obsolete. We have substituted in our service the language which we speak and in which we think for an ancient language no longer intelligible to us. We have altered the ancient form of service to make worship more devotional, more intellectual and more attractive. To all these changes we plead guilty. We confess that we have added to our Saturday-Sabbath service a Sunday service for such whose duties in the busy marts of life will not permit them to keep the Saturday-Sabbath holy. We confess that we gather in this place hundreds upon hundreds of peoples at every service, the young and the old, the tutored and the untutored, Jews and Non-Jews. We confess that we do not so absorb ourselves in the service of God as to forget our duties to our fellowmen. We plead guilty to taking a personal interest in the sad lot of the poor and distressed, to contributing liberally to needful charities, to encouraging and aiding all seekers after knowledge, to removing social bars and religious barriers, and to bringing man into closer and friendlier contact with his fellowman, regardless of race, creed or color.

To things we plead guilty.

To all these sins we plead guilty, and for these we are ready and willing to bear our penalties. But there are charges raised against us to which we can conscientiously plead "not guilty." There are sins committed by holy men in holy pulpits of which we are innocent.

To things we plead not guilty.

Whosoever says or writes that the cause of Israel is not sacred to us, either erroneously or wilfully tells what is not true.

Whosoever says or writes that the spiritual sanctification and the intellectual elevation of the people is not the aim of our services and of our pulpit utterances, either erroneously or wilfully tells what is not true.

Whosoever says or writes that the prosperity of this congregation and the enthusiasm of its members flows from any other source than that of sincere love for our holy cause, either erroneously or wilfully tells what is not true.

Whosoever says or writes that other peoples' sincere beliefs and honest observances have ever been attacked in our pulpit, and that honest and earnest preachers of other creeds have ever been spoken of in any other than in the most respectful terms, or that even other men's

attacks on us, or slanders of us, were ever noticed and answered in or out of our pulpit, either erroneously or wilfully says what is not true.

Whosoever says or writes that we regard the legitimate work of our congregation to be other than to disseminate truth, to foster knowledge, to scatter peace, to cultivate charity, to eradicate vice and crime, to expose and to correct hypocrisy and fraud, erroneously or wilfully tells what is not true.

Whosoever says or writes that our creed concerning deed has ever been other than the Mosaic command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," regarded by Hillel as the essence of religion, or the Prophet Micah's summation of all religious duty: "To do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly before God," either erroneously or wilfully tells what is not true.

It is time that these rivalries and contentions and hatreds between sects and sections of sects cease. They have done harm enough. They have slaughtered countless thousands of human beings, and have agonized and tortured countless millions of people. They have ruined homes, and blasted lives, and broken hearts and embittered spirits, and crazed minds without number. It is time that preachers and sects sink the memory of their past crimes into the pit of oblivion, and heap over them mountains of respectful tolerance, of kind forbearance, of mutual love, of virtuous deed. We have had centuries of theological wars; let now dawn the age of peace. We have proven ourselves unsurpassed masters in religious hatred; let us now prove ourselves equally proficient in religious love. We have displayed an almost frenzied zeal in keeping our weapons clean and keen and in constant use; let now these weapons be sheathed and laid aside, and let our blunted virtues be sharpened up, and our entombed religious professions be exhumed, burnished up, and made ready for use. We have unduly developed the size of our spleen and the bitterness of our gall; let us now restore the dried-up glands that secrete the milk of human kindness, and nurse an enlargement of the affections of the heart. Long enough have we turned our hatred against each other to the delight of the friends of discord and disunion; let us now turn that hatred into love and present a common front to the enemies of fraternal love and mutual tolerance. Long enough have we, like the carrion-hawk, had an eye for other believers' deficiencies, but none for their merits; let us now begin to regard each others merits, and our contemplation of the magnitude thereof will leave us little or no time for bothering about shortcomings. Let preachers show to the world that they can love each other as dearly as formerly they hated each other, and respect each other as generously as formerly they insulted each other, and praise each other as warmly as formerly they slandered each other, and promote each other's good as liberally as formerly they injured each other, and the world will respect them the better for it, and their congregations will follow them with greater trust and eagerness and pattern after them in their daily walks of life.

Times for the strifes to cease.

If we continue our old strifes and discords we must not look for any other result than dissolution. In these days of lesser religious fervor, laymen will no longer slaughter each other for their religious differences, but they will turn their backs upon their quarrelsome preachers and upon their dissension-arousing creeds, and have done with religion altogether. While the preachers will be up in arms against each other, their congregations will lock the doors of their churches on them, turn them out of house and home and starve their belligerent spirit out of them. A hunter chanced the other day upon the carcasses of two fine bucks whose horns he found firmly interlocked. They evidently had been fighting, and in the struggle had locked horns. Being unable to get them separated, and, consequently, unable to obtain food, they had starved to death in that position. Behold in this the fate of future fighting preachers!

Dissolution the result if we continue quarreling.

You have read Schiller's tearful tragedy "The Bride of Messina, or The Hostile Brothers." You remember the widowed mother's lament over the deadly hatred and bloody warfares between her two sons, and over the contentions which their quarrel have aroused in the realm. You remember her bitter complaint that, though loving both with all of a mother's heart, in the presence of the one she dare not mention the other, that if her eye but rests in love upon the one, it is like a dagger's thrust in the breast of the other. You recall her indignation at the hangers on of both, those mercenary hirelings, who, to further their own ambition and gain and sport, kindle the wrath of brother against brother, and array them in deadly combat against each other. You recall her touching appeal to them for union and for brotherly love, and her direful prophecy that if they continue their contentions, they will fall together, each slain by a brother's hand; that their blood will extinguish the fires of the domestic hearth; that 'the very flame which will light their funeral pyre will tower dissevered in ruddy columns to the skies, and tell with horrid image—"thus they lived and died!"' Thus their mother prophesied, and thus her prophecy was fulfilled.

A tragic warning.

Thus, too, laments Religion, our mother, over the divisions between her children, over the deadly hatred of brother against brother. Thus she, too, complains that the prosperity of the one fills the other with venom, and that the praise of one is sure to drive the other into a frenzy of rage. Thus she, too, denounces those hangers on, those misfits of other professions, and worst-of-all-fits for religious work, who revel and riot in the religious press, who for private end and personal ambitions pretend they serve the mother by inciting brother against brother. Thus she, too, tearfully beseeches her children to cease their quarrels, to forget in loving and fraternal embrace all past differences, and to go forth unitedly into a future of grand and noble work. Thus she, too, prophesies that if her children continue their bitter strifes, if brother removes not his hand from brother's throat, nor the dagger from brother's breast, it will not

Deserves religious heeding.

be long before the hand will tighten around the neck, deal the fatal thrust, and the combatants will lie bleeding and gasping at their mother's feet.

Let us heed her appeal and warning. Let us remember once for all that universal unison in faith never was, and, for obviously beneficial reasons, never shall be. When we find we cannot agree in creed, let us, like Abraham and Lot of old, part in peace, but come together as brethren whenever we are in need of one another's aid. Let us cherish our individual beliefs, and practice our individual rites and ceremonies, content that, though Divided in Creed, we are United in Deed. Long enough have we felt how painful it is for brethren to live in strife, let us now experience "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Let us cherish a more charitable opinion of each others motives and aims. Let us think better of each other and we will find each other better. Let us look over the partition walls, and see that instead of being as monstrous as we have been depicted to each other, we are really remarkably alike.

Divided in Creed yet United in Deed.

Mr. Bowden tells a well-conceived fable, which strikingly illustrates this truth: A portion of a high, old wall toppled over one day, and a series of happy results was the consequence of the accident. First, the sun was able to pour more light into the gardens on either side, and the flowers grew faster and bloomed more beautifully. Then, the perfume was borne across the breach, and both the gardens became the more fragrant. "What a pity that piece of wall had not fallen before," said the flowers. Next, the shrubs looked over to one another, and got into friendly talk, and agreed that it would have been pleasanter for both if that piece of dividing wall had fallen before. Then, the flowers and shrubs of each garden discovered that members of their own families had been living on the other side, though they knew it not, because of the barrier between them. And finally, so many benefits were seen to be the result of the accident, that instead of mending the breach, they tore down all of the remaining wall, and both gardens ever after bloomed and prospered as never before.

A Fable with a moral.

So let us tear down the stifling and stunting dividing walls between sects and sections of sects, that the beauty and the fragrance of the one may cheer and delight the other. So let us tear down the light-barring walls between man and man, that we may see the good and the true in each, and correct each other's deficiencies by each other's excellencies. So let us remove the crumbling and toppling barriers, that the men and women on the one side may see and learn for themselves how much better are those on the other side than they had been made to believe, that they are in reality Members of the same Family, Pursuers of the same Goal, Believers in the same Supreme Power, Followers of the same Law, Teachers of the same Truth.

Tear down Dividing Walls.

Jew Responsible for Jew.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

December 18th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893

1. Israel's Debt to the New World.
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
5. Sinai and Olympus.
6. One to Sow, Another to Reap.
7. Brethren at Strife.
8. Jew Responsible for Jew.
9. Was Jesus the expected Messiah?
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SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
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22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
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Jew Responsible for Jew.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, Dec. 18, 1892.

כל ישראל ערבין זה בזה "Every Israelite is responsible for his fellow Israelite." Talmud Babli *Shabuoth* 39 a.

"In tua res agitur paries dum proximus ardet." Thine own house is in danger when the fire rages next door.

"Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impel'd its neighbor to embrace."

Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle III, 7–12.

"All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord."

Longfellow, *Hiawatha*, Pt. I, 112.

Science and Scriptures, though much at variance on other points, are at one in their conclusion, that at the beginning of time, and at the commencement of the universe, things were in a confused, formless, and chaotic state. How many millions of years dire and dismal Chaos held rule, before he was forced to turn over the reins of his supremacy to the triumvirate Law and Harmony and Union, is beyond human ken. Yet this we know, his sway would have endured unto this day, had not a mighty creative power, a resistless organizing energy—named *Force* by science, and *God* by theology—entered upon the scene, chased with darts of light darkness out of sight, yoked segregated atoms and dissevered molecules into everlasting unions, gathered like unto like, and assigned to each its law and limit and function, harnessed each into the service of the other, and sent each forth upon its mission with an impulse, eternally implanted, constantly to unfold latent powers, unceasingly to develop inherent faculties, continually to combine with like, and to cooperate with similar for common ends, thereby to increase and multiply the beauties and blessings of the universe.

Order in the universe is the result of law, harmony and union.

It is hard to realize that this wondrous universe of ours, in which utmost diversities link themselves into ties of inseparable unions, without losing their identities, in which worlds and systems of worlds spin with dizzying speeds through the fathomless abyss of space, along their own orbits and in their own times, yet under perfect control of their central powers, and with undisturbed peace and harmony among themselves, in which day and night, ebb and tide, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, alternate with never failing regularity, in which the law of sequence never halts, and the law of correspondence of means to ends never fails, in which the organically different defies every effort at amalgamation, and the fundamentally alike resists every attempt at disseverance, it is hard to realize that all these varieties and harmonies, likenesses and unlikenesses, interrelationships and concentricities, were at one time nothing but a mass of incoherent and chaotic, formless and purposeless world-stuff. Yet it is this that both Science and Scriptures teach, and it is to the Law of Evolution that the former—and also the latter, if we read it correctly—ascribe the credit of having effected this marvelous change between then and now.

Law, harmony and union the result of evolution.

The definitions given of evolution are generally quite complicated. Yet, stripped of all technicalities, it means nothing more nor less than a law by which all things capable of growth and development change latent into real capacities, pass from unorganized to organized states, from simple to complex forms, from incomplete to more and more complete degrees, from isolated and useless existences to united and useful lives.

Evolution explained and illustrated.

With the nature and workings of this law clear in our minds, the change from the original chaotic form to the present harmonious state of the universe becomes somewhat more intelligible. We can grasp somewhat clearer how the original world-stuff, or nebulous fire-mist, globed itself, through cooling and contraction, into a vast sphere, how this, through continued contraction and rotation, sent off fire-rings, which in their turn gradually massed themselves into fiery globes, circling, in obedienee to their original impetus, around the parent body, thus giving rise to the various solar systems, and to the various laws and forces that operate upon them.

We can also comprehend somewhat better how the germs of life, that manifested themselves on our earth, when it had sufficiently cooled, began, through helpful unions to differentiate, according to inherent laws and environing forces, into vegetal and animal states of existence, and to develop from simple and imperfect forms to complex and perfect organisms.

We can conceive somewhat better how primitive man, living in an isolated and savage state, with hand against all and all hands against him, began, in obedience to the inherent law that forces segregations into unions, to tighten the family bonds about himself, to attach himself closer and closer to his clan, to link clan with clan and to merge them

into tribe, and tribes into nations, and to league nation with nation, that his and their interest might thereby be the better served.

We can perceive somewhat clearer how, in surrendering his isolation, the primitive man was obliged to surrender also his selfishness and his crudeness, how, in seeking benefits from others, he was obliged to confer benefits on them, how, to avail himself of the products of other men's toil, he was necessitated to share with them the products of his own toil, how each, relying on the products of the other's labors, began to devote himself to vocations for which he was best fitted and most favored by environments, and how thus, through the development of special faculties, through the training of special powers, through the cultivation of special localities, through the free exchange of commodities and talents, there arose the special industries and the special trades, the literatures and arts and sciences, and all the other products of modern civilization.

However perplexing and however numerous the difficulties are which present themselves in the investigation of the origin and development of material things and psychic states, of these fundamental facts, at least, we are sure, that all inorganic and organic evolution is the result of the passing of the unorganized simple into the organized complex, and all intellectual unfolding, the result of the interchange and coalition of individual endowments, and all social advance the result of the merging of the interests of the individual in the interests of all. And however much we may be in the dark concerning the condition of things prevailing on this earth a thousand or ten thousand years hence, of this we are positive that if there is to be advance it will pursue the same method in the future that it has in the past, that if higher intelligence is to be reached, each mind will be under the necessity of unfolding and developing its special endowments, and of freely drawing from, and of liberally bestowing upon, the other whatever is needed for such development. We are likewise sure, that if the broadest humanitarian spirit is ever to link man with man into an inseverable chain of brotherhood, that ideal state will have to exist in which each man will love his neighbor as himself, will promote his brother's interests as zealously as his own, will seek to increase the happiness of all mankind, by merging common interests, by effecting mutually strengthening unions, by subordinating the impulses of egoism to the sway of altruism,—by being just, and seeing justice done between others and improving the agencies by which justice is administered.

Future progress will depend on continued evolution.

And judging from what we see going on about us, we may reasonably believe that both these requisite conditions for the advent of an united and cooperative brotherhood of man will yet be attained. The whole world over, scholars hew their paths into special mines of wisdom, and with generous spirit they send their laboriously-gotten ore to the common smelting furnaces, whence it passes to the hands that cast and mold and fit and shape it

Hopeful signs of future progress.

into instruments of service to the whole of human kind. Throughout the civilized lands hands are busy weeding out the selfish interests that overrun the garden beds of humanity, and removing barriers that shut out light and air and warmth from the hearts and homes of men. The future historian will probably designate as the greatest characteristic of the closing quarter of our present century the spirit of union of segregated bodies, of federation of individual interests, of collaboration and combination and interchange of special talents and private possessions for the general good. There has never been witnessed such a passing from the unorganized simple to the organized complex, such an integration of small communities into communities of greater numbers and of a higher order of composition, such a surrendering of unwholesome isolations to salutary associationships. Never before have there been such federations of labor societies, such alliances of industrial corporations, such centralizations of political powers, such combinations of literary institutions, such unions of church and charity organizations, as we have now, whose memberships often count into the millions and tens of millions, and whose fields of action frequently extend across oceans and over whole continents.

Pernicious obstacles to progress in the past.

The further back we go in history the greater are the segregations and the isolations which we find among men, and the lower are the states of civilization which exist among them in consequence. The further back we trace the history of unions and organizations the more we find them ending in schisms and factions, and the bitterer the hatred of one another, the more presumptuous the conceits and arrogances, the more self-destructive their selfishness. The God of each is the only true God, and each His only chosen people. Each is the possessor of the only holy land, and of the only revelation ever vouchsafed unto man, and the lawgivers and prophets and heroes of each are the only appointed and annointed of God. The custom, speech or pursuit of each is the only one proper and authorized, and all that differs is either absurd or sinful. Each rigorously withholds his advantages from the other, each heartlessly spurns to succor, or to cooperate with, the other. A famine may rage beyond his borders, an enemy may pillage his next-door neighbor, fire may threaten or consume another's possessions, it concerns him not. As long as his own is safe, he has no interest in the safety of the other; and if he takes an interest at all, it is only to prove himself an ally to famine, fire or sword.

Happy we, that our lot has been cast into different times! Happy we, that we have begun to look upon society as an organic body, of which every individual constitutes a member, and in which an injury to any part thereof affects the health and normal growth of the whole.

Yet in our rejoicing over our good fortune, and over the subjection of egoism to altruism, let us not flatter ourselves into a belief that we have gotten beyond the barest rudiments of that virtue. The spirit of segregation, of isolation, of selfishness, is yet far from being wholly suppressed. Nations still

These obstacles not yet wholly removed.

selfishly pursue their own advantages at their neighbors' expense. Peoples still take a keen delight in furthering their own interests without a thought or care as to how their neighbors fare. Individuals of wealth or station still keep aloof from their less favored brethren, in the belief that their respectability is endangered by contact with their inferiors. Men still tax and slave their fellow-men in the building-up of their fortunes, and still selfishly enjoy the sweets of other men's bitter sweat. Residents of aristocratic avenues still look unmoved upon the wretched hovels and filthy alleys of their brethren. Women freighted with silks and laden with jewels still look without a shudder upon the tatters and rags of their sisters. Preachers and teachers and statesmen, proud of their piety and learning and power, still look with indifference upon the corruption, the ignorance, the helplessness of the unwashed, untaught, unpreached. Men still think nothing of luring into their service the better skill and talent in the employ of others, without regard to the discomfiture and loss entailed thereby on the depredated. Egoism is still the God of the masses. Selfishness is still the shrine that counts the largest number of devotees.

Here let me caution you against understanding me as advocating the neglect of self for the benefit of others. You could not well comply with it, even if you wanted to, and even if I advocated it. Egoism versus altruism. Self-Preservation is the first and deepest-rooted instinct of human nature. Man is under the necessity of satisfying his own urgent needs before attending to those of his fellowman; he is under the obligation of caring for the wants of his family, of his dependents, before concerning himself about the wants of others. Egoism must precede altruism. There is little charity in providing for others and starving one's own. There is little merit in cultivating the mind of another, and neglecting one's own. There is little religion in filling the homes of others with joy and gladness, while darkness and misery crowd one's own. Self-Love may be carried to extremes, but much I doubt whether even in its extremest form it is half as great a sin as Self-Neglect. When Moses bids us to 'love our neighbors as ourselves' he clearly teaches at the same time not only the right of self-love but also that all egoistic claims must take precedence to all the altruistic claims.

But justifiable as a rational egoism is, we must not so absorb ourselves therein as wholly to neglect the just claims which our fellowmen have upon us. Since it is only through their cooperation that the demands of self-love can be satisfied, since it is their toil, their sacrifices, and frequently their sufferings, that make possible our wealth, our comforts, our culture, it is wrong for us to be their beneficiaries without exerting ourselves to be their benefactors in return. Aside from the justice of our fellowmen's claims on us, even our very self-love is served by our serving the self-love of others. All altruism is in its essence egoism. In the promotion of the good of others we promote our own. In our neglect of others lies our own neglect. Society is an aneroid barometer, that carefully notes the minutest rise or

Altruism versus egoism.

fall, the slightest pressure or relaxation, of the social atmosphere. Be the cloud yet so light and small, the brightness of the sunshine is imperfect by so much of intercepted light. Let but one man suffer, let but one man sin, let but one man be neglected, and all men are the worse for that one man's suffering or sin or neglect. As the breakage of a single window-pane lessens the wealth of the whole community, so does a single sigh of wrong, or tear of want, or murmur of neglect lessen the happiness of the whole social fabric. Every man or woman, driven to vice or crime by ignorance or irreligion or want, lessens the happiness of society by burdening it with prisons, asylums, hospitals, and by depriving it of useful co-laborers. Every man or woman, weakened by lack of food, clothes, shelter, lessens the happiness of the community by burdening it with charity-institutions, and by inflicting a still more enfeebled progeny upon it. Every district, in which filth is suffered to accumulate, lessens the happiness of the whole community by breeding infectious diseases, and by emptying the cradles and plucking the buds and desolating the firesides of hundreds of homes.

Self Love best served by serving others.

It is clear, therefore, that we serve our self-love best by serving that of others. Paradoxical as it seems, it is a truth nevertheless, that we are never so selfish as when we further the health, prosperity, culture, religion, of our fellowmen. Every filthy hovel which we change into a tenantable home, every disease-breeding district which we turn into a well-drained, well-aired, well-gardened residence part, every unemployed hand for which we find work, every dive or den which we turn into a school-house, every fallen or depraved which we gather into the church, makes our own lives safer and happier, and the growth of knowledge and peace and good-will er.

Self Interest still our tyrant.

Yet, clear as it is, and great as is the benefit accruing to us from sacredly interesting ourselves in the welfare of our neighbors, we are still far from making a general practice of it. Self is still our tyrant, and we his abject slaves. Our efforts and our ambitions, our schemes and our plans, are still preponderatingly centered in self. We want the largest or the best, the most desirable or the most attractive, for ourselves, and for ourselves alone. If another has it also, our pleasure therein is gone. Ours must be the grandest house in the square, the costliest team on the drive, the handsomest attire at the reception, the finest store in the city, the largest factory in the market, the wealthiest church in the place, the most expensive choir in town, and the most eloquent, the most popular, the most talked of, and the most listened to, preacher in the country.

Illustration of it in the church.

What selfishness and rivalries one sees displayed in the church and between congregations, and what heartless neglects even of branches of the same denominations! And yet, if religion means anything, it is the sacrifice of self for the good of others, and if it teaches anything, it is to do to others what we would have others do to us, to toil for others as we toil for ourselves, to

wish for others what we have or wish ourselves. Let one church enjoy an advantage, and straightway the sister churches busy themselves with belittling it, and with searching heaven and earth to equal or to surpass it. Expense is of little consideration, if the pride of a sister-congregation can thereby be humiliated. What bragging and crowing, if the high or low notes of one church-choir drown those of another, or if the church-organ of one congregation has a manual or a few stops more than that of another! or if one church-steeple ascends a few feet higher into the air than that of another! Two ladies were engaged one day in an animated discussion on the merits of their respective congregations. Said the one "our choir is far superior to yours," said the other "your minister can't hold a candle to ours." Said the first "Our church is grander than yours, it is entirely of stone." Said the second "Our steeple is much higher than yours." Said the first, "The wealthiest people belong to us." "But the most intellectual people belong to us," replied the second." Yet, strange, neither of them had anything to say about the heavy mortgages that crippled the communal usefulness of each. It is not a rare occurrence to hear of congregations, who minister to the same class of people, and worship the same God, and according to the same ritual, bankrupting their finances and crippling their usefulness, because of that selfishness that outbids and outdoes all others in order to eclipse them. At a crowded auction store, the other day, a certain article was quite spiritedly bid for by a man and woman, standing at the opposite sides of the room, each bent upon not letting the other gain the advantage. When the article was finally knocked down to the woman, it was discovered that she had been bidding against her own husband, and that they had driven each other up into paying four times the real value of the goods. So are there congregations of the same denomination, of the same spiritual family, bidding against each other, driving each other up into paying extravagant prices, goading each other on into enormous expenditures, solely to gain an advantage over the other.

And when the congregation has secured the coveted advantage, with rare exceptions, it selfishly keeps it for itself alone. Its magnificent choir and eloquent preacher, must be heard within its own church only, and its handsome pews must be occupied only by its own members. Other congregations may starve to death for the want of an occasional taste of that spiritual food of which the sister congregation has an overabundance, yet she will not hear of letting her high-salaried preacher feed other congregations, or of being fed in the meantime by preachers less pleasing or less famed.

In no denomination about us is this form of selfishness as apparent as in our own. Christian denominations have their missions and their missionaries, their church extension societies and their free distributions of Bibles and other religious publications, their circuit preachers and their diocesan bishops. Their individual guilds and societies frequently labor conjointly for the common good. Their celebrated preachers are given leaves of absence

Especially in Jewish denomination.

often for weeks and months at a time, their congregations contenting themselves in the meantime with lesser lights, happy in the knowledge that their preachers are abroad in the land refreshing withering vineyards, and reviving disheartened vintners, or gathering together scattered shepherd-less flocks.

Not so in the Jewish denomination. We have neither missionaries nor missions, neither church extension societies nor circuit preachers, no free disseminations of religious literature, no spiritual heads to look after diocesan communities. No close bond of union unites the congregations and their societies. Each selfishly pursues its own path. Each selfishly keeps its own good. Exchange of pulpits between the preachers is exceedingly rare, as is even the exchange of pew between members of different congregations. The congregation in possession of an able preacher selfishly keeps him for itself alone. It holds him chained to his desk and pulpit, and forces him to grind out and deliver so and so many different sermons and lectures each week. The preacher is reduced to a writing and talking machine for one particular community, which not seldom tires of the too-muchness of the same man. Were he, however, permitted to exchange pulpits now and then, with a colleague, the congregation would have an occasional change of style and views, and the preacher, by delivering a sermon delivered and prepared before, would gain considerable time, which he could put to good use in the charitable and educational and social interests of his people, to say nothing of the good he could accomplish in those smaller communities that are either wholly unsupplied, or but poorly equipped with preachers or teachers.

Each congregation for itself alone.

But self love prevents our congregations from seeing that they owe sacred duties to other communities. As long as their own churches are crowded, and their own members edified, they care not whether communities in the poor quarters or country districts languish and pine and perish for the want of wholesome spiritual food. They little realize that in the ruin of a sister congregation their own ruin is involved. A vessel, that had sprung a leak, was slowly sinking. Among the passengers was an Irish couple. "O, Pat," cried Bridget, "O, Pat, the ship is sinking." "Never mind, Bridget, never mind, it don't belong to us" replied Pat comfortingly, and to the bottom they went with the vessel, even though it did not belong to them. And so do we sink lower and lower with every shipwrecked community, even though it does not directly belong to us. We may chose to live in segragated parts, but as a people we are nevertheless an organic body, and no part can sustain an injury but the whole is made to suffer thereby.

As long as self is served, no care for others.

The world holds the Jew responsible for the Jew. The sins of the one are visited upon the heads of all. The Jew Mordecai offends Haman, and Haman seeks to revenge himself on all the Jews. Whatever the factions and schisms are among ourselves, before the world we stand as a single body. Public

Jew responsible for Jew.

Opinion cares not whether we are natives or foreign-born, whether we hail from the Orient or the Occident, from the East or West from the North or South of Europe. It but knows us as Jews, and judges us by whatever part it comes most in contact with, which, as a rule, is that of our neglected brethren. We may point with pride to our costly up-town temples, and to the refined and elevating services conducted therein; but much greater reason have we for pointing to our self-destructive neglect, if we cannot point to chapels in the slum districts, or to city preachers going from village to village, and from town to town to teach the law of duty and the rule of right to young and old, or to Church Extension societies that aid struggling communities to build and to maintain synagogues and schools, or to free Publication Societies that supply them with proper literature.

We are judged as a unit, then as a unit let us toil. We are held responsible for the actions of every one of our brethren, then let the care of the heart and soul and mind of every one of them be sacred to us. We profess as one of the aims of our religion the federation of human kind into a universal brotherhood, then, let union among ourselves be at least one sign of the sincerity of our profession. We profess eagerness to further the cause of Israel, then, to attain our end, let us remember that we must proceed along the line of evolution. Instead of crippling or wasting our powers in isolations, we must unite our forces for the common good. We must pass from unorganized parts to organized wholes. We must freely interchange each other's good. We must subordinate self-interest to the just interests of others. We must learn to find our own happiness in the happiness of our fellowmen.

In our brother's happiness lies ours.

Did Isaiah prophesy Jesus?

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

December 25th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893

1. Israel's Debt to the New World.
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
5. Sinai and Olympus.
6. One to Sow, Another to Reap.
7. Brethren at Strife.
8. Jew Responsible for Jew.
9. Did Isaiah prophesy Jesus?
10. Did the other prophets prophesy Jesus?
11.
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SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

Did Isaiah prophesy Jesus?

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Dec. 25, 1892.

"Put not your trust in princes, in the son of man, in whom there is no salvation."—*Psalm* CXLVI, 3.

"Before me there was no God formed, and after me there will be none. I, I am the Lord, and beside me there is no saviour."—*Isaiah* XLIII, 10–11.

"I am Jehovah . . . . I will not give my glory to any other, nor my praise to graven images."—*Isaiah* XLII, 8.

> "Where are the signs fulfilled whereby all men
> Should know the Christ? Where is the wide-winged peace
> Shielding the lamb within the lion's den?
> The freedom broadening with the wars that cease?
> Do foes clasp hands in brotherhood again?"
>
> —Emma Lazarus, *An Epistle*, XXV.

It scarcely needed the word *Peace* under the beautiful medallion over the entrance of this House of Worship. The master hand of Ezekiel, the sculptor, has written it on every figure there portrayed, and the master mind of Isaiah, the prophet, has stamped it upon every lineament of that peaceful group of lion and lamb lying side by side, and of little child toying unharmed with the asp. Upon mature reflection, however, we perceive that there was a good reason for the hewing of the word *peace*, in bold and legible letters under this emblem of peace. The letters, aided by the sculpture, may possibly prevent in some a further misapprehension and misapplication of the prophet's words. For, though meant to convey lessons of peace, they have hitherto been the cause of little else than discord and strife; though uttered to imbue the hearts of men with love for their fellowmen, they have filled them instead with cruel hatred; though set up as goal of man's striving after universal peace, man increased the distance between it and himself, by making it the cause of the longest and bitterest war that has ever been waged between two peoples. One people saw in this picture the foreshadowing of the Messianic Age, that some day is to dawn, the other people saw therein a prophecy of the labors wrought by the Messiah, who had come. The one denied the existence of the universal peace here predicted, and the advent of the Messiah credited with having established

The emblem of peace made a cause of war.

it, the other confirmed that denial by the unabating persecutions against those who refused to believe, that hatreds had ceased, and sufferings had ended, and strifes and discords had been turned into Universal peace by the Messiah, by the Saviour and Redeemer of human kind.

It needs not my telling which of these two peoples believed that the Messiah had come, and which believed that the Messianic Age had not yet dawned; which believed that universal peace, as pictured in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, and as copied over the entrance of our Temple, came with the Messiah, and which believed that it was still in the far distance, and is still to be set up as goal to be striven for; which of the two waged cruel war, and shed innocent blood, and lashed men and women and children from home and country, notwithstanding its gospel of universal peace, and which suffered inhuman cruelties and revolting indignities for its unwillingness, or rather for its inability, to believe in a Saviour who did not save its land, in a Deliverer who did not deliver it from its enemy, in a Messenger of peace and good will who brought more suffering upon it than it had ever experienced prior to His coming. You have ere this guessed that the Christian and the Jew are meant. And if you are still in doubt whether these be the people or not, you will find your doubt wholly leaving you by stepping on this Christmas-day into some orthodox Christian Church, and by listening to a sermon on the birth of the Saviour of the world, on the spirit of love and concord and forbearance and self-sacrifice which he breathed into the hearts of his followers,—and almost in the same breath, to denunciatory utterances on the blindness and stubborness and bloodthirstiness of the Jews for spurning their Redeemer, for reviling their King, for crucifying their God.

Difference of belief between Christian and Jew.

Far be it from us to criticize other peoples' beliefs. If mere criticism were the object of this discourse, it would end here. We have no fault to find with people believing that the Messiah has already come, and with their celebrating this day as the anniversary of his birth. To some extent we too rejoice to-day by reason of their rejoicing over the birth of so noble a representative of our race and faith as the son of Joseph and Mary. We would rejoice even more were we sure that to-day's celebration would stimulate a more faithful copying of the many excellent traits, and a more faithful obedience to the many beautiful lessons, of him whom they acknowledge as their Messiah, and whom they worship as their Lord. But the exaltation and glorification of the Judean Messiah is generally connected with the humiliation and vilification of the Judean people, and the honor of the Jew is our sacred concern and demands our respectful defense.

No desire to criticize belief of others.

It is true, the Jews rejected the Messiahship of the Nazarene Rabbi, but not for the reason generally assigned by Christians. It was not blindness that prevented their seeing the "Light of the World," it was their clear-sightedness that rendered it impossible for them to regard the Galilean teacher in any other light than that of a pious and noble Rabbi, one of the many of that

Only a defense of the belief of the Jew.

age. It was not a lack of faith that made them spurn the "Son of God," it was their abundant faith in their monotheism that forbade them to believe in, and to pay reverence to, any other but the God Jehovah. It was not fanaticism that made them reject Jesus as their "King and Saviour," it was their patriotism that made them fear mighty Rome's vengeance for the treasonable entrance into Jerusalem, and for the proclamation of a Judean King* over a province governed by a Roman procurator and garrisoned by Roman legions. It was not ignorance nor stubborness that prevented their seeing in the coming of Jesus the fulfillment of the prophets' predictions, it was their scholarly acquaintance with the Scriptures, their intimate knowledge of the genius of their language, of the idiom and style, of the poetic flights and figurative rhapsodies of their bards and prophets, that made them to interpret Old Testament passages differently from the New Testament expounders of the early centuries of our present era. The latters knowledge of Scriptures was either deficient, and was derived from faulty and tampered Greek and Latin translations, and to them, as Gentile converts, the Hebrew tongue, and the history and institutions and modes of thoughts of the Jews were wholly foreign.

This defense of the honor of the Jew is liable to a serious charge. It involves the honor of the Christian. It casts a doubt upon the clear-sightedness and scholarship of the founders of Christianity. We find ourselves in a peculiar dilemma. A defense of the Christian involves an attack on the Jew. A defense of the Jew involves an attack on the Christian. Our love for our cause makes us eager to see our name and fame unstained. Our love of justice makes us anxious not to say and not to do aught that might reflect on the name and fame of Christian.

Defense of Jewish belief involves charge against that of Christian.

There is but one way out of the difficulty, and that is to let the Scriptures speak for themselves, to analyze the so-called Messianic predictions of the Old Testament, to investigate the history of the times and the state of society and thought during the period in which their authors wrote or spoke, and then to examine the Messiahship claims of Jesus in the light of the result of these researches. Since there is quite a number of such so-called Messianic predictions in the Old Testament, and since our time is limited, we shall confine ourselves to but one this morning, to the chief-predictor of all, to the richest source of Christology, to the prophet Isaiah. We shall investigate a few of his strongest Messianic predictions, to see whether he speaks of things that had transpired, or were transpiring, or were about to transpire, in his own time, or whether he predicts a state of affairs to be fulfilled about eight hundred years later, in the days of Jesus' sojourn on earth.

Let the Scriptures decide.

We turn to the *King James Version* of the Book of Isaiah, and from among the chapters indicated by their headings as foretelling the coming of Christ we select the following:

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*St. Matt. XXI, 10. St. John XII, 13.

I. 14. . . . Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. 15. Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good. 16. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil, and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings. VII, 10-17, 14-16.

II. 6. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. 7. Of the increase of *his* government and peace *there shall be* no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the LORD of hosts will perform this. IX, 6, 7.

III. 1. And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: 2. And the Spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the LORD; 3. And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the LORD: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears. 4. But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. 5. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. 6. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. 7. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. 8. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. 9. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea. XI, 1-9.

IV. 1. Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, *in whom* my soul delighteth; I have put my Spirit upon him: he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. 2. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. 3. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth. 4. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law. 5. Thus saith God the LORD, he that created the heavens, and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein: 6. I the LORD have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; 7. To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, *and* them that sit in darkness out of the prison house. XLII, 1-7.

V. 1. Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed? 2. For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, *there is* no beauty that we should desire him. 3. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were *our* faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. 4. Surely he has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. 5. But he *was* wounded for our transgressions, *he was* bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace *was* upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. 6. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. 7. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. 8. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken. 9. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither *was any* deceit in his mouth. 10. Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him; he hath put *him* to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see *his* seed, he shall prolong *his* days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper

in his hand. 11. He shall see of the travail of his soul, *and* shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities. 12. Therefore will I divide him *a portion* with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors. LIII, 1-12.

I see surprise depicted on your faces. You are puzzled by the striking applicableness of these texts to the life of Jesus, as portrayed in the Gospels. You wonder whether they are not really prophecies, that found their fulfillment several hundred years later in the Nazarene preacher. You wonder also how in the face of such telling prophecies the Jews as a body could refuse, and can still refuse, to accept him for their Messiah to whom the foretold signs and characteristics apply so faithfully.

Struck by resemblance between Isaiah and Gospels.

There is good reason for such surprise and for such thoughts. The Messiah of the Evangelists certainly answers in many respects the language of Isaiah. But enter with me into an inquiry as to when the cited texts were written, and by whom, and with what end in view, into an investigation as to the kind of Messiah the Jews expected, and as to what they understood under the terms *prophet* and *prophecy*, and the words of Isaiah will lose much of their mystery, and you will see the reason for the Jews' rejection of Jesus as their Messiah.

Resemblance invite examination.

From the very start, we must bear in mind the fact that at the time of Isaiah the terms *prophet* and *prophecy* and *prophesying* had a different meaning from what they have since acquired. Etymologically, the verb in Hebrew simply means *to bubble, to pour forth, to utter fluent speech*, and, hence, the noun designates the speaker or the preacher, the pleader or the interpreter, the counselor or the admonisher, the poet or the rhapsodist. The English meaning of these terms kept tolerably close to their Biblical use, for we have it on the authority of Dean Stanley, that as far down as the seventeenth century they were used in the sense of *preaching* or *speaking*. From that time on they acquired the Greek meaning, that of "foreseeing or foretelling future events."* In Biblical times, however, that meaning was foreign. Aaron, Miriam, Deborah, were named prophet and prophetesses for their power of speech and song. Moses and Samuel, Elijah and Elisha were named prophets, yet foretelling of events to happen hundreds of years after their death is not mentioned among their accomplishments. The ancient Chaldean paraphrases (Targumim) of the Old Testament books adhere to the original meaning of these terms, as do many of the Jewish mediaeval commentators. Moses even cautions his people against following "foretelling" prophets, as the Heathens do, and warns them against believing in them, even if their signs and wonders come to pass.†

Meaning of word *Prophet* given.

* Stanley: *History of the Jewish Church*, I, 459-460.

† Deut. XIII, 2-6; XVIII, 14 seq.

The functions of the Biblical prophets were plainly those of preachers and scribes, of reformers and exhorters, of statesmen and patriots. They were the counselors of kings when they governed justly, and their bitterest opponents when they tyrannized the people. They were the coadjutors of the priests when they ministered righteously, and their relentless foes when they degraded their calling and their charge.* When their services were not needed, they generally withdrew from the world, and in their seclusions they surrendered themselves to profound meditations and ecstatic reveries on thoughts and matters uppermost in their own or in the people's minds. But when there was work for them to do they were on hand, and the suddenness of their appearance, the strangeness of their attire, the fervor of their speech, the depth of their emotions, the profundity of their thought, the clearness of their vision, the boldness of their denunciations, the grandeur of their tropes and visions awed the people, and inclined many to look upon them as beings divinely endowed, and to accept their messages as oracles.

Prophet only deals with present.

This then is clear, that the "foreseeing and foretelling of future events" was not a characteristic of the Biblical prophets. We have, therefore, no historical and no logical right to torture the words of Isaiah into a prophecy of something to happen hundreds of years after his death, when by the very limitations of human finiteness they could not possibly have applied to any other events save such as transpired during or prior to his time, or were expected soon to follow as logical consequences of existing states of affairs, or were simply cherished as sweet dreams, as fond ideals.

Foreseeing and foretelling not function of Prophet.

What the events may have been to which he refers is naturally the next question that suggests itself. A proper answer to this question necessitates a proper knowledge of the times in which Isaiah lived. But which Isaiah? "Ay, there's the rub." Even but a superficial study of the book of Isaiah suffices to show that it had no less than two authors, and very likely many more, that about a century and a half stretch between the first thirty nine chapters, known as the *Assyrian period*, and the last twenty seven chapters, known as the *Babylonian period*, that chapters of the first part belong to the second part and vice versa; that the first part is fragmentary, and the second part largely an anthology of different sacred writings by different men during and after the Babylonian captivity, and which according to the fashion of those days were attributed to Isaiah, as other writings of that period were credited to Moses and David and Solomon.

To whom or what does Isaiah refer.

The time of the first Isaiah was about the middle of the eighth century before our present era. Judea was his country, and Jerusalem was his home. His labors covered the reigns of kings Ahaz and Hezekiah, the former one of the wickedest kings that ever ruled over Judea, the latter one of the

Time of the first Isaiah.

* Isaiah I, 11 seq.; Amos V, 21 seq.; Micah VI, 8; Jeremiah VII, 21.

best. The kingdom of Judah was then beset by dangerous enemies. To the north lay Samaria and Syria leagued against their southern neighbor. To the north of these stretched all-conquering Assyria. Ahaz, terror-stricken by the advance of the united Samarian and Syrian forces, is about to invite the Assyrian conqueror to his aid. Isaiah fears the would-be helper more than the enemy. The enemy may be repelled, but the helper will find Judea a goodly land, and Jerusalem a powerful fortification, that will prove very serviceable in his campaign against Egypt, and therefore will have no scruples about making himself master of it. Isaiah, deeming it his duty to warn his king against the proposed alliance, appears before him, points out the danger, assures him of Judah's ability to cope with the enemy without any other help except that of God, who will surely aid his people. Ahaz is distrustful. The weaker the king's faith, the stronger becomes the faith of the prophet. He must save his people from their pending doom. He must convince the cowardly king. He must make him to see that victory is nigh. Waxing enthusiastic in his exhortation he points to a young expectant woman present at the audience, probably his own wife, the prophetess, probably the young queen, and says, that before the child, soon to be born, and to be named "*Immanuel*," (God with us,) shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings." This is the simple and historical explanation of the first Messianic prophecy which we have quoted, and which is claimed to foretell the birth of Jesus some eight hundred years later, and to accomplish this feat the Hebrew word meaning *young woman** is erroneously translated as *virgin*, the present tense† is changed into future tense, and the fact that the child is to be named *Immanuel* is altogether ignored, since Jesus was never called by the name of *Immanuel*, neither did he ever claim it.

Explanation of the "Virgin-child."

Returning to king Ahaz, we find him spurning Isaiah's counsel. He makes an alliance with Assyria, brings trouble upon his people, continues in his wickedness. Isaiah is disappointed, but not disheartened. His hope is in the royal son Hezekiah, probably his pupil, then about twelve years of age, and who gives promise of becoming a man of piety and wisdom and goodness and courage, which promise he fully confirmed as king. It is to this heir to the throne that the second of our cited Messianic prophecies plainly points, both historically and grammatically, and not to a child to be born some eight centuries later, as the King James version of Isaiah declares, and to give its declaration a semblance of truth, permits itself to translate the Hebrew words which mean "hero of God" into *The mighty God*, and to torture the term "distributor of spoils" into meaning *The Everlasting Father*.‡

Explanation of the "Righteous-child."

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* העלמה † הרה compare Gen. XVI, 11.

‡ Gen. XLIX, 27.

Continuing with the history of that time, we find the alliance of Ahaz with Assyria working out its destructive course, just as Isaiah had feared. Assyria had conquered Syria, had destroyed the rival kingdom of Israel, had led the ten tribes into captivity, and was now at the gates of Jerusalem to deal similarly with her former ally. The people are terror-stricken. Isaiah inspires them with hope and courage. He has faith in the strength of his people. God will be with them for the righteous Hezekiah's sake, their young prince and leader. Victory will be theirs. The prince will mount the throne in his wicked father's stead, and under him the royal house of David will blazon forth again in all its pristine glory. The scattered tribes of the kingdom of Israel will reunite with their brethren of the kingdom of Judah. All jealousies will cease. Peace will reign supreme. The lion and the lamb will lie down together. None will hurt and none will destroy, for the earth will be full of the knowledge of the Lord.

Explanation of the "lion and lamb symbol."

This is the meaning of the third of our above cited so-called Messianic passages of Isaiah. Much of this came to pass. The Assyrian was defeated at the gates of Jerusalem. Hezekiah mounted the throne, and fulfilled many of the expectancies of the Prophet. The people hailed him as their Messiah. He instituted needed reforms, fostered literature, purified and strengthened religion, inaugurated an era of peace and prosperity, such as was perhaps never again witnessed in Judea, such as to induce a Rabbi, many hundred years later, to declare in the Talmud that Israel need not look for a Messiah, that he had already come in the time and in the person of king Hezekiah.*

Turning to the last two of our cited so-called Messianic passages of Isaiah, we find ourselves in a different age, and within a different literature. We are in the Babylonian period, about a century and a half later than the Assyrian period. In the twenty seven chapters, which embrace this second division, Chapters XL-LXVI, we trace the story of Judah's overthrow by the Babylonian conqueror, her being led into captivity, her longing to return to her native land, her hoping and praying for a redeemer, his coming at last in the person of the Persian king Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, his permitting the Judean captives to return, their hailing him, notwithstanding his Persian belief, as their Messiah, their restoration of Jerusalem, and the commencement of their Second Commonwealth. But in and between we encounter passages and fragments of chapters that are of Palestinian origin, that refer to times preceding and succeeding the Babylonian captivity, and which by different styles and teachings reveal themselves as the compositions of different authors and of different times.

Explanation of the "faithful servant."

Still, while the meaning and reference of some of the passages are obscure, that of others is quite direct. Among such we may class

* Talmud Babli Nedarim 41, a. (אין משיח לישראל שכבר אכלוהו בימי חזקיהו)

the forty-second chapter, which we have cited as the fourth of the so-called Messianic passages of Isaiah. It occurs in the midst of the joyful expectancy of their speedy redemption, and of the glorification of their Persian deliverer. The personage referred to in that chapter strongly points to Cyrus. He brings the Gentile captor to terms, He favors Israel; he does not break the bruised reed, he releases the prisoners from their prison, and leads those that sit in darkness forth into the light. Applied to Cyrus this passage has an historical and natural meaning; applied to Jesus, six hundred years later, the text has to be tortured into meaning things that were never meant. It cannot be truthfully said of the Nazarene preacher that he never caused his voice to be heard in public, that he did not faint and that he was not discouraged before he had established judgment on the earth, and that he released prisoners out of their prison, whether taken in a literal or figurative sense. The closely following eighth verse positively prohibits such an application of the text, since it makes God to declare, that He alone is God, that He will not share His glory with another.

Explanation of the suffering martyr.

Turning to the last of our cited so-called Messianic prophecies of Isaiah, we encounter the most famous of them all, the celebrated fifty-third chapter, (including the last three verses of the preceding chapter). Here, the suffering and the crucifixion of Jesus, it is claimed, are more than foreshadowed, they are literally described. Without considering, at present, how the likeness between this chapter and chapters written eight or ten centuries later came about, without stopping, at present, to prove how the later story might have been modelled to suit the requirements of the earlier narrative, let it suffice us at present that a comparison between the earlier and later narratives shows, firstly, considerable of a contrast between the two, and, secondly, that since the earlier narrative is not even told or written as a prophecy, the later narrative cannot very well be a fulfillment thereof.

The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, (including the last three verses of the preceding chapter) is no prophecy, neither does it contain one. It speaks in the past tense, and narrates a past event. Its author is unknown. It is evidently a dirge or eulogy or lamentation over some martyr. If the author is of the Babylonian period, it may refer to Jeremiah, if of the Assyrian period, it may refer to some prophet persecuted by King Menasseh, who upon ascending to the throne, after the death of his father, the good Hezekiah, imitated the wickedness of his grandfather Ahaz.* It may have referred to the sufferings of *Israel Personified*, the *Servant of God*. There may be doubt as to its applicableness to any of those that have been named, but there cannot be the slightest doubt that it could never have meant the martyrdom of Jesus, which occurred centuries later. If the Gospel stories of Jesus are true, no eulogy could apply to the attractive and popular and winning Nazarene martyr,

*II Kings XXI, 10-17.

that says that he was not only unattractive but positively repulsive, that people ran from him as if he were a leper, and hid their faces from him as if afflicted with foul diseases, that all his contemporaries misunderstood him, and that he alone out of all his generation strayed not from the Lord.

My time is exhausted, but not my theme. I had hoped to account for some of the likenesses between the texts of the Prophets and the Gospels, to tell of the kind of Messiah the Jews expected, or rather of the sort of Messianic Age they looked for, but want of time will not permit me to do so to-day. I shall therefore make the further discussion of this important subject my next discourse, and at the same time I shall examine some of the so called Messianic passages in some of the other prophets.

For the present, however, let us content ourselves with knowing that the mission and endowment of the Hebrew prophets were not the foreseeing and the foretelling of events to happen hundreds of years later, but a profound study of the past and a deep insight into the present, in order properly to counsel and wisely to guide the affairs and destinies of contemporaneous generations. Let us also carry away with us the conviction that the so-called Messianic prophecies of the Isaiahs have contemporaneous meanings and local applications, or are the fond dreams of enthusiastic or ecstatic minds, that they never could, and never did, apply to events that transpired hundreds of years later, that it is only by torturing texts, and by doing violence to the genius of the Hebrew language, to its idioms and tropes, to its grammar and history, that the words or writings of the Isaiahs can be forced into prophecies of Gospel texts. And strengthened in faith by these researches, let us, in the name of pure monotheism, thank our fathers anew for rejecting the Godship claim of mortal man, for refusing to pay divine reverence to one—though pure and noble and godly, though respected and commended by us as a teacher and reformer,—was still only a weak and mortal man like unto ourselves. Let us continue heeding the Psalmist's words not to put our trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no salvation, but, as Isaiah bids us, in Jehovah, beside whom there is no Saviour, no Deliverer, no Redeemer.

Natural and rational conclusions.

Did the other Prophets prophesy Jesus?

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

January 1st, 1893,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1893.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893

1. Israel's Debt to the New World.
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
5. Sinai and Olympus.
6. One to Sow, Another to Reap.
7. Brethren at Strife.
8. Jew Responsible for Jew.
9. Did Isaiah prophesy Jesus?
10. Did the other prophets prophesy Jesus?
11. Model Dwellings for the Poor.
12.
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SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

Did the other Prophets prophesy Jesus?

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, January 1, 1893.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
. . . . . .
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, Pt. CV.

Tennyson, the sweet-voiced and noble-souled singer of the Isle of Wight, is dead,—but not yet dead are the sweet melodies he sang. From thousands of lips ring out this morning the words which he once addressed to a dawning new year. Decades will fly, generations will pass away, centuries will glide down the stream of time, fainter and fainter will grow the name of Tennyson, till at length it will completely fade away in the obscuring night of myth, yet his New Year lines will live and sway the hearts of men, perhaps not in the same words nor in the same tongue, yet in the same thought. Then as now man will beseech the entering years to ring out the old and to ring in the new, to ring out the false and to ring in the true, to ring out old wars, to ring in the long-wished peace, to ring out the darkness that clouds the mind, to ring in the light that shall keep all men in the right.

Tennyson's New Year's lines.

The immortal poet is he to whose thought there is no past, whose yearnings and prayers are those of every age, clime and people. He lives forever, who in every age mirrors the soul of man, dispels his troubling doubt, encourages his despairing spirit, buoys him up and leads him onward, and holds out to him the cheering picture of what is to be. Of such immortal thoughts are these new year lines of Tennyson, and therein lies their power and charm. They have proven themselves new and true on every new year that has entered since their writing; and new and true yet many a new year will find them. Of such immortal thoughts are the Messianic hopes of the Hebrew prophets of old, and in their mirroring the fond hopes and yearnings of every generation lies their peculiar

Contain, like words of prophets, immortal messages.

charm and power. Every generation that has lived since their time, has found its hopes to have been theirs, and yet many a future generation will find its dream of an ideal state of society to have been their dream. Yet many a generation will hope for that blessed Messianic Age, in which none will hurt and none will destroy, in which all will turn their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, in which every man will sit under his vine and fig tree, and enjoy undisturbed and undiminished the fruit of his handiwork.* Yet many a generation will enter upon its new years with Tennyson's prayer upon its lips for the speedy coming of "the Christ that is to be," who will end all 'ancient forms of strife and lead in the nobler modes of life, and drive out the darkness of the land, and bring the larger heart and kindlier hand.'

Tennyson was not only a good poet but also a good Christian. He lived and died in the faith of the Established Church of England. Eminent church dignitaries performed the last solemn rites over his remains, and all that is mortal of him lies entombed in the consecrated soil of Westminster Abbey.

Tennyson like the prophets looks for "the Christ that is to be."

Does it not seem strange, therefore, that, as a faithful Christian, he should have spoken of a "Christ that is to be"? It does seem somewhat heretical, yet no more so than does the week of prayer, ushered in by many a minister last night, as one of the means wherewith to redeem the people from the abundance of their sins and vices and crimes. For, it was but a week before, that the same ministers celebrated the birth of the Christ, who, some eighteen hundred years ago, came from his celestial seat to the right side of God, to establish the kingdom of heaven, who lived and toiled as man among the children of men, to point out to them the righteous way, who suffered so that mankind may rejoice, and, dying, took upon himself the sins of all the generations, past, present and future, that believe in Him. On Sunday last there was rejoicing over the salvation that came to human kind; on this Sunday there is mourning over the depravity of man. This day a week ago preachers gave glowing accounts of the glorious work the Redeemer came to do; to-day they give gloomy recitals of the redemptions that have not yet taken place. How can to-day's gloom be reconciled with last week's joy? Does not the one contradict the other? If after eighteen hundred years of Christ-belief there is still so much wickedness among the people, even among those that profess to be his followers, as to necessitate the beginning of a new year with a week of penance, men may well question whether a Saviour has yet come, and with Tennyson hope for "the Christ that is to be."

Who, that looks back to-day over the year that has just closed, and ponders upon the many wrongs and sufferings that disfigured and disgraced it, can help wondering where that salvation or redemption is which, as the Gospels teach, the Saviour brought some eighteen hundred years ago? Who, that recalls the Homestead riots and bloodsheds, that remem-

Present sinfulness justifies his looking for a Christ.

* Isaiah II, 2-4; IX, 9; Micah IV, 4.

bers the tales of suffering in our slum districts, and of the wasteful extravagances in the quarters of the rich, that pictures to himself the besieged charity offices, the busy police-courts, the crowded penitentiaries, the busy executioners and yet busier lynchers, can help asking himself where is that peace on earth, that good will among men of which the heavenly host sang at the birth of the Prince of Peace?* Who that ponders on the Panama Scandal in Paris, on the Church of Rome's protest against the opening of a Protestant Church in Madrid, on the Protestant Jew-baitings in Berlin, on the brutalities of Christian against Christian in the prisons of St. Petersburg, on the thousands of starving people crying for bread in the streets of London, can help entertaining serious doubts as to whether the morality in Christian lands is really better than that of those other civilized lands, whose people do not accept the Saviour of the Gospels?

Present progress justifies hope of his coming.

And who, that looks back over the year just closed, and lingers awhile among the many beautiful things it has brought and wrought, and notes the progress made in the sciences and arts, and reflects on the perceptible growth of the kindlier sentiments between nations and creeds, between peoples and individuals, can repress the belief that a better day is dawning, that a happier age is coming, that Tennyson's and the Prophets' fond dreams will yet turn into realities?

Every man to be his own Messiah.

The golden age is before us, not behind. Man has risen, not fallen. Salvation has not yet been, and is not yet, but is to be. The Christ has not yet come, he is to come,—not as an individual, but in each individual. Every man will be a Redeeming Messiah. Every man will toil for the other's good, will make sacrifices in his behalf, will regard the other's interests as sacred, as his own, will seek and find his own happiness in the happiness of the other. When once the world will be full of such Messiahs, then will the earth be a Paradise, then will be peace on earth and good will among men, then will be the Messianic Age.

How reconcile this with Biblical teaching that Christ has come?

But how dare we maintain such a belief in the face of the New Testament teaching that the Christ has already come! We dare on the authority of reason. We dare because, dealing with the Scriptures as we do with other writings, and subjecting it to critical research, we find it to be, not a work of supernatural origin, but a work written and compiled by men of different times and of different capacities, and sharing the virtues and failings that characterize all the writings of man. Amidst a great abundance of beautiful teachings, we encounter quite a number of inaccuracies and contradictions, of false premises and false conclusions, of borrowed legends and interpolated myths, of ingrafted mysticisms and inoculated gnosticisms, that have contributed a large share of the threads from which the Christ story has been spun, partly by Jews, partly by zealous

* St. Luke II, 14.

propagandists of the new Christian creed, and partly by the pagan converts to the new creed.

The Christ-story told.

Briefly told,* the story of Christ is this. After the death of King Solomon, whose reign, together with that of his illustrious father King David, constituted the brightest era in Jewish History, dissensions arose within the kingdom. Ten tribes seceded and founded a kingdom of their own. The remaining tribes continued the Davidian dynasty, which, however, speedily faded to a mere shadow of its former glory. At that time there lived a number of brilliant preachers and teachers, patriots and statesmen, counsellors and pleaders, agitators and reformers, commonly known under the name of Prophets, who plead and spoke and wrote and toiled for the cessation of enmities in the House of Israel, and for the restoration of the faded glory of the Davidian dynasty. But despite their labors, both the kingdoms went from bad to worse. One was utterly annihilated. The other mourned in Babylonian captivity the destruction and desolation of its capital, and the ruin of its Temple. Still the prophets despaired not. Still they hoped for the coming of a deliverer, for the rising of a scion of the House of David, who by the magic of his royal descent, by the valor of his spirit and by the purity of his soul, will gather the dispersed under his banner, route the enemy, and make Jerusalem again the glory of the world.

His appearance.

Their hope, however, failed. It was a beautiful dream, but a dream it remained. The deliverer did not come. Yet the people continued looking for him, and the longer he tarried the stronger grew their faith in his coming. As the years rolled on, the historical events to which the prophets' words referred grew fainter, till their real meaning became wholly obscured. Mystic meanings were substituted. Dreams crystallized into dogmas; reveries were turned into predictions; and, since doctrinal claims had to have Scriptural authority, the prophets' words were tortured and twisted into confirming alike the true and the false, the sound and the absurd.

His brief career and tragic death.

When the nation's supreme crisis arrived, when the tread of mighty Rome resounded in the streets of Jerusalem, when the people despaired of ever being able to throw off the yoke of so powerful an adversary, the yearning for a supernaturally endowed Saviour became intense with the credulous. Quite a few of such Messiahs arose in response to that yearning, but instead of saving the people, they only prejudiced their cause all the more. One of these was Jesus of Nazareth. During his two or three years of public career, he succeeded in gathering around himself a fair following. Inspired by his noble life and beautiful teaching, they not only regarded him as their long-expected Saviour, but even proclaimed him, in the very hearing of their Roman conqueror, and at a very seditious time, as *King of the Jews.*

* For detailed account see Lectures, Series I "*The Fast and the Feast*," "*An Error of Eighteen Hundred Years Corrected*," "*Passover and Easter*;" Series II "*The Messianic Age*;" Series III "*Myths in the Old and New Testaments*;" Series IV "*Jesus—the Jew and not the Christian*," "*Paul—the Jew and the Gentile*;" Series V "*Jesus in the Synagogue.*

This treasonable enthusiasm, as might naturally have been expected, secured for its victim a traitor's death upon the cross.

For a time his followers were disheartened, but gradually their trust in their martyr-leader revived. They felt sure he would return, and held themselves ready for it. His second advent protracting, they ascribed the delay to the sinfulness of the people, and to the insufficient faith in his Messiahship, and they determined to go forth to convert the bulk of their Jewish brethren, and the Gentile world. To the Jew they pointed out the writings of his prophets, and, applying their casuistical methods of interpretation, tried to convince him that their martyr-leader was the long-expected Messiah. Finding the Gentile wedded to certain myths, and thinking that the end justifies the means, they embodied in the story of their martyred leader some of the tales and wonders hitherto told and believed of Pagan gods and goddesses. Their success among the Jews was poor, that among the Gentiles was phenomenal. Many of the Gentile converts caught the zeal of the Evangelists, and started out upon the missionary field for themselves. And as each expatiated upon and embellished the story in his own way and in accordance with the needs of the people to be converted, and as each interpreted the prophets after his own imperfect understanding of the Hebrew language, and of Jewish history, laws, customs and institutions, the simple and pathetic story of the Nazarene Rabbi's life became scarcely recognizable in its mythological garb. The preacher of the beautiful Sermon on the Mount had more resemblance to a pagan god than to the national deliverer of the prophets' dreams.

Believed and made to be the Messiah expected by the prophets.

In what manner they dealt with the prophet Isaiah we were made to see in our discourse last week. Let us this morning gather from among the other prophets a few of the famous passages that were made to refer directly to Jesus as the Messiah. This morning, however, let us pursue a somewhat different method. Let us briefly dwell upon a few of the prominent points in the story of Jesus, as told in the Gospels, and point out as we go along the embellishments that were superadded, either to satisfy the supposed requirements of the prophets, or the predilections of the Gentiles.

The Gospel of St. Mark, probably the oldest of the Gospels, and that of St. John, have nothing to say of the pedigree of Jesus. That of St. Matthew and St. Luke, however, confronted by the fact that the Messiah of whom the prophets had spoken was to be of Davidian descent, take great pains in tracing the genealogy of Jesus' father up and beyond David, though in doing so they unfortunately do not agree, and are each hopelessly inconsistent with the evidence of the other two gospels.

Made an offspring of David and of Holy Ghost to satisfy prophets and pagans.

Having satisfied, as they believed, the requirements of the Jews, they had also to satisfy the requirements of the Pagans. The illustrious heroes of these were generally the offspring of alliances between celestial and mortal beings, and so, although they had just gone to the trouble of

proving Jesus to be of direct Davidian descent through his father Joseph, they felt themselves necessitated to make the Holy Ghost his father. To give their statement a scriptural authority, they were obliged to construct the virgin story, by mistranslating and misconstruing a verse of Isaiah, which, as we were made to see in our last discourse, referred to an event that transpired eight hundred years before.

The birthplace of Jesus was manifestly Nazareth. Neither he nor his desciples denied his Nazarene birth when his Messiahship was attacked on the ground that the Messiah of the Jews was to be born at Bethlehem. St. Luke however, satisfies the Bethlehem requirement* by having him born at that place during a temporary stay of his parents in the city of David; while St. Matthew leads us to believe that Bethlehem was the original home of Joseph, and that after the birth of his child he moved to Nazareth "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Prophets: He shall be called a Nazarene."† To fulfill this prophecy, however, he is obliged to apply to Jesus a phrase that is spoken of Samson, the giant, twelve hundred years before,‡ and to misquote it, and to commit the blunder of giving identical meanings to the two totally different words *Nazarene* and *Nazarite*, the one meaning an inhabitant of the city of Nazareth, the other meaning a member of a religious order.⁂

Though born at Nazareth, Bethlehem is assigned as birthplace to satisfy prophets.

St. Matthew, having thus satisfied, as he believed, the requirements of the Jews, St. Luke, who is apparently a thorough Roman, is now necessitated to satisfy those of the Gentiles. These were in the habit of celebrating, amidst great festivities, the fourth December week, in which the winter-solstice occurred, as the Festival of the Birth of the Sun, and of the beginning of the New Year. Recognizing, perhaps, that the Gentiles never could be weaned from it, the Apostle retained it, but with a different significance. He made it to stand for the Feast of the Birth of the Son of God, of the Dawn of the New Light. Unfortunately, however, this involved him in a new blunder. December being a winter-month, and the very height of the rainy season of Judea, the shepherds, to whom the angel brought the message of the birth of the Saviour,‖ could not have been out in the fields all night with their flocks. Nor is it likely that at such an inclement season of the year the people would have been summoned to Bethlehem from all parts of Palestine, for the purpose of paying their taxes, (not to speak of the Historical inaccuracy of this tax-collection in the time of Herod, by order of the Roman Emperor, when Judea did not become a Roman province till after Herod's death) moreover, it is highly improbable that Joseph would have obliged his wife to accompany him, at such a time, on so long and so difficult a journey as that which lay between Nazareth and Bethlehem. It is not an insignificant fact that the other two Gospels contain nothing of these

Christmas assigned as time to satisfy Gentiles.

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* St. Luke II, 1-7. † St. Mat. II, 23. ‡ Judges XIII, 5.
⁂ Number VI. ‖ St. Luke II, 8.

narratives of St. Matthew and St. Luke, and that the former of these two seems ignorant of the tax-collecting story of the latter.

St. Matthew then proceeds to tell us that King Herod, hearing of the Birth of Jesus, and fearing to be supplanted by him, resolves to destroy him; an angel, however, advises the Holy Family to flee to Egypt and not to return till after Herod's death "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying: "Out of Egypt have I called my son."* He moreover informs us that Herod, unable to find the Divine child, institutes a massacre of all children of two years old and under, found at Bethlehem and along the sea coast, thereby fulfilling Jeremiah's prophecy: "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."†

A misuse of text to give cause for flight to Egypt.

Of all this, however, the other Gospels say nothing. And as to the two references to the prophets they are most flagrant misapplications, as a perusal of the text readily proves. The son to be called out of Egypt, of which Hosea speaks, refers to the children of Israel, the whole sentence reading: "When Israel was a child then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt."** The weeping for the children, of which Jeremiah speaks refers to their going into captivity, about six hundred years before the time of Christ. The following verse‡ speaks comfortingly of their returning again to their own land, which did occur, but which the children massacred by Herod, to whom this prophecy is supposed to refer, naturally could never do. Besides, Rama was not Bethlehem, one was a city in Benjamin, the other in Judea; and Rachel was the mother of the Benjamites, and not of the Judeans. Furthermore, if a massacre, such as St. Matthew speaks of, bereaving and outraging hundreds of families, had occurred, so cruel an event would surely have been chronicled in Jewish literature alongside the other cruelties of Herod that are mentioned and described in detail. But no mention is made, not even a hint is given us of such a cruelty in the entire Jewish literature of that period.

Passing over, for the want of time, a number of other supposed fulfillments of ancient prophecies, we reach the description of our hero's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. We are told that he sent two of his desciples to fetch him an ass and a young colt in order "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet,⁂ saying: Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass."‖ The fulfiller of this prophecy displays both grammatical and historical ignorance. Ignorant of the parallelism of Hebrew poetry, he introduces two asses where but one is meant, and he applies to Jesus a passage descriptive of the noble Hezekiah's entry into Jerusalem, and which reechoes the belief, generally held by the prophets of that time,

Misuse of text to fulfill entry into Jerusalem.

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*St. Mat. II, 15. **Hosea XI, 1. †Jeremiah XXXI, 15; St. Mat. II, 16-18.
‡Jeremiah XXXI, 16. ⁂Zechariah IX, 9. ‖St. Mat. XXI, 4-5.

that the Messianic age had dawned with Hezekiah's ascent to the throne of David,* as the following correct rendition of the text clearly indicates:

"Exult greatly, O daughter of Zion;
Shout for joy, O daughter of Jerusalem:
Lo, thy King cometh to thee:
Righteous and victorious is he;
Lowly, and riding upon an ass,
Even upon a colt, the foal of an ass.
And I will cut off the chariot from Ephraim,
And the horse from Jerusalem,
And the battle bow will be cut off;
And he will speak peace to the nations:
And his rule will be from sea to sea,
And from the river unto the ends of earth."—Zech. IX, 9.†

Misuse of text to make Judas a betrayer.

Reaching the story of Judas' Betrayal, St. Matthew tells us that the price of his treachery was thirty pieces of silver, that he afterwards repented of his deed, threw the money into the Temple, and hanged himself, that the chief priests bought a potter's field with the money, not thinking it lawful to put such money into the treasury, that all this was in fulfillment of "that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying: And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value; and gave them for the potter's field, as the Lord appointed me.‡ There is much confusion here, and all originating from a mistranslation and misapplication of the original text. In the first place, St. Matthew has in his mind a passage in Zechariah,‖ which he erroneously credits to Jeremiah, and which he misquotes. The original text tells of the prophet representing himself as a shepherd of Israel, and receiving as his hire thirty pieces of silver, and casting that sum into the treasury of the Temple. This simple account is turned into a prophecy, and in its fulfillment language is violated, and agreement with the other Gospels is sacrificed, the word meaning *treasury* is translated into *potter*, and Judas is made to betray his Master for the thirty pieces of silver, and repenting, to hang himself, though St. Luke assures us that, after purchasing the potter's field himself, he met his death by falling headlong and bursting in the middle.⁂

Misuse of text in connection with crucifixion.

In the account of the crucifixion we are told that they "parted his garments, casting lots: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet: They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots."¶ The prophet here referred to is the Psalmist, and a perusal of the twenty second psalm, from which this quotation is taken, shows that it is the supplication of one in despair, possibly that of David in a time of great distress, but more probably that of Jeremiah,** during the captivity,

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* Zach. IX—XI show both by style and contents to be of the age of Hezekiah.
† Prof. Briggs Translation. ‡ St. Mat. XXVII, 9-10. ‖ Zech. XI, 12-13.
⁂ Acts I, 18-19. ¶ St. Mat. XXVII, 35. ** Many of the psalms attributed to David were written during and after Babylonian captivity.

crying out: "My God, my God why hast thou forsaken me," and enumerating the wrongs done him by the enemy, among which he mentions the parting of his garments among them, and the casting lots for his vesture, and the piercing of his hands and feet. The narrative speaks of something that has already transpired, and it could not, therefore, be a prophecy of what is to take place a thousand or five hundred years later, without doing violence to the language and History of the Old Testament.

Here we shall cease. Though much more testimony might be produced, we believe enough has been advanced to enable us fully to answer our question whether the prophets of Israel prophesied Jesus. With the mass of proof before us we have no other alternative than to answer *No.* To answer otherwise would necessitate our obliterating from our minds all knowledge of Hebrew, of Jewish History, Theology, Laws and Institutions, and our expunging all the canons of critical reasoning and of logical thinking, which is an impossibility. We might answer otherwise on the strength of blind faith, but that would be a capital offense against God and Nature, who have placed a mind within us for use and not for abuse. On our side we have the original language of the Scriptures, the transmitted expounding of them by the learned schools of Palestine and Babylon and Alexandria, our Rabbi's repudiation and exposure of the false interpretations from the time they were first foisted upon a credulous world, the critical Jewish and Non-Jewish scholarship of the present age, the rejection of the Nazarene's Godship by large and intelligent Christian sects themselves, the instinctive revulsion in the minds of thousands of people, even within the orthodox church, against accepting the Christ myths and legends as historical facts. With such allies, we can well afford to continue in our creed "One God, and beside Him none," and in our rejection of the Divinity of the man of Nazareth.

The prophets did not prophesy Jesus.

Let no one think that in the rejection of the Divinity of Jesus the Jew is animated by stubbornness or spite. Why should he be? Why should he deny what might be his greatest glory? Why should he reject what might forever free him from the prejudice and contumely, from the hatred and persecution of the world? No one has yet accused the Jew of being indifferent to honor or to respectful consideration by his fellowmen, or of being insensible to adversity and suffering. Why should he voluntarily bring disgrace and misery upon himself, when by acknowledging Jesus as his Saviour he might become the pet of the nations? He undoubtedly would if he could. But he has proven by eighteen hundred years of suffering that he values truth above the temptations of earthly gain. He cannot believe that his incorporeal, invisible, inconceivable God became human, simply to preach and teach sermons and lessons such as were preached and taught every day in the synagogues and schools of Palestine and Babylon. He cannot believe that his God became human to be slain so that the world might be saved through his blood. He cannot believe

The Jew cannot regard Jesus as a God.

that his God became human to save the world, and make such a failure of it as is witnessed by its present sinfulness.

The Jew is proud of Jesus as he is of the other illustrious men of his race. He believes that he honors him more by denying his divinity than by affirming it. By denying it he rescues his noble manliness; by affirming it he would aid in burying it under the rubbish of repellent myth. He believes he renders humanity a noble service by denying that a Saviour has come. He believes that he hastens the coming of the Messianic Age, of which the Prophets dreamed, by placing such noble men as Jesus before the people, not as their saviours, but that every man may save himself through imitating their lives and through heeding their counsels. He believes that salvation lies before us, not behind. With Tennyson he still looks for "the Christ that is to be," and he will continue to look for him till every man will be that Christ.

But he is proud of him as a man.

Model Dwellings for the Poor.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, January 8, 1893.

"Look upon what thou hast, and see what thou canst spare;
Look upon the poor, and see what they need."
—MEDIAEVAL RABBIS.

"The homes of a nation are the bulwarks of personal and national safety and thrift."
—J. G. HOLLAND.

It is a custom among some of our brethren to pass around a charity box, while the last solemn rites are being performed over one of their departed, and to repeat for each coin, as it finds its way into the box, the words "Charity saveth from death." Some of them believe that such charity prolongs the life and the good name of the giver; others believe that it purges the soul of the departed from its guilt, and leads it straightway into heaven.

The charity that saves from physical and moral death.

Without subscribing to either of these beliefs, I cannot but recognize a profound truth in this rather free translation of the Biblical proverb.* To me it seems one of the best definitions of charity. To me it declares that that alone is charity, that saves from death, that rescues from physical or industrial or moral ruin, and that all is false charity that attempts to do more than this, or that does not do as much. I know of no definition of charity that is as broad and as comprehensive as this. It embraces the charity that instead of money, gives counsel and personal service, to prevent man from sinking into fatal disease or sloth or crime, as well as that which contributes its mite to relieve suffering mortals, as well as that which expends millions to save a whole people from physical or industrial or moral death.

I fully concur with the resolution recently passed by the New York Chamber of Commerce that, our Federal Government should take stringent measures to enforce a rigorous quarantine along all our ports, to prevent the introduction of the cholera. There are people here and abroad who denounce this resolution as a piece of gross selfishness. But, in doing so, they only imagine their own selfishness to exist in a magnified form in the minds of the prudent men that have passed this measure. There

Quarantine and Immigration restriction acts of charity.

* Prov. X, 2.

is not the faintest trace of selfishness in this action. It is the broadest charity. It is the charity that saves from death. The Government has pledged itself to the protection of the life of its people. That pledge it must sacredly keep. It would violate every trust reposed in it, were it to protect the commercial interests of the few, and thereby invite the pestilence to our shores and to our doors. And, as strongly opposed as I am to the barring of our gates to the immigrant, in the present crisis, I give my hearty support to Senator Chandler's effort to check the influx of people from plague-infected ports. While questioning the wisdom of going to the extremes he advocates, while favoring an exclusion for only so long a time as danger from infection exists, still, I would rather see the measure carried with all its rigor than not at all. In a crisis like the present, the true charity is that which begins at home, is that which thinks of the well-being of those within our borders, in preference to the possible betterment of the condition of the plague-carrying immigrant. Settling, as he most likely would, in the slum-districts of our sea-port towns, and introducing the pestilence in these filthy quarters, he would be very apt to make his lot more miserable than before. He would most probably be among the first to succumb to the scourge, and be the cause of the death of thousands of others.

But, there is a weakness in our position, and one that might serve the quarantined and excluded as a strong weapon against us. "If you manifest so great a regard for the well-being of your own," they might say to us, "why does that charity of yours that seeks to save from death, begin at your ports, why not further inland? Why do you tolerate within your borders, districts so filthy, and people so wretched, as but to require a single germ of the pestilence to spread death and ruin throughout your land?"

Our charity should extend further inland.

There would be much reason in such a censure. Our present position is certainly a very anomalous one. In our great zeal to keep the plague from our land, we forget the spacious and tempting lodging-places that have long ago been erected, near our doors, for its reception and stay. Our attitude is like that of the general, who strongly fortifies the city-gates and walls against the enemy, and yet leaves his powder-magazine open and unprotected, to ignite with the first spark that falls upon it, and to cause greater slaughter and ruin than might ever have been committed by the entering foe. In our great anxiety to keep the dreaded pest out of our ports, we forget that its germ may already have found a lodging-place within our slums.

As long as our slums exist, all our watchfulness in our ports will avail us little. It is well-nigh impossible to keep the disease out when once it has become an epidemic in Europe, and, with such fertile ground for propagation as our slum-districts, it is impossible to keep it from spreading. And woe unto our land, if the pest lodges itself within these tempting quarters of our seaport towns. The ravages it will commit will bear no comparison with those it committed on its former visits. Never before were our slum-

Where slums are there is danger.

districts so congested, so filthy, so diseased. Never before were our City-Governments so criminally negligent in their duties as they are at the present moment. Mr. Andrew D. White, Ex-President of Cornell University, and Ex-Minister to Berlin, makes the bold statement that "without the slightest exaggeration we may assert that, with few exceptions, the city-governments in the United States are the worst in Christendom—the most expensive, the most inefficient, and the most corrupt."* Dr. John S. Billings, of the United States Army, who had charge of the vital statistics of the Tenth Census, in an address delivered two years ago before the American Academy of Political and Social Science, has corroborated this statement, more especially with reference to the sanitary condition of our leading cities. And there is not one of us who has travelled abroad, who has contrasted the cleanliness and sanitary provisions, even in the poorest districts of the leading European cities with those of our cities, who will not heartily second the statements of both these distinguished gentlemen.

Rise of the slums.

Of the more than five millions of immigrants, who have come to our shores during the past twenty-five years, by far the largest proportion has settled in the Eastern sea-coast cities. The reasons that made them to prefer the larger Eastern cities to the inland towns or rural districts are quite obvious. Being for the most part unfamiliar with the English language, and finding in these cities colonies of their own people, they naturally felt themselves drawn to the people who spoke their language, with whom they could associate, and from whom they could obtain counsel and aid. Another reason was that, being for the most part very poor, they had not the means to proceed further inland, or to domicile themselves on farms. The skilled among them felt sure of a better chance in the busy industrial and manufacturing centers than at a distance from them, while the unskilled believed that the large cities with their various enterprises were more likely to afford them a living than the smaller places.

This flocking of great masses of indigent and, for the most part, illiterate immigrants into the large cities resulted in the springing up of special quarters, where they swarmed together. The houses in these quarters were generally old and wanting in modern sanitary requirements. The immigrant population grew rapidly—but the growth of the quarter did not keep pace with the constantly increasing numbers that sought shelter therein. The demand for houses exceeding the supply, and overcrowding and competition in the labor-market lowering wages, economy in space and in rentals became a necessity, and houses, originally built for single families, became often tenanted by as many as a dozen or two dozen households. Soon even this economy proved insufficient. Immigration increased, and with it the poverty of its quarters. The sheds and stables, the cellars and garrets, the alleys and courts, were eagerly sought by these new-comers, and often the mere privilege to rest their weary limbs at night under some cover, no matter how miser-

* Forum, Dec., 1890.

able, came to be regarded by these unfortunates as a luxury. The demand for these rookeries and barracks whetted the greed of their owners. Some drew each year larger rentals from their houses than the entire properties were worth. Some netted as high as one hundred per cent. annually on their investments. Rentals were constantly raised, till they exceeded by more than 25% those paid for infinitely better dwellings in the better sections of the city. This extortion led to constantly greater crowding to meet the higher demands. Property in these quarters proving very profitable, new tenement houses were erected, in which the builders looked solely to the interest of the owners and not to the comforts of their tenants. Their duty was to provide the largest possible number of rooms in the least possible space, and to consider neither light nor air, neither privacy nor modesty, neither health nor purity in the drawings of their plans.

The inevitable consequences of such overcrowding of small quarters by a vast number of indigent and ignorant people, ensued. Want of air and light and space accumulated dirt. Rooms and stairways and yards reeked with filth. The air became vitiated with pestiferous odors. Vermin multiplied to an appalling degree. The want of privacy, the offenses against modesty, the enforced contact with the vicious and criminal, blunted the sense of shame. External and internal impurity turned these barracks and rookeries into haunts of vice, into nurseries of crime, into hotbeds of infectious diseases. Police officers and Undertakers did a thriving business there. Patrol-wagons alternated with hearses. Placards, announcing infectious diseases, alternated with the dirty pieces of crape that told their tales of suffering and death. Respectable people began to shun these quarters. The merest mention of them sufficed to fill people with horror. Entrance into them by one of the favored classes for purposes of personal interest in the sad lot of the people condemned by a dire fate to live there, came to be looked upon either as a sign of saintliness or madness. Young and old were warned against them, were taught to look upon them as the very pitfall of sin and destruction. Left to themselves, their denizens sank lower and lower. Thus grew up those appalling quarters which have been designated by the term *Slums*.

Their filthy condition.

Even if this had been a tale of a state of affairs that once existed in our midst, but that happily exists no longer, it were enough to make us weep over man's inhumanity to man, in former times. But that this should be a story of a state of affairs still existing in our city, near our very doors, before our very eyes, is enough to make us hang our heads in shame, and to question ourselves whether there is any humanity still left in us.

Our criminal apathy.

That in a country like ours, large enough to give living-room to the population of the whole world, there should be quarters more densely populated, on account of the direst want, than is an equal area in any other part of the world seems incredible; yet, the submerged Tenth Ward of New York will more than confirm it.

That in a country like ours, so richly blessed with all the means for leading healthy and cleanly lives, thousands of human beings, mostly innocent children, should be compelled to perish annually, on account of filth, and for want of proper living-room, seems a horrible dream, yet, the statistics of the death-rates of our Fourth Ward will more than prove it a stern fact.

That with our present knowledge of the origin and infectious nature of certain fatal yet preventible diseases, we should continue to tolerate their breeding-places near our very doors, and of our own accord invite suffering and death to our homes, will to future generations seem an absurd fiction, but, a mere glance into the vital statistics suffices to convince us that it is a sad reality, at the present day. We proceed as if the Laws of Nature acted on the same principle as the Rules of Society, as if we could draw a line between the well-to-do-quarters and the slum-districts, and tell the polluted atmosphere that thus far it may go, and no further. We proceed as if the unfortunate tenants of the miserable districts of filth and infectious disease did not elbow against us in our streets and factories and shops, did not carry their contagion into our cars, theatres, churches and schools.

We foster breeding-places of disease.

We point with pride to our palatial hospitals and homes and asylums, little thinking that what we deem our pride is but too often our shame, and what we designate as love of humanity is only too frequently but the penance for our past cruelties to man. For, had we prevented the rise of these slum-districts, or had we wiped them out of existence after their dangerous nature manifested itself, we should have had less sick people to care for in our Hospitals, less orphans to provide for in our Asylums, less paupers and infirm to shelter in our Homes. We would have saved hundreds of thousands of dollars, and saved the life and health and happiness of thousands of people.

We create the need of charity.

We groan under the taxes imposed upon us for the maintenance of penal and corrective institutions, little thinking, that, by tolerating these haunts of vice and nurseries of crime, we ourselves create what we complain of, we ourselves train an army of delinquents and malcontents, which to-day exceeds more than four times the number of our standing army, and which is a constant menace to the peace and prosperity of the nation.

We call into existence nurseries of vice and crime

We murmur against God, and speak of mysterious decrees, when the little blossoms of our family-trees droop and wither under the burning breath of diphtheria or scarlet fevers, when the joys and prides and supports of our homes are forced from our loving embraces into premature graves by typhoid or other deadly diseases. Much more wisely would we act if, instead of tracing the cause of such sufferings and bereavements to inscrutable decrees, we would attribute it to our own neglects, and proceed to stamp out those leprous spots of modern civilization, which our avarice, our inhumanity, our indifference, has suffered to spring up in our very midst.

We invite death into our homes.

Moved occasionally by a pitiful newspaper story, or by a rousing sermon on the miseries and sufferings in the slums, some of us resolve to venture into these quarters for the purpose of relieving and elevating their tenants. But our enthusiasm oozes out, and our courage fails us, when we come face to face with the misery and corruption that there run riot. We desist from carrying out our noble resolution with some such words as these: "Were they decently housed we would cheerfully aid them. But we cannot venture into their filthy hovels, into their dark and damp cellars, into their dingy garret-holes, without endangering our life and our health and that of our dear ones." And turning our backs upon them, we permit them to continue in their external and internal rottenness, and to spread their contagion from alley to avenue, from hovel to palace. Not yet has their misery and our vaunted love of humanity sufficiently moved us to raze these filthy barracks to the ground, to turn these corrupt and corrupting slums into respectable quarters, to provide homes, properly built, decently environed, amply provided with the necessaries of home-life, and rented at a price which, while yielding a lawful dividend on the capital invested, might enable even the poorest laborer to have at least a decent and healthy home for all his hard toil.

Some noble exceptions.

But nay, I must not be too sweeping in my charge. Something has been done. God be thanked that not all are yet so callous as never to put to themselves the serious question asked by Tennyson's "Lonely Lord"

> "Is it well that while we range with science, glorying the time,
> City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
> There among the glooming alleys progress halts on palsied feet,
> Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.
> There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread;
> There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.
> There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
> And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor."

Mr. Peabody erects improved dwellings for poor of London.

Something has been done, and to the American philanthropist Peabody belongs the credit of having been the first to give the homes of the poor of London his consideration, and to attempt their thorough reform on a large scale. About thirty years ago, he set aside a fund, exceeding three million dollars, to be spent "*in the construction of such improved dwellings for the poor as may combine, in the utmost possible degree, the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy.*" Such homes were built, and, though renting at an average of 50c. a week per room, including the use of laundries and bathrooms, the original gift has grown to the present value of five million dollars; over 20,000 of the poor of London live in the 12000 rooms, which this fund has built; and so remarkable has been the progress of cleanliness and health among them, that while the death-rate of all London is 20 per thousand, among the tenants of the Peabody Improved Dwellings it is reduced to 16.

The success of the enterprise encouraged imitation in London. A number of stock-companies have been organized since for the purpose of erecting homes, which may yield to their renters all the necessary comforts in return for small rentals, and to their owners reasonable dividends for their investments. More than 75000 of the poor of London live to-day in such model dwellings, and enjoy in them all the necessary comforts of cleanly and healthy lives, and yield a far less percentage to the delinquents of the English Metropolis than the other quarters of equal population, and their immunity from death "is less by 1000 a year than the mortality among an equal number not so lodged." The capitalists have in the mean time drawn an unfailing dividend of 4% to 6% on their investment in Model Dwellings.

His success encourages imitation in London.

The Model Dwelling movement spread to Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, in which cities, however, such improved dwellings were built, and are managed, by the Municipal Government. In the latter city, the municipality tore down a large number of filthy dens, that had teemed with a mass of the lowest of the City-population. In their stead were erected Model Tenements of pleasing external appearance and of comfortable internal arrangement, fire-proof, supplied with spacious courts, play-grounds for children, garden-beds, laundries and bath-rooms, and divided into suites of two or more rooms, those of two rooms renting for a trifle over $1.00 per week. Despite these many comfortable provisions, the investment yields the City of Liverpool an annual dividend averaging 4½%.

Also in Birmingham, Glasgow and Liverpool.

Time will not permit me this morning to say any more of the equally successful enterprises in Glasgow and Birmingham, and of those on the Continent, in Mülhausen, in Havre, in Florence, than that the homes, which they have erected for the poor, have wonderfully strengthened the health and the morality and the thrift and the economy of the tenants, and have yielded reasonable dividends to the capitalists.

Also in Alsace, France and Italy.

As to our own country, it is a source of gratification to be able to chronicle that the interest of foreign cities in the homes of their poor has not wholly escaped the notice of our busy capitalists. The miseries in our slum-districts, and the success that has attended the efforts in foreign lands at elevating the poor by beginning at the very root, by giving them properly equipped and decently environed homes, has stimulated a number of philanthropic men in New York, Brooklyn, Boston and Philadelphia to provide Model Dwellings for our own poor.

Also in New York and Brooklyn.

The Improved Dwelling Association of New York erected, about twenty years ago, on First Avenue, between 71st and 72d Streets, a large tenement, arranged about a spacious interior court, that admitted an abundance of light and air,—a feature considered an extravagant luxury in the New York tenements of those days. The building is six stories high, accommodates more than 200 families, is fire-proof, is supplied with

steam heat, with shutes and lifts, with bath-rooms and laundries. The rooms are grouped in suites of two or more, all "outer" rooms, at an average rental of about $3.00 for a room per month. Notwithstanding these comfortable provisions, and the cheapness of the rents, the enterprise representing a value of about $250,000, has proven profitable as well as philanthrophic. It yields an annual dividend of 5%, and a surplus besides for the improvement of the property.

About five years later, Mr. White, of Brooklyn, organized the Improved Dwelling Company of Brooklyn, of which he became the chief stock-holder, and proceeded to erect, on Hicks Street, a block of dwellings, which for magnificent provisions and arrangements surpassed everything in that line attempted before. The structure is six stories high, and faces three sides of a large interior open court, which is furnished with play-grounds for the children, and with a central pavilion in which a band, maintained by the company, gives regular open-air concerts during the summer. The rooms, renting for about $3.00 per month each, are arranged in suites of two or more, and are so grouped as to afford perfect privacy to each family. They are in reality what they were intended to be, not tenements but actual homes. The tenants, as a means to encourage cleanliness and prompt payment of rents, are permitted to share in the profits, which amount to nearly one months rent out of the twelve. More than 200 families avail themselves of these benefits.

Notwithstanding this liberality, and these many provisions for the comforts of the poor, the investment has proven profitable enough to induce the Company to erect a number of other tenement-buildings, the latest being the Riverside Buildings, situated on Columbia Place, Brooklyn Heights. This has been named the ideal tenement, and in point of equipment, privacy, comfort and safety, it certainly comes up to its reputation. These buildings accommodate over three hundred families, and shelter more than a thousand persons. Each family has its private door, and every room, (averaging in price about $3.00 per month,) looks out either into the street or into the large open court, which is fitted out with a fountain, a concert-pavilion, a small park, and play-grounds supplied with swings and heaps of sand, wherein the little ones may play and dig all day long. There are no interior stairways, and no common halls. The rooms are reached through sheltered exterior, fire-proof, stairways, that serve at the same time as fire-escapes. Though gathering under one roof hundreds of the poorest tenants, the agent reports that they have no trouble with them, neither in behavior nor in the payment of their rents.

The latest venture of the kind in New York City is the building erected, about five years ago, on Cherry Street, by the Tenement House Building Company, organized through the agitation of Prof. Felix Adler. The building is five stories high, fire-proof, contains over one hundred suites of rooms, averaging about $3.50 a month per room, and arranged with a view to the health, privacy and comfort of the tenants. Overcrowding in rooms and factory-labor on the premises are prohibited.

The roofs are of brick, well protected, and can be used as play-grounds by the children. The halls are heated by steam. Bath-rooms and wash-tubs are provided in abundance. A free kindergarten is maintained on the premises, which at the same time supplies the place of a Day-Nursery. Though the building is located in the heart of the slums, and though the tenants are for the most part newly-arrived Russian Jews, whose habits of cleanliness leave much to be desired, the Secretary of the Company, Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman, reports the enterprise "a decided success," both philanthropically and financially. The venture represents a money-value of a little over $150,000, of which $70,000 is in a mortgage at 4½%. The Company limits itself to 4% dividends. The surplus goes to the Reserve Fund for the protection of the stockholders and for the benefit of the tenants.

The satisfactory results in New York and Brooklyn have been those of Boston, where a number of large improved tenement buildings for the poor have been erected during the past twenty years. The reports at hand show a decided improvement in the health and character of the people, and in the reputation of the quarters where these buildings are located. Financially, too, their success has equalled that of the same enterprises abroad, and in our own country.

Also in Boston.

Philadelphia has not been behind the other cities in her interest in the homes of the poor. Even at the risk of appearing boastful, I venture to state that our city has done more towards furnishing model dwellings to her poor than any other city. With a population considerably smaller than that of New York, we have more than three times the number of houses that the Metropolis has, and they are for the most part the properties of their occupants, and while New York averages 20 persons to a dwelling, and Brooklyn 10, and Boston 8, our city averages but 5 persons to a house; and while the death-rate of New York is 25 per 1000 of its population, and that of Boston 24, and that of Brooklyn 22, we in Philadelphia are fortunate enough to be able to report but 19. In 1890 Philadelphia erected almost twice as many houses as New York put up in the same time, and at but a little over one-sixth the expense of that of the New York houses, showing thus that Philadelphia is continuing to erect annually her ten thousand neat and comfortable homes, at prices low enough to enable the poor laborer to domicile his family in a house by itself, and, by industry and a little economy, easily to become the owner of it. All this may be due not so much to our philanthropy as to our spacious territory, to the fortunate lay of our city, to the domestic habits of our people, to our many judiciously managed Building Associations, that encourage our laboring-people into saving, and that aid them in the building and owning of their pleasant little homes,—to whatever cause it be due, the fact remains, that our laboring-people are more comfortably housed than is the like element in any other large city in the world.

Philadelphia tries a different method.

But unfortunately this bright picture is not without its dark sides. Large numbers of the laboring-people have been necessitated to make

their homes near the commercial and industrial centres in which they are employed. These localities being limited in area, and filled, for the most part, with old houses and crumbling rookeries, have become overcrowded, and, in consequence, frightfully filthy, both physically and morally. There are the homes of the worst of our negro population, of the least desirable of our Italian and Chinese colonies, of thousands of lately-arrived Russian refugees. There is the Mecca of the licentious and depraved and criminal, and there they have built up a slum-district, whose physical and moral pollutions are not much behind those of other cities, and whose corrupt and corrupting influences are painfully felt in hundreds of up-town homes.

The dark side of the picture.

Some of our people have not been slow in recognizing the evil, and in seeking to repress it. They organized the Beneficient Building Association, and began operation in some of the most squalid districts, by tearing down a number of old rookeries, and building in their stead neat and comfortable little houses. These they rented at prices equal to, and less than, those that were formerly asked while still drawing as high as 6% dividends from their investments.

The Beneficent Building Association tries to stamp out slums.

Much good has been done by this Association during its existence of nearly a quarter of a century, but its benefits are not equal to those of the Model Dwelling Associations of other cities. In the first place, its houses are often sandwiched between filthy and depraved neighbors, and, with pollution reeking on all sides, their occupants cannot escape the degenerating influences of evil environment. Secondly, the investments are too small to furnish the requisite accommodations of comfort and sanitation, the essential privacy, the elevating tone, the breathing-spaces for the old, and the playgrounds for the young, which the Model Tenements of other cities afford. With all due regard for the good accomplished by the Benevolent Building Association, one cannot help believing that much more good might have been achieved, had all the money, expended on small houses within corrupt environments, been spent on the erection, in a decent neighborhood, of one or more spacious buildings, wherein all the excellent features of similar buildings of other cities could have been imitated and improved upon. The philanthropic object would have been better served, and the financial interests would have been equally protected.

Its limited success.

Of the urgent need of such Improved Dwellings for the Poor I have spoken to you before, and not altogether in vain. A number of gentlemen, practical business-men, have come to me since, and have encouraged me, to the extent of several thousand dollars subscription to the stock, to proceed at once with the organization of a Model Dwelling Company, and with the erection of a specimen building. Still more encouraged by a number of experienced philanthropists, we now propose to organize such a Company, and to erect such a building on a site, that is already being considered; that measures 181 x 225 x 231; that is large enough to permit a spacious

Philadelphia's urgent need.

central court, for garden and play ground; that faces on three streets, two of them being among the most prominent in the city; that is sufficiently near the commercial and industrial centres, and sufficiently far from the slums to assure philanthropic and financial success.

In behalf of this noble and much needed enterprise I appeal for your financial aid. Though one of the noblest of charities, yet it is not for charity that I appeal, but for an investment, that shall yield physical and moral health to a mass of suffering and depraved humanity, and to the investor greater immunity from infectious diseases, and greater safety from vice and crime, besides an unfailing annual dividend of 4% to 6%. No, it is not for your charity that I ask, but for an investment in an enterprise, that, in time, shall lessen by more than one-half your present annual charity-expenses. It is not a burden that I wish to tax you with, on the contrary, it is to relieve you, through a profitable investment, of one of the heaviest social burdens of the present day, and to lessen the dangerous Contagions that menace the health and peace of your homes.

The Model Dwelling Association about to be organized.

If you value your life and health, you will no longer tolerate breeding-places of infectious diseases, and nurseries of vice and crime, near your doors. If you value the peace and happiness of your homes, you will not depart from here, before you have firmly resolved to render whatever you can towards the stamping out of these pestiferous slums. If you really sympathize with the sad lot of your unfortunate brethren in the squalid districts of your city, you will not rest till a Model Dwelling Association has been organized in this city, and till enough of stock has been subscribed to enable the Association to proceed at once with the erection of buildings in which hundreds of families, now rotting in physical and moral pollution, may be redeemed, and ennobled.

UNDER THE LASH.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, January 29, 1893.

"Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest."—Ps. XCIV, 12.

You have heard the story told by Herodotus, and retold, under the name of "The Ring of Polycrates," by the German poet Schiller. On the lofty battlement of his proud palace stood the fortunate ruler of Samos, gazing joyously over his vast and prosperous domains. At his side stood Egypt's king, and him he thus addressed: "All that thy eye sees is mine, tell me, am I not truly blessed?" Answered his royal guest: "Verily, thou baskest in the Immortals' favor. Thy enemies thou hast overthrown. Yet one remains unconquered, and his vengeance thou hast cause to fear."

The story of the ring of Polycrates.

Scarce had the guest uttered this fear, when a herald arrived, and announced the utter destruction of that last-remaining foe. These happy tidings awakened alarm in the mind of Egypt's king. "Trust not fickle fortune," warned his friend, "though thy enemy is slain, yet thy mighty fleet floats upon the treacherous waves,—a sudden storm, and the glory of thy army, and the treasures of thy conquest lie scattered upon the deep."

Not yet had the sound of these words died away, when loud and jubilant echoes of welcome to the returning treasure-laden ships broke upon the air. Terror seized on Egypt's king. "In truth, I must esteem thee blest!" said he, "yet fear I for thee now more than ever. I suspect the lavish favor of the gods. They themselves will envy thee the fortune they have created. It is not man's destiny to walk sorrow-free under heaven. Upon me, too, fortune once did smile a long and happy smile. Every wish was granted; every enterprise succeeded. But one day, merciless death stalked along, and, heedless of my tears and cries, tore from my side my beloved and only son. Wouldst thou then a great calamity escape, pray to the gods to send thee some grief, for he whom misfortune never strikes never happily will end. And even should the gods thy prayers deny, then, of thy own accord bring some adversity upon thyself. Take some treasure that thou prizest most, and cast it into the sea."

Much alarmed, the happy ruler of Samos' Isle stripped from his finger a precious ring, and, saying that of all his possessions none he valued more, cast it into the deep.

Early on the following day, the cook rushed into the monarch's presence, and joyously reaching him his precious ring, told how it had been found within a fish, caught that very morning. On hearing this, horror seized upon the Egyptian guest. "This day our friendship must end," sobbed he, "this instant I must leave thee. 'Tis evident the gods have a sore calamity in store for thee, which, abiding, may overwhelm me, too." And having spoken thus, he straightway sailed away.

Opposes a popular belief.

The moral of this story opposes a popular belief. It is a generally accepted doctrine that prosperity is an evidence of divine favor, and adversity the proof of divine displeasure. It pleased ancient theologians to regard all adversity as an evil, and all prosperity as a good, and to hold him the most guilty upon whom sorrow fell the heaviest, and him the most acceptable upon whom joys descended the most. Despite familiar illustrations to the contrary, the world is still largely swayed by this thought. Thousands make their heavy burdens heavier still by the thought that their own sins have evoked the wrath of God, and have brought their sufferings upon them; while others are of nothing surer than that their prosperity is the due reward of their exceeding merit. Both classes measure their worth by the standard of their external welfare, and judge of God's dispensations by the rules of earthly judgment. Both transplant the rule of like for like from earthly courts to the celestial judgment seats.

Our bitterest misfortune often proves our greatest fortune.

It is to negate this thought, and to emphasize a contrary belief, that I have recalled to you the story of the ring of Polycrates. Like unto that monarch, many a one is never so near destruction as when fortune lavishes its choicest treasures upon him, and like unto his Egyptian guest, unto many a one providence is never so kindly disposed as when it tears the most precious possession from his heart. But for our deficient eye-sight, we might clearly perceive, that what we deem our bitterest misfortune often is our greatest fortune; but for our pampered heart, we might readily feel that what we regard our sharpest pain is in reality our sweetest joy. Often the sun shines brightest over our heads when deep darkness closes us in; often God's love entwines itself most affectionately about us, when His hand seems heaviest upon us. Often our loved ones are only born or wedded to us when we lay them into their graves. Often we feel the heart-beats of our precious darlings loudest and warmest and sweetest when, instead of their forms of flesh and blood, we press their shadows, their fond and tearful memories, to our empty aching hearts.

This fact, however, not generally believed.

Too well I know that this is not a popular doctrine. Too well I know that for the most of us it is easier to despair or to rebel in the hour of our sore affliction than to bend our heads in reverence and humbly repeat: "Thy will be done." When in the hours of our overwhelming sorrows friends come to us with their well-meant phrase "God will heal," we are only too prone to ask: "Why did He strike?" and their phrase: "What God does is for the

best" is only too apt to arouse within us the bitter queries? "Is it a deed of kindness to tear loving hearts asunder, and, while slaying one, to lacerate the other beyond repair?" Is it a deed of mercy to bring loving creatures to our arms, only to snatch them from us forever, when we grow fondest of them? Is it a token of love to blast our long-cherished hopes when they are about to turn into realities, to nip and kill our long-awaited joys when they are about to bloom, to heap up piercing thorns and cutting stones in our path, in the hour of our belief that all our difficulties had been overcome, and all our obstacles removed?

It is kind of the spared to speak soothingly of patience and resignation and fortitude, but, until sorrow-tried, they cannot realize how much easier it is to say: "Father, I thank you," for blessings received than for blessings taken, how much easier it is to wear a joyful face when looking up into the love-beaming countenances of our dear ones than when looking down into the open grave, down upon the lowered coffin in which lies extinguished the light of our life.

It is easy to say to the bereaved that all has a meaning and a purpose, but, try as she may, it is impossible for the stricken mother to see meaning and purpose in her bringing, amidst wearying troubles and excruciating pains, a new bud of life, a new link of affection, into this world, only to have it torn from her love-beating heart to be laid into the cold and silent grave.

The bereaved can not see meaning and purpose in their affliction.

Try as he may, it is impossible for the stricken father to see meaning and purpose in the fell and fatal blow dealt his son in the very bloom of his youth, and at the very time when he became a joy and a comfort in the home, and a sharer in all his cares and hopes and enterprises. Try as they may, it is impossible for bereaved children to see meaning and purpose in the taking of their parents from them at a time when they having attained a position in life, and having secured a competency, could be relieved of all further toil and trouble, and reward the cares of their youth and the struggles of their prime with years of ease and comfort. Try as she may, it is impossible for the lonely widow to see meaning and purpose in the wresting from her side a husband in the very prime of his youth, in whose life her life was centered, who shared her every joy and her every sorrow, who knew her every wish and her every hope, whose strong arm was her firm support, in whose counsel she trusted, in whose love she found the end and aim of her existence, and at whose side, surrounded by the fruitage of their love, she had hoped to walk yet many happy and useful years. Try as he may, it is impossible for the stricken husband to see meaning and purpose in the taking from his side and home his companion, his joy, his all, the pride of his youth, the stay of his manhood, the source of his ambitions, the end of all his strivings, the inspiration in all his undertakings, the depositary of his innermost yearnings, his peaceful haven in times of storm, his buyant comforter in days of distress, his undaunted champion in hours of attack, his over-rejoiced companion in the hours of his triumphs—more, far more, the mother of his little ones, who, even more than her husband, are still in need of her tender care and loving guidance.

Try as they may, none of these can in the first hours of their overwhelming sorrows see meaning and purpose in such visitation, nor discover the signs of love and mercy in Him who visits them. Neither can they find reason and comfort in the wisest consolations of their dearest friends. No argument can convince them of the reasonableness of what to them seems the very essence of unreasonableness. Such phrases as "All's for the best" seem but hollow mockery to their ears. Their bereavements are grievous afflictions to them, and every attempt to make their sorrows appear to them as blessings seems to them but so many empty shallow words.

The saying "All's for the best" seems hollow mockery to them

> "They cannot, cannot say,
> Out of their bruised and breaking heart,
> Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
> While blood-drops start
> From every pore, as they drag on
> 'Thy will, O God, be done!'"

And well I know that in what I have just now spoken I have but reechoed the oft-repeated claim, or given utterance to long pent-up thoughts, of many a sorrowing parent, spouse or child present here this morning. Well I know that there is nothing that I have hitherto said, and nothing that I might hereafter say, upon which the stricken would be more ready to set their stamp of approval than upon such a lament over the unreasonableness and profitlessness of human suffering.

Their rebellion pardonable yet unreasonable.

Still, even at the risk of disappointing their fond hope, or of grieving their sorrowing heart still more, I must declare that there are few beliefs more fallacious and more fatal than that of the purposelessness of suffering. And say it I must, though my own heart is breaking under the weight of a most painful bereavement. And say it I must, though I have tasted of the bitter cup of sorrow oftener than commonly falls to the share of one of my years. Only one-half of the allotted three score years and ten have passed over my head, and during these thirty years and five, I have mourned the loss of a father and a mother, of a brother and a sister, of a child—and now of a much-beloved wife, and of many a near relative and devoted friend besides. It is not as a tyro, therefore, that I speak, when suffering is my theme. It is from the fountain of well-tested personal experience that I draw my conviction, that I am stronger and better by reason of my sufferings than by reason of my joys and blessings, of which also I have had perhaps more than generally falls to the lot of one of my age.

Like the friend of Polycrates, I fear for that man most who seemingly has the least need of fear, and I deem that man as the most cursed who escapes the most the adversities of life. Since trials and tribulations are the concomitants of all earthly existence, and since their office apparently is to strengthen and to ennoble character, to quicken the intellect and to kindle the affections of the heart, to link man with man into closer bonds of fellowship,

The most blessed is generally the most cursed.

I cannot believe that the fates mean it well with those, whom they render unfit for the brotherhood of the sorrow-tried. I can but tremble for their ultimate fate. Fortune may spare them long only to crush them more completely at the final hour of striking. The cat may long toy with the mouse, but in the end its victim must feel the painful claw and tooth. Long spared and long pampered by fortune's favor, the sudden storm may overtake them wholly unprepared to resist its blasts and blows, and find them bleeding and mangled upon the ground ere it has half spent its fury.

Not so easily overcome are they, whom sorrow has early and often tried. Every new affliction clothes them in a new coat of mail. Every new darkness lights a new flame within their soul. Every new storm kindles a new warmth within their heart. Every new pain sows the seed of a new joy within their spirit. The frequency of their trials, and the bitterness of their anguish keeps them vigilant at their post and armed for the encounter. And though the storm may beat them down and lay them low, yet, when its fury has spent itself, they raise their heads like the storm-beaten flower, all the brighter and sweeter for the tears that bedew their cheeks or glisten in their eyes, or, like the storm-tossed forest tree, all the stronger and deeper-rooted for the wrench and shock of the gale, all the freer from life-sapping parasites and excrescences for the stripping blasts.

The most favored often those who writhe under the lash.

Such is the true ministry of suffering, and happy they who are thus ministered. Happy they who, if spared from crushing sorrows, and singled out by an unkind fortune for uninterrupted blessings, act upon the advice of Polycrates' friend, and of their own accord take some sorrow upon themselves. Happy they who, when finding their hearts too fondly attached to earthly joys and worldly possessions, have the courage to say, as Gertrude, the wife of Stauffacher, says in Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell:* "Wüsste ich mein Herz an zeitlich Gut gefesselt, den Brand würf' ich hinein mit eigener Hand"—"knew I my heart riveted to earthly possessions, mine own hand would cast the firebrand upon it," and saying it, translate their speech into deed. If thus we can say and act, in the belief that evil is to be dreaded as a consequence of uninterrupted prosperity, and that good must spring from sorrow, even if self-created, how much the more readily should we believe in the blessings of afflictions, when the hand that casts the firebrand upon our joys is the Hand of God.

Better a voluntary sorrow than none at all.

So convinced am I of the needfulness of human affliction, of the precious ministry of sorrow as a strengthener and ennobler of character, that with all my present anguish, and with all my painful sorrows in the years gone by, were the opportunity given me now to start my life anew, and the freedom given me to choose between a life wholly free from sorrows, or one in which the harrowing bereavements that I have endured were to repeat themselves, I would bow my head reverently, and

Rather than escape all sorrows, I would choose my afflictions over again.

fervently I would say: "Father even though the heart break, and the spirit be crushed, even though the head reel, and eyes turn into perpetual fountains of anguish, even though darkness close me in and the cruel blasts extinguish the glow and warmth of my hearth, strike, and strike again; tear, as oft as it pleases Thee, from my heart its joy, its life, its all, rather than condemn me to the heart-hardening, soul-starving, mind-dwarfing life of unbroken joys and untasted sorrows."

What is there in bereavement so hard that we should prefer a life of soul-endangering ease to surrendering one or more of our dear ones to Him, who but entrusted them to us for a little while? If we rightly analyze the grief caused by the loss af one of our own, we soon find that our mourning is more in our behalf than for those who have been taken from us. All mourning is a species of selfishness—a noble and refined selfishness—yet a selfishness withal. We weep because a grievous loss has been sustained by us, because a rare and precious gem has been wrenched from our bosom, because a being that gave us joy and delight has been taken from us to return no more. And in the nursing of our selfish sorrow we think not of the gain that has come to our departed. Blinded by our tears we see not that they that have been summoned from this earthly vale of tears are at rest, that pain can no longer rack them, nor care harass them, nor wrong grieve them, that they have passed beyond the reach of frown or threat or blow, that they are past all anxieties and pangs and heartaches.

Grief over bereavement is a refined selfishness.

Blinded by our grief, we see not even the good that is distilled for us and others from the tears we shed over those who have gone to their eternal homes. The stricken parents see not how their hearts are knitting closer together through the wound caused by the withering of the little bud of their affection. They see not how the little eyes that have closed have opened their eyes wider to each other's worth and love, and to a fuller appreciation of the sacredness of parenthood. They see not how that little mouth now hushed is preaching its eloquent sermons to the frivolous and thoughtless of the seriousness and responsibility of the marital state.

The good that tears distil for bereaved parents

The lonely widow sees not how sorrow has changed her from a weak and dependent creature to a strong aud self-acting woman, how she, who hitherto had but time and thought for herself alone, has become keen-eared and sharp-sighted to the sighs and tears of others, how the deprivation of a husband's love has compensated itself in a richer affection for her children. She sees not how her misfortune has led scores of wives to pause and to ask themselves whether they are fitted or are fitting themselves for an equal state, should an equal dispensation fall to their lot, and how scores of homes and hundreds of lives have become purer and better and happier through such reflections.

For bereaved wife.

The stricken husband sits and broods over the cruel fate that has torn asunder two beings, who had been passionately attached to each

other, and that has taken a most tender and a most self-sacrificing mother from little ones still in greatest need of her love and care. He reviews his own life, and he cannot see anything he has done or has omitted to do that has deserved such painful visitation. He reviews the life of his departed companion, and finding her the most affectionate of wives, the most self-sacrificing of helpmates, the most devoted of mothers, the most loved and lovable of friends, the most conscientious of toilers among the poor and suffering, he cannot see why one so noble and so good should be torn so young from her sphere of blessed and needed usefulness.

For bereaved husband.

Yet, would he but look within he might see how his great bereavement has mellowed his spirit, has deepened his affections, has widened his sympathies, has made him not only a better father, but also a tender mother, besides.

And would he look about, he might see the traces of a beneficial design in his affliction. Providence needs its martyrs, even as we need ours. There are times when it has a solemn and needed lesson to teach, and to impress it the more thoroughly, and to attract an apathetic public's attention all the better, it singles out special individuals conspicuous for their position and excellence, and makes them martyrs for the public good.

Could he look within the homes and hearts of the many who have heard of his bereavement, he would see a more sacred regard for the sanctity of motherhood, for the seriousness of wifehood, he would see husbands more considerate, and wives more thoughtful, and parents and children the better and happier for such thoughtfulness and consideration.

Would he pause and reflect upon the sympathies that are extended to him on all sides, and on the attentions lavished on him and his by his friends, and on the interest manifested towards him even by strangers, he would find some consolation in the thought that his loss has helped to bring man's better and nobler feelings to the surface, has turned many a foe to friend, has purged many a heart of its callousness and selfishness.

Moreover, he would draw inspiration and hope from such comforting manifestations of human sympathy. If man can evince such sincere pity for a brother's affliction, and show such eagerness to staunch the bleeding wound, to pour healing balm into the lacerated heart, surely God will do no less for His children sorely stricken by His rod. In His own time, in His own way, he will bring light again where all is darkness now, and joy where all is sorrow now—if not here, then perhaps in some other sphere, where they that have wept here below shall smile all the sweeter for their having wept, and they that have been parted here, shall clasp each other in fond embrace again, and love each other all the tenderer for their long and painful severance.

"Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps.
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps."—LONGFELLOW.

THE LOST CHORD.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 5, 1893.

A MEDITATION UPON EXODUS XXXII, 1–14.

(1) And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mountain, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we know not what is become of him.

(2) And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings which are in the ears of of your wives, of your sons, and of our daughters, and bring them unto me.

(3) And all the people break off the golden rings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron.

(4) And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt.

(5) And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said To-morrow is a feast to the Lord.

(6) And they rose up early on the morrow and offered burnt offerings, and brought peace offerings: and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

(7) And the Lord said unto Moses, Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves.

(8) They have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them: they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, these be thy gods, O Israel, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt.

(9) And the Lord said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and, behold it is a stiff necked people.

(10) Now therefore let me alone, let my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them; and I will make of thee a great nation.

(11) And Moses sought the Lord his God, and said, Lord, why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people, which thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt with great power, and with a mighty hand?

(12) Wherefore should the Egyptians speak, and say, For mischief did he bring them out, to slay them in the mountains, and to consume them from the face of the earth? Turn from thy fierce wrath, and repent of this evil against thy people.

(13) Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou swearest by thine own self, and saidst unto them, I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven; and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it forever.

(14) And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people.

You have heard the story of a young maiden sitting one evening at the organ, weary, troubled, despondent, her eyes bathed in tears, her fingers straying idly over the ivory keys. Suddenly she struck a chord the like of which she had never heard before,—so soothing, so inspiring, so celestial and so sweet. It flooded a stream of light into her darkened soul. It calmed her fevered spirit. It quietened her sorrow, and relieved her pain. Where anguish and despair had swayed before, cheer and hope held dominion now. And when it had trembled away in the dark, softly, slowly, as if it were loath to part, the maiden sought to conjure the magic spell forth again from the ivory keys,—but she sought in vain. The chord was lost to her, and lost forever.

I know not what thought, other than an association of ideas, inspired by to-day's Bible Lesson, could have recalled this sweet picture of the despondent maiden at the organ. Easily glides the mind, heavily laden with thoughts on modern irreligion, from the contemplation of the "Lost Chord" to a meditation on "The Lost God!" Often, when death's cruel arrow has pierced our home and heart, when pain and anguish writhe our soul, when our burdened thoughts run tremblingly over the awe-inspiring mysteries and perplexing problems of life, over the "whence," the "why" and the "whither," we, too sit troubled, despondent, with tearful eyes and with broken hearts. And often we, too, suddenly hear at such moments a voice, soothing and inspiring, cheering and sweet. Into our darkened souls it, too, floods a stream of light. Feelings, sublime and pure, fold us in their embrace. Visions of a sinless, painless "beyond" gladden our sight. We seem to hear the sweet and sacred anthems of the cherubim. And over them all we seem to perceive floating the Majesty of God, softly, lovingly, breathing: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, peace unto you my children. I am merciful and gracious, I will not always chide. Can the mother forget her babe? Can she help having compassion on the child of her pains? As a father pitieth his children, so pity I those that call upon me. I, even I will, heal your wounds, will cast your troubles from you, and pure as snow, and light as its flake, and illumined with the celestial light, ye shall walk again among the children of men." And when these celestial visions we behold, and to these voices sweet and cheering we listen, our fevered spirit, too, is calmed, our pains and sorrows, too, are quietened, and in our heart, erst lacerated by trouble, and anguish, and despair, the God of Love and Mercy makes His dwelling place.

But not for long. The heart that yearns for God, when in distress or pain, casts Him out, when He has lavished His blessings, when He has showered happiness and peace upon it. And crowded out, like the chord celestial, He trembles away, silently, lingeringly, so loath is He to part.

The maiden at the organ sought and sought, to conjure that celestial harmony forth again from the ivory keys. She found it not, and so she named it "The Lost Chord."

Was that chord lost? Are the combinations of harmonic tones infinite? That chord was not lost, but that depression of spirit, that heavi-

ness of heart, that sadness of soul, which made the whole being yearn after heart-swelling and soul-stirring harmonies—these states of heart and mind and soul, these, alone, were lost, after their yearnings had been answered and their anguish had been assuaged by her melodious reveries. But not the chord. She found that chord again and again? She played it over and over. But her cheered and blessed and happy heart recognized it no longer, nor felt its magic spell again.

Even so are we. Sometimes, rarely, 'tis true, yet sometimes, when revelling in wealth, in comfort, and in ease, our mind will conjure up, we know not why, yet conjure up it will, the hour or hours, the day or days gone by, when celestial light illumined our darkened soul, when seraphic hands wreathed our broken hearts with balm-distilling and hope-diffusing flowers of resignation and peace, when choruses of celestial voices lulled our troubled mind to rest, when humbly we bowed our heads, as over us floated the Majesty of God, wafting down upon us this soothing message: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, peace unto you my children. I am merciful and gracious, I will not always chide. Can the mother forget her babe? Can she help having compassion on the child of her pains? As a father pitieth his children, so pity I those that call upon me. I, even I, will heal your wounds, will cast your troubles from you, and pure as snow, and light as its flake, and illumined with the celestial light, ye shall walk again among the children of men." And when that hour or day we recall, and when perchance, we long again for that celestial light, for those feelings sublime and pure, for those visions of the yonder spheres, for that unwavering trust in Supreme Wisdom and Justice, so blinded are we by our present fortunes and pleasures, so dazzled by their tinsel and glitter, that we know not God, even though in answer to our longing He comes,—the same God, whom we so readily recognized in the hour of our trouble, on whom we leaned in our despair, and who guided us so lovingly, so gently, so encouragingly from the valley of darkness to the highlands of sunshine. We recognize him no more, for,

> . . . . . Der Glückliche glaubt nicht
> Dass noch Wunder geschehen; denn nur im Elend erkennt man
> Gottes Hand und Finger, der gute Menschen zum Guten
> Leitet.
>
> GOETHE: *Herman und Dorothea.*

Our arrogant soul has forgotten Him. Our proud and presumptuous intellect looks not up, but sneeringly down upon Him as a childish fancy, as a nursery tale, as a poet's frenzy, or as a priest's invention. Our ungrateful heart refuses Him admittance, apologetically stammering something about "No vacancy." Pride, and avarice, fear of being thought religious, fear of being thought unphilosophical and unscientific, these have taken lodgings within its chambers and fill all its space. And so, when His coming in the hour of our happiness and fortune, fails to fill us with that celestial beatitude, with which He brought to us in the hour of sorrow, we, too, name Him, "The Lost God."

It is this that to-day's Bible lesson teaches. Forgotten was the God who heard Israel's cry of anguish and despair in Egypt. Forgotten was the God who delivered them from bondage. Forgotten was the God who led them safely through the surging billows of the Red Sea. Forgotten was the God to whom they had sacredly pledged unswerving loyalty and implicit obedience. Prosperity shone upon them, and they lost their God and worshipped gold, and exultingly they shouted: "This is the God who brought us from the land of Egypt; this is the God who delivered us from cruel bondage, and turned our sorrow into gladness."

Man's gold worship begins here, and before the shrine of Mammon many still bow their head and bend their knee. Gold still divides the honors with God in our worship. With us the rule seems to be: Finding Gold we lose our God, losing Gold we find our God. Gold and God seldom exist together within the home, within the shop, even within the church itself. Gold hardens small souls as the fire hardens clay, and reduces them to about the same value.

Nor is this only true of the Past. Gold and God have rarely existed side by side in Israel's History. In the dark days of our persecutions, when a hostile world trampled upon us, denied us human rights, lowered us to outcasts and pariahs, in those dark days of trials and tribulations, when anguish and despair gnawed at our heart, and our soul fed night and day on gall and wormwood, then we said: "God is our strength, and God is our delight." Now that He has broken the fetters of our thraldom, now that He has brought us from the wretched hovels of the enforced ghetto to our comfortable homes on the broad avenues, now that He has restored unto us our human rights, has blessed our handi-work, has surrounded us with happiness and peace, we say: "In the hour of our distress God was our strength and our delight. In the hour of our prosperity Gold is our strength and delight. God had his day, let Gold have its day now. Whenever it shall come to pass, that persecution shall again strike us low, that trouble and sorrow and despair shall harrow up our soul, or worse still, that the closing hour of life shall draw nigh, that death shall whet his ruthless scythe upon our threshhold, that we shall helplessly gaze upon the idol of our heart struggling hopelessly with fell disease, that we shall stand at the brink of the open grave, into which the light and hope of our life is lowered, when we shall be made to see the folly of worshipping profitless gold, then shall we find again our "lost God." Time enough to turn to God in our sorrow. In our joy: "All Hail to thee, Thou most potent Gold."

Verily, in this golden age of ours, the most blessed since Jerusalem was razed to the ground, the most blessed since the bleeding remnant of Israel was forced to take the staff of exile and roam, with halting gait and with aching heart the wide world over, everywhere despised, everywhere scorned and scoffed, kicked and cuffed, hissed and hooted, in these blessed days of freedom and tolerance, the God of Israel has become to many of the prosperous among us a "*Kaddish* God," a "Mourner's God," simply this, and only this, if even this, and nothing more.

The calamitous evil of losing God in prosperity's sunny hour, which first inflicted itself upon mankind in the Sinaic wilderness, as we are made to see by our to-day's Bible lesson, has inflicted it ever since. It has not exempted us. It has been a plague spot throughout Israel's tragic History, and its contagion still lurks in our midst. We are prosperous now, and many among us speak of a "Lost God." What need have they of a God to-day? Religion's comforting, elevating, sanctifying guidance, they need not. Thank Him for blessings lavishly showered upon them, they will not, for they themselves are the authors of their fortunes, and not God. They themselves, not He, have called forth their health, and peace and happiness. They themselves, not He, have made their name and fame illustrious abroad and at home. Why should they thank Him? This is the peculiar characteristic of gold. Its glitter perverts the sight, till the little imp of man sees himself a God, and it magnifies his feeble strength, till he deems himself the creator and controller of all he calls his own.

> Commerce has set the mark of selfishness;
> The signet of its all-enslaving power
> Upon a shining ore, and called it Gold:
> Before whose image bow the vulgar great,
> The vainly rich, the miserable proud,
> The mob of peasants, nobles, priests and kings,
> And with blind feelings reverence the power
> That grinds them to the dust of misery.
> But in the temple of their hireling hearts
> Gold is a living God, and rules in scorn
> All earthly things but virtue.
>
> SHELLEY—QUEEN MAB. Pt. V, St. 4.

Somewhere I read, I cannot now recall where, this thoughtful legend. As the Angel Gabriel sat one early morn at heaven's gate, the Angel of Petition and the Angel of Thanksgiving passed him by, both bearing baskets.

"Brethren mine," asked Gabriel, "whither wing ye your flight, and why these baskets?" "Towards earth we hie," answered the Angel of Thanksgiving, whose hamper was nigh as big as he, "I, to gather man's thanksgivings, in return for our Father's blessings." "And I," added the Angel of Petition, whose basket was very small, "to gather man's petitions, and to lay them before the throne of mercy." Gabriel significantly smiled, as he bade them depart in peace.

With the setting of the sun the angels returned. But each appeared to be in trouble sore. The basket of the Angel of Petition was filled to its very top, even his arms were laden with man's wants and supplications and entreaties. The Angel of Thanksgiving lowered his eyes in shame, as Gabriel gazed upon his empty hamper. Then spoke the Angel Gabriel: "When again you go on missions such as these, change your baskets. Ever take the largest basket in which to gather men's petitions. But to gather their thanks for prayers answered, for health restored, for

blessings bestowed, for happiness granted, for peace and love of home, always take the smallest basket."

O, that I had the pleading tongue of Moses! Oh, that I could plead with our prosperous godless as successfully as Moses plead with God, and like him produce among them so blessed a change! Oh that I could convince them that they have lost their God in finding Gold, even though they argue that their name stands conspicuously among the congregation's membership, that they contribute handsomely towards the maintenance of Israel's cause, that they *believe* in God, even though they *worship* Him not.

They that believe in God worship Him, too. True belief makes true worship a necessity. As little as a child can love its mother, or a wife her husband, without giving in some form external manifestation of it, so little can man love God without in some form giving expression of it in worship. The bulk of our prosperous, wherever they may be, worship not, they seek not God, they want Him not. Whatever belief in Him they profess, lives upon their lips, but not within their heart of heart. The God of Israel, the God of our fathers, the God who redeemed us, and sent through us light unto the nations of the earth, the God who has so guided and shielded us, that we still live even though a whole world was arrayed against us two thousand years or more, the God who has done all this and still surrounds them with blessings lives not in their heart. And as their number is great, and their example greater, great has become the fashion of speaking of a "Lost God." Hence the accusation so often charged against us, that the people that have given the God-idea to the world are becoming the people, which, of all peoples, believe in Him the least.

Let us awaken to our duty. There is danger in godless prosperity. Fortune's favorites ever stand at the brink of a yawning abyss. Unless well poised by religious principles, and stayed by the Hand of God, the balance is soon lost, and man and fortune sink into the horrible depths.

> "Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
> All joys, but joys that never can expire.
> Who builds on less than an immortal base,
> Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death."
>
> —YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.*

Let us learn to know and love our God, even in our prosperity. Let us admit Him to our heart even when health and wealth, when peace and freedom hold us in their sweet embrace, and we shall find that blessed as God is in adversity, thrice blessed is He in prosperity. Firm in our belief in God in the hour of our joy, we will not waver, nor despair, nor fall beneath our load, should the hours of sorrow suddenly come upon us. We will stand unmoved amidst the wreck and ruin; and lift our heads heavenward all the more trustfully, all the more hopefully, the deeper our hearts are bowed down. Our good old Franklin was right when he said: "Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has the

more he wants. Instead of its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way." That was a true proverb of the wise man, rely upon it: "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith."

With God in our heart, blessings and beauties will flash forth from our wealth and happiness, such as they never showed before. With God in our heart, the roaring cataracts and the snow-clad peaks, the laughing rivulets and the warbling birds, the marvels of the earth and the splendors of the firmament, will speak to us as they never spoke before. With God in our heart, our earthly blessing will indeed be a blessing unto us. Temptations, such as beset prosperity's path will not ensnare us, and we shall know how best to make prosperity a noble means to a still nobler end, a means toward elevating and sanctifying ourselves and others. With God living in our heart, a wife's love and a husband's devotion, a maiden's blush of innocence, and a youth's manliness, the pratling babes, those "sweet blossoms of humanity fresh fallen from God's own home to flower the earth," and our blessed home, these all, will wreathe our brow with holiness and fill our hearts with joy. Holy! Holy! Holy! will God be unto us. Holy! Holy! Holy! will we be unto God. So strive for it, O man. So grant it, O God. Amen.

Sabbath for Man—Not Man for Sabbath.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 12, 1893.

לכם שבת מסורה ואין אתם מסורים לשבת

("The Sabbath has been delivered to you, not you to the Sabbath.")

—MECHILTA: *Ki Thissa.*

From various quarters the question has come to me whether or not the World's Fair at Chicago should be open to visitors on Sundays. These inquiries have somewhat puzzled me. I cannot understand why such a question should be put to a Rabbi, whose Sabbath is, according to the Biblical command, on the seventh day of the week, on Saturday, and to whom therefore the opening or closing of the Columbian Exposition on the first day of the week cannot be expected to be of much concern. A question whether or not the World's Fair should be open on Saturdays would come with better grace to a Rabbi, and would find me in an easier position to give the proper answer. To such a question I would reply at once, and with no uncertain voice: "Yes, open wide the gates of your Fair on your Sabbaths, even as you open wide the portals of your Temples. Reduce the admission price on your Sabbaths, and deck the grounds in their holiday attire on those days, to attract the people all the more to your exhibits. The commandment bids the people to keep their Sabbaths holy, and what can be a holier way of keeping the Sabbath than feasting one's eye on the wonders of man's skill in the trades and arts and sciences, and elevating one's spirit in the contemplation of the glories and marvels of God's handiwork.

Shall the Fair be open on the Sabbath-Day?

Some worshipper of the letter of Scriptures might interpose here the question: "What of the other injunction of the Fourth Commandment that prohibits work on the Seventh Day, since keeping the Fair open on Sundays necessitates the running of the machinery, the employment of laborers, clerks and officers."

Objected to on the ground of necessitating work.

True, this is an objection, but the same objection may be raised against keeping the House of Worship open on the Sabbath, for this, too, necessitates work on the part of preacher and choir, of sexton and janitor, of horse and driver that bring the distant and fashionable worshipper to the service. I am familiar with the arguments that are advanced by church-people in

Same objection valid against the church.

justification of such labor on the Sabbath-day, and I acknowledge their validity, too. The same argument I advance in justification of the labor required in running the Fair on the Sabbath. For there are places, other than the church, in which God may be worshipped on the Sabbath-day, and there are men, other than preachers, who make such worship possible, and there are means, other than church-attendance, that secure for man the spiritual elevation for which the Sabbath was instituted. If the labor connected with the running of the church on the Sabbath-day is justified on the ground that whatever ministers to man's spiritual nature is not to be considered as work, then must the labor connected with running a World's Fair on the Sabbath be equally regarded, for it, like the church, ministers to what is noblest and best in man.

Such a question anachronistic today.

It is a sad testimonial to our mental emancipation that the question of the rightfulness of opening the World's Fair on the Sabbath should be raised at the threshold of the twentieth century. Much I doubt whether it could have been raised twenty centuries ago in the city of Jerusalem, without arousing laughter and ridicule. Sabbath restrictions, such as pester our lives, had then not yet been heard of. The Sabbath then was yet as Isaiah designated it, a joy and a delight, a day, eagerly looked forward to and sorrowfully parted from, not as now, a day of gloom, whose coming is dreaded by many, and whose going is awaited by them with eagerness. The Sabbath then was regarded as an institution created for the benefit of man, and not man as an institution created for the benefit of the Sabbath. It was man's helpful servant, not his tyrannical master. It came to rest and to recreate him, to restore his wasted energy, to smoothen out his wrinkles by gladdening his heart and rejoicing his spirit with healthful exercise and joyful sport and happy family reunions, instead, as now, of confining him morning, noon and evening within the gloomy church, of closing against him all places of amusement, of interdicting innocent sports and games even within the home, of regarding secular song and music and worldly conversation as sinful, of torturing man with a mass of restrictions and observances that make the Day of Rest more burdensome than any of the six working-days of the week.

To the Jews the Sabbath a Holy- and a Holiday.

And even though a more rigorous form of Sabbath observance infused itself into Judaism after the *Dispersion* and shortly before it, yet barring a few erratic sects, it never degenerated into the gloomy and austere Sabbath of Puritanic Christianity. To the Jew the Sabbath always was, as it is now, part Holy Day and part Holiday. He knows of no other real restriction on the Day of Rest beyond the prohibition against doing the servile work in which he is engaged during the other six days of the week, or of other work equally taxing. He satisfies his religious craving on the Sabbath-day, but no less his recreative needs. Custom and Law even enjoin it upon him to rejoice on the Seventh Day. They command the use of soul-cheering lights, of heart-gladdening wines, of blood-quickening spices. They require the best viands for the table, and the best attire

for the body, and song and social entertainment and recreative sports for pastime. They bid him to welcome the Sabbath as his spiritual brid e, and to enjoy during its stay a spiritual nuptial feast. They name it the spice that makes the other six days palatable, the rainbow that wreathes the care-laden days of the week with a celestial glory. The *Midrash* makes the Jew to apply to himself the words of *Sulamith*, in the *Song of Songs*. "I am black but comely," meaning, "I am black, bowed down and disfigured by care and toil during the week-days, but on the Sabbath-day I am comely," and on this thought Heine, the brilliant poet, has written some of his happiest verses.* The Jew of to-day attends theatres and concerts on the Sabbath-day, visits museums and libraries, sends his children to the dancing-schools and to the parks. And when surrounded by an overwhelming majority who observe the first day of the week as their Sabbath-Day, yielding to necessity and environment, he falls into line with his Christian neighbor, and makes the Sunday his Day of Rest, in the assurance that it is not the particular day that God cares about, as long as one day out of the seven is kept as a Sabbath-day, and is consecrated to physical rest and recreation, and to spiritual sanctification and elevation.

I grant that the Puritanic Christian would be justified in enforcing upon others his austere form of Sabbath observance, if he could establish the following three claims: *first*, that the Sabbath is of Divine origin; *secondly*, that Sunday is the divinely instituted day; *thirdly*, that a gloomy and ascetic form of Sabbath observance is the divine command. But he will prove neither of these claims, since all three of them are contrary to historic fact.

The Sabbath institution is older than the Scriptures, older than monotheism, and the Sabbath observer trod the earth long before Christian or Jew appeared upon the scenes. Long before the Decalogue resounded from Sinai's heights, Chaldeans, Phœnicians, and many other peoples divided their years into lunar moons, and their moons into weeks of seven days, and consecrated each day to the rule of a special deity, and made of the seventh day a special festal day. Whatever credit be due to Jews and Christians for having given to the Sabbath a higher purpose and meaning, we cannot deny to primitive heathen peoples the credit of having instituted the weekly Day of Rest and Recreation and Worship, and with having dowered subsequent civilization with this priceless boon of humanity.

The Sabbath of Heathen origin.

As to *Sunday* being the divinely instituted Sabbath-day, that of course is totally devoid of historic truth. *Saturday* was and is the Seventh Day of the week, and that day alone was singled out and consecrated by the Scriptures as the Day of Rest. The Seventh Day, and that day alone, was observed by Moses and by the Prophets, by the Rabbis and by the early Fathers of the Church as the Sabbath Day, and the change from

Saturday the Scriptural Sabbath.

* *Princessin Sabbath.*

Saturday to Sunday was not effected till long after the establishment of the Christian church, partly to differ from the Jewish church, and partly to please the Græco-Roman converts, who were in the habit of celebrating their Sabbath on the first day of the week, on Apollo's day, on the day sacred to the sun. The Sunday-Sabbath has, therefore, neither Divine authority nor Scriptural sanction, and all the sanctimonious claims for it as the only divinely designated and only acceptable Sabbath-day are totally unfounded.

No Biblical warrant for a gloomy Sabbath.

As to the third claim, that only a gloomy and ascetic mode of Sabbath observance is pleasing to God, this is as unfounded as are the other claims, already touched upon. The Bible knows nothing of a puritanic Sabbath. It simply commands man to abstain one day out of seven from hard labor, and to keep that day holy, and holiness, in the Biblical sense, is applicable to everything that sanctifies and elevates man's heart and soul and mind. Nowhere in the Bible can we find the declaration that properly keeping the Sabbath holy consists in attending church three times a day, and in listening as many times to long and lugubrious sermons, in looking sour and feeling sour, and in making others look and feel sour, from sunrise till bed time, in denying oneself every lawful pleasure and pastime, in barring the doors of educational institutions and of places of amusements, and in yet other restrictions as irksome and as absurd as these.

If puritanic Sabbath right then are leaders of the church heretics.

If this be the Biblical sense of holiness, then surely ought Isaiah and Nehemiah, Jesus and Paul, be summoned before the heresy tribunal, and be condemned as heretics, for their words clearly indicate that they looked to the Sabbath to rest and to relax and to rejoice them, and not to burden them still more. If this be the Biblical sense of holiness, then surely ought the early Fathers, and the subsequent Leaders, of the church be summoned before the heresy tribunal, and be condemned as heretics. It was Tertullian who wrote: "We Christians celebrate the Lord's Day as a joyful day. On it we think it wrong to fast or to kneel in prayer." Chrysostom dismissed his congregation with the advice to "resume their respective ordinary occupations." Constantine issued an edict in which he made it lawful for husbandmen "to attend to the cultivation of the fields on the venerable day of the sun, lest by delay the opportunity granted by the favor of heaven should be lost." St. Jerome wrote: "The day is not a day of fasting but a day of joy; the Church has always considered it a day of joy, and none but heretics have thought otherwise." Luther wrote: "If anywhere the Sabbath is made holy for the mere day's sake, then I order you to work and to dance and to ride on it—to do anything that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit of liberty." Calvin, in lecturing to his students on the blessings of the Sabbath, said to them: "Keep the Lord's Day, unless men in authority command you to keep it; then break it as an evidence of your liberty!" Zwingli said: "It is lawful on the Lord's Day, after

divine service, for any man to pursue his labors," and Beza, successor to Calvin, wrote: "No cessation of work on the Lord's Day is required of Christians."*

Nothing can be clearer, therefore, than that there is no Scriptural warrant for refusing admission to the World's Fair to those, who prefer to inform their minds and to elevate their heart and soul by viewing and by studying the exhibits on the Sabbath-Day, to exhibiting themselves within some church, or to boring themselves to death at home. And even if there were such Scriptural warrant, that would not yet empower Congress or the officers of the World's Fair to keep the gates of the Columbian Exposition closed on Sundays. It might be a reason for keeping those away to whom Palestinian institutions of three thousand years ago are still binding, but it would be a wrong to deny admission to those to whom the laws and institutions of Palestines are no more binding than those of the Medes and Persians.

No Scriptural warrant for closing World's Fair on Sundays.

If the World's Fair were an adjunct of some puritanic church, then the church authorities would have a right to open or close it whenever they pleased. But since it is to be a national affair with international ambitions, since it is to be conducted under the sanction and patronage of the United States government, the rightfulness or wrongfulness of keeping the Fair open on Sundays, considered from the religious point of view, must at once be dropped, for our Constitution has wisely divorced Church from State. All that our Government can do is to permit every one to stay away, who thinks it a wrong to visit a Fair on Sundays. And all that the Church, that is opposed to Sunday-opening, can do is to prohibit its members from attending the Fair on that day, and to excommunicate those who do. But it has no right to demand of the Government to require all the people to conform to its religious beliefs and practices, neither has our Government a right to listen to such demands, much less to enact them. It cannot do so without committing treason against the Constitution of our land, without effecting a union between Church and State, without making dangerous distinctions between its people, without compelling some of its people, to whom it has pledged equal rights and privileges to surrender their rights to the peculiar religious views of others of its people.

The World's Fair not an adjunct of the Church.

The Fair has nothing to do with the people's religious beliefs. Its object is to exhibit to visitors specimens of American products and handicrafts. Its managers have no right to say to the people: "If you will not visit the grounds during the six working-days, you shall not see them on the Day of Rest." But the people have a right to say: "Six days have been given us for work, and one day for rest and recreation and elevation. We have faithfully worked during the six working-days, we now seek lawful recreation and instruction within these Fair-grounds on

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* See Cox, *Sabbath Laws*.

this our weekly Day of Rest. Deny it to us, and our boasted liberty is a travesty, and our much-paraded Government "of the people by the people, for the people" is a cringing slave of a fanatical priesthood."

The laborer has the right to demand the opening of the Fair on Sundays.

The poor laborer is not only justified in denouncing the closing of the World's Fair on Sundays, but his is also the right to demand its being kept open on his only Day of Rest and Recreation in the week. And his demand must be respected. He has not, like the rich man the privilege, to leave his work whenever it pleases him to visit the Fair. Necessity compels him to toil hard from dawn to dusk six days in the week. If he stops one day it is at the loss of a day's wages or at the risk of losing his place, neither of which he can afford. A generous employer may let him off once or twice, for half a day or a day, during the exhibit, without deducting it from his wages. But this couple of half days or days does not satisfy the laborer, neither is his employer's generosity agreeable to him. Though poor, he does not wish to be looked upon as a charity-subject. He asks for no vacations at his employer's expense, and he wants none. Civilized society has set aside for him one day each week, on which to satisfy, at the least possible loss, his recreative and intellectual and spiritual cravings, and none but a tyrant or a fanatic or a brute can rob him of it. Though poor, he is as desirous of feasting his eyes and of delighting his heart and of informing his mind on the wonders of the Fair, and as often as possible, as the richest man. It was for him as much as for the rich man that the Columbian Exposition was determined upon. He is to profit from it, and is likely to profit more from it than the rich man. How is he to derive any good from it when during his six working-days he cannot attend, and during his weekly Day of Rest he is not allowed to pass within its gates?

The invited foreigner has a right to the same demand.

There is yet another injustice in connection with closing the World's Fair on Sundays. We have invited to our exhibit foreigners, whose ways and views, in many respects, are not like ours. We have promised them hospitable treatment. We have invited them from countries, where the Sunday is observed as half Holy Day and Half Holiday, where not only the Churches are kept open on the Sabbath-Day but also the Fairs and Museums, the Art Galleries and the Libraries, the Theatres and the Concert Halls, the Caffés and the Saloons, and where, despite such license, the people are as religious and moral and cultured as are ours. But after we have them here, we turn sour and surly hosts. When the Sunday comes, the day they are accustomed to welcome as their weekly festival, we shut the gates of our Exposition, and say to them: "On this day you must feel as sour and look as sour as we do. You must imagine yourselves suffering from religious dyspepsia, and from the effects of undigested New England pork-and-bean-theology. You must forget that you are men of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Florence, and imagine yourselves lineal descendants of the Witch-burners and Quaker-hangers of Puritan Massachussetts. You must seek gloom, and not cheer on the

Holy Sabbath-day. You must go to church on that day, and, at the peril of your soul, you must not go near the Exposition grounds. You must not look at any pictures, save those to be found in the Bible, nor at any statue, lest it be the attitudinizing preacher in the pulpit, nor at any fineries or jewelries, save those exhibited on the persons of the occupants of the front pews."

Disgusted with such a mode of Sabbath observance, and heartily seconded in their disgust by thousands and tens of thousands of our own people, finding the Exposition closed, and church-attendance repellent, and time hanging heavy on their hands, is it to be wondered at that, seeing the saloons and dives wide open, they should resort to them for pastime, and find themselves at the close of the Sabbath-day, religiously, morally, physically, infinitely worse than they would have been amidst the uplifting sights and sceneries of the World's Fair?

Close the Fair and you open the dive.

Look at it from whatever point of view we please, we cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that all this outcry against keeping the World's Fair open on Sundays smacks too much after bigotry and intolerance to be heeded by the American people. All this clamor about people being required to work on the Sabbath-Day, if the Fair is kept open, is but a piece of hypocrisy, for, if for that reason the Fair is to be kept closed on Sundays, the Churches must be kept closed on the same day for the same reason, so that janitor and sexton, singer and preacher may abstain from work. And for the same reason the people must be required to stay in bed and fast all day Sunday, that cook and maid and coachman and streetcar driver, and milkman and baker, may be free from labor. And no one must get sick on that day, so that physician and druggist may not be obliged to work. Furthermore, since they believe God prohibited every kind of work on the Sabbath, they must enter their protest against His permitting on Sundays the sun to rise and set, the earth to revolve, the winds to blow, the rain to fall, the water to flow, the plants to grow, the pulse to beat, the mind to think, the eyes to see, the ears to hear, and ten thousand other things in nature that work on Sabbath as on week-days.

The objection to Sunday Opening nothing but bigotry.

It is time that we have done with such Sabbath intolerance. It is time that we permit to everyone the right to spend his Sabbaths as he pleases, as long as he does not interfere with the rest and quiet of those, who wish to keep it puritanically. It is time that church-people begin to understand that the Sabbath is an institution prompted and maintained by the needs of our physical nature, and that, without the need of the lash of the church, man will keep his Day of Rest and Recreation and Elevation. It is time that church-members begin to realize that a Puritanic Subbath cannot be forced down the peoples' throats, and that the only effect such procedure can have is to deaden people altogether against the religious phase of the Sabbath. It is time for them to admit that their evil pro-

Highest time that such intolerance cease.

phecies at the occasion of the opening of Art Galleries and Libraries on Sundays have not been fulfilled, that churches have not been emptied nor prisons filled as a consequence of the peoples' crowding the Halls of Art and Learning on the Sabbath-Days.

It is time for Chicago, the Metropolis of the West, justly famed for her boldness and progressiveness, to declare to the people at home and abroad, that her Fair will be open week-days and Sabbaths, even as her churches, that visitors will find the exhibit on Sabbath-Days as recreative and instructive and elevating, as the services at the churches, and that those who have religious scruples against attending the Fair on Sundays, will, by staying away, save themselves the trouble of coming and going away, have half a dollar more for their church collection box, and satisfy their consciences besides.

Give—While You Live.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 19, 1893.

"When he dieth he can take nothing away; his glory will not descend after him."

—PSALM XLIX, 18.

"If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bow,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee."

—SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*, Act III, Scene, I.

Living, dying, dead, the recently deceased Mr. Jay Gould was one of the most disliked of men. Living, he counted his dollars by the tens of millions,—but his friends and well-wishers scarcely by the units. Dying, not a tear of sympathy was shed by any save by members of his immediate family. Dead but three months, and save his immediate family, but few think of him, and these only with contempt. The proverbial advantages of wealth certainly failed in his case. To him it brought neither friends, nor honors, nor joys. The world hated him in life; the world despises him in death.

Gould—one of the most disliked of men.

What crimes did he commit to deserve such hatred and contempt? His name appears not on the books of the criminal courts. When preachers speak of notorious infidels and blasphemers, or of bloody warriors and murderous anarchists, his name figures not among them. He was a communicant of a church, was buried with religious rites, which naturally leads us to suppose that he must have subscribed to the tenets of his church, and must have followed its main teachings, or else he would surely have been expelled. What, then, did he do, or omit to do, to have merited the unenviable distinction of having been one of the most thoroughly hated rich men that ever infested Wall Street, and of being one of the most thoroughly despised dead men who moulder in their graves to-day?

To what is this dislike to be charged?

Mr. Jay Gould was not guilty of any crime, in the technical meaning of that word, nor of any commission or omission that would debar him from membership in the church or stock-exchange. The charge raised against him is that of having accumulated a vast amount of money, and of having kept it all for himself and his.

The contemptuous regard in which Mr. Gould was held during life, and in which his name is held to-day, can hardly be attributable to the first part of this charge, to his accumulation of a vast fortune. Other men have heaped up enormous wealth, and yet have enjoyed a good name during their life, and at their death have received the blessings of thousands. Whatever my own opinions may be as to some of the modern methods employed in the building up of gigantic fortunes, I am not so carried away by them as to join the ranks of those, in whose eyes the acquisition of wealth is a theft. I have never heard this argument advanced by any other but anarchists and idlers or visionaries, and I have never attached any greater value to it than I have to their character.

Not chargeable to his money-making.

Money-making—within the limits of the law—is a virtue, and the money-maker is a blessing-maker. He is not, as is commonly believed: the favored child of fickle fortune. He is a creature of a stern destiny. He is because he has to be, because civilization has need of him, because it could not have arisen, nor can it continue, without him. He is because Providence endows him with the talent of accumulation, puts him under the necessity of scheming and planning, of toiling and worrying, of acquiring and saving, of grasping and heaping, that the more favored mortals: the spared from wealth and its laborious pursuits, may reap the benefits thereof. He is sent among men as the busy bee, ceaselessly and eagerly to gather the honey that society may enjoy the sweets thereof. It is because of his existence and his arduous toil, because of his restlessness by day and wakefulness by night, because of his gathering together and piling up what would dribble through the fingers of the improvident, and go to waste, that the bulk of us enjoy to-day great blessings at a small outlay, that we can stock our homes with comforts and luxuries, make them as pleasant in winter as in summer, and as bright at night as at day, travel across continents and oceans as comfortably and as safely as we walk across our floors, converse with our friends, living hundreds of miles away, as conveniently as if they were in the same room, and communicate with those thousands of miles distant as speedily as with those living at the other end of town.

Money-making is a virtue.

The money-accumulators, the Rothschilds, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, of former times and of the present day, they it was, who made possible the discovery of new countries and the opening up of new lands, the levelling and tunnelling and shafting of mountains, the spanning of rivers, the watering of deserts, the laying of rails and the stretching of wires. It is they who have created the Stephensons and the Fultons, the Morses and the Edisons. It is they who feed and clothe and shelter the millions, by keeping forge and loom and furnace in ceaseless motion, and by re-investing their painfully accumulated profits in new industries and enterprises that give employment to new hands.

Money-accumulators are benefactors.

This constant running down of the capitalist argues ignorance as much as ingratitude, and is caused more by envy than by any real hatred of money. Given a chance for money-making, and the former denouncer of wealth becomes its most abject slave. It is as much of a balm to envious poverty to rail at the capitalist as it is a comfort to envious mediocrity to belittle the man of genius. Ever since that unfortunate sentence was launched upon the world, that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," it has pleased malcontents and dreamers and visionaries to speak of wealth as a synonym for crime, and of poverty as a synonym for virtue. There is much crime among the rich, and there is much virtue among the poor, but, taking each as a class, I will take my chances on finding more virtue among the rich than among the poor. The rich generally has on his side education, decent surroundings, opportunity of gratifying his wants,—the poor is generally burdeued down by ignorance, by unwholesome environment, by ungratified wants, that give him an unequal chance in his struggle against vice and crime. One is more apt to bury his virtue beneath a pile of filth than beneath a pile of gold, and one is more likely to stray from the right while engaged in squandering his money than while hoarding it, and one is surer of entrance into the kingdom of heaven by accumulating the means that shall place him beyond the snares of want, than by exposing himself to all the evils of poverty, through a lack of industry and thrift and economy. If a virtuous life you would lead, and you have the choice between wealth and poverty, be advised: strive after honest wealth. You will find it the safer and shorter road towards your goal, and an able assistant besides in leading others into the path of rectitude.

Decrying of wealth is the folly of fools.

It is not in Mr. Gould's vast money-accumulations, therefore, that we ought to seek the cause of the contemptuous regard in which he was held. The real cause is to be found in the other part of the charge: in his accumulating his vast fortune for himself and his alone. The world might even have lauded to the sky his money-making propensity had he but put his fortune to a nobler use, had he but permitted his fellowmen, who aided him in the making of it, to share its benefits, had he but dealt out a fraction of his vast annual income to educational or charitable institutions, or had he lightened the burden of suffering mortals by occasional distributions of even but a few crumbs, that fell from his treasure-laden tables. His offense lay not in his *money-making* but in his *money-keeping*. The thinking world has no fault to find with the man, who *makes* all he can, and *saves* all he can, providing he also *gives* all he can. Mr. Gould succeeded most wonderfully in *making* and *saving*, but he failed most ignominiously in *giving*. His doctrine was: *Make all you can, Save all you can, Keep all you can*, and his whole life, unto its very end, proved the sincerity of his belief. Not a single educational or charitable institution is any the richer for the treasures he had heaped up, nor is a single suf-

No sin in money-making but in money-keeping.

fering mortal the happier for his having possessed a fortune, which he could not have spent in 10,000 years, even at a sumptuous mode of life. The world despised him not for what he did but for what he omitted to do. Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the honesty of the methods he employed in the heaping up of his stocks and bonds, all are agreed that he was most dishonest in selfishly appropriating them for himself alone, in stealing from society its just due, in depriving its poor and suffering of a portion of his wealth, after it had afforded him for years every opportunity and safety for building up his fabulous fortune.

It is not money, but its misuse, that is a curse. It is not the possession of wealth, but the being possessed by it, that is an evil. Looked upon as a means to a good end, it is a life-and health-and happiness-dispensing elixir; regarded as an end in itself, it is a heart-hardening, soul-withering, conscience-slaying poison. Trusted in as a god, it turns man to devil; regarded as only held in trust for the good of others, it turns man to angel. It is the noble use of money that alone can give it nobility; every other use makes it contemptible. It is the philanthropic use of one's possessions that give the true measure of one's wealth. Not he, that has the largest bank account, but he that makes the largest deposits of benevolence in the hearts and homes of the people, is the richest man. The philanthropist, whose income is but $5000 a year, is a richer man than the miser, who yearly adds $50,000 to his pile, and the poor man, who conscientiously devotes to benevolence the tithe of his annual wages of $500, is richer than both.

Not money but the misuse of money is a curse.

That capitalist alone is to be praised, and no other, who, true to his accumulating propensity, with which he has been sent into this world, makes all he can, and saves all he can, during the working years of his life, to further the material interests of society, and who, when he has reached the end of his accumulating years, honestly devotes the hoarded product of his toil to society's educational and charitable interests. If he postpones his beneficence till after death, he deprives himself of the only joy that wealth can give. If he has not the satisfaction of seeing and overseeing with his own eyes the good that his philanthropy is doing, if he sees not his reward of years' of hard toil in the tears of gratitude shed by those whom his beneficence has relieved from want and pain, in the halls of learning and art, which his liberality has called into existence, he has had less benefit from his toil and wealth than the humblest recipient of his posthumous benefactions.

The proper rule: Make all you can; Save all you can; Give all you can.

I have never been able to join very heartily in the praise of those who palliate the niggardness of a life time by liberal posthumous bequests. I have little patience with men that live like devils and die like saints. If the man who, having much to give, gives nothing, neither before, nor after, death, is to be despised, then the best that I can say for the man, whose charity

There is little charity in posthumous bequests.

begins when the power of holding on to his wealth has ended, is: that he is to be pitied. I am delighted with his gift, but I have little gratitude for the giver. Let his gift be ever so liberal, I suspect his motive. I cannot regard his charity in the light of true benevolence. It is not the prompting of pure love. It lacks the spirit of sacrifice. He gives what he cannot keep, what he might never have given, if he had thought it would be of the slightest use to him in the grave. He has the alternative between giving all to his heirs, and throwing a lump to the poor, by taking a pinch from the share of each. He is charitable at the expense of others. His wealth is his own only as long as he lives; by giving of it after death he only gives of what belongs to others. He may even be charitable only to the spite of others. He may have had as little love for his heirs, especially if they be somewhat remote, as he has had regard for the poor while he lived, and perhaps the only joy that his wealth ever afforded him was the thought of the disappointment he would cause his heirs at the reading of his last will. That a man should seek to atone, by means of posthumous charity, the neglects of a life-time, or care for public opinion at a time when it can no longer effect him, after displaying a most callous indifference to it all his life, or leave to the chances of being frivolously wasted what he had miserly hoarded throughout many years, or of being misapplied what he had economically husbanded, or wholly set aside by cunning heirs and sharp lawyers, through some flaw in the will or through some technicality of law, all these are freaks of nature that are as sad to contemplate as they are difficult to explain.

If you have money to give, give it while you live, give it while you may yet reap the joys of your giving. Let not death be the dispenser of your charity, when you can do it better and wiser yourselves. Wait not till the time when it is no longer in your power to prevent the miscarrying of your wishes, or the misapplication or misuse of your funds. Wait not till severe sickness suddenly comes upon you as a reminder that you have money to give away. The notice may come too late. I once officiated at a funeral of a man, who died wifeless and childless. Of friends there were but few present; of expectant heirs there were many. Not a sigh or sob interrupted the service; not a tear was shed by any one present as a sign of regret over the departure of the deceased. After the funeral, the will was read. It was a magnificent document. Nearly all of his considerable wealth was bequeathed to charity,—but, of all of it never a cent was received. The Law requires a will to be made at least a month before death, and but three weeks had passed since the making of the will. His fortune went to relatives, with most of whom he had lived on unfriendly terms, with some of them in bitter hostility, and one of the chief heirs was one, whose presence at the funeral had been prohibited by the deceased before his death.

Give—While you Live.

And even when your will is made in ample time, and by the most skilled of attorneys, you are not yet sure that your wish may not be

Posthumous giving often frustrated.

frustrated. What better proof of this do we need than the long wrangles and costly lawsuits over the will of so eminent a jurist as the late Samuel J. Tilden, which he had written himself, and to which, since it concerned the disposal of his own fortune, he must have given considerable thought? He had bequeathed five millions of dollars for a Free Library in the city of New York. The heirs found a flaw in the bequest, carried it to the courts, and fought it, till the Court of Appeals rendered the decision that the bequest was invalid and void. Similar was the fate of the will of Abraham Hewlett, of Hempstead, L. I. He had bequeathed a vast fortune for the establishment and permanent endowment of a free educational institution to be known as the "Hewlett Academy." But his heirs were sharper than his attorney, and their greed greater than his philanthropy. They succeeded in having the magnificent bequest declared invalid, and in appropriating half of it for themselves, although they had already been munificently provided for by the testator. And of such frustrations of would-be-benefactors' last wishes many more might be cited.

It is a pleasure to contrast with these miscarried benefactions those given and managed and enjoyed during the life-time of their benefactors.

The honor and happiness of giving while living illustrated by Mr. Pratt.

It is a joy to contrast with the Free Tilden Library, that might have been, the Free Pratt Library of Baltimore, that is, and that yearly lavishes its untold blessings upon thousands of our neighbor city, and that seemingly adds daily life and vigor to its hoary-headed donor. I remember the reverence shown by the people to this noble-souled benefactor of Baltimore, when, two or three years ago, I saw him at Cape May. I remember the awe that came over me when I stood in his presence. I felt that I stood before one of God's noblest sons, before a man who had the moral courage to part with his hoarded wealth before death, and the good sense to enjoy the fruits of his hard toil and anxious cares, while still walking among the living.

I remember the genial face of Mr. Reuben Springer, of Cincinnati, as I used to see him walking about in that magnificent Music Hall, which

By Mr. Reuben Springer.

his benefaction had called into life. Every lineament of his face expressed happiness. His eyes beamed with modest satisfaction, as he beheld the people eagerly crowding about him to catch a glimpse of the man, who showed his mastery over his greed by giving royally while he lived, and who had the rare honor of gazing with living eyes upon his monument and statue, erected by a grateful people, during his life-time.

I remember the joy I felt, when a couple of summers ago I beheld some of the wonders of California. But the splendors of that wonder-

By Senator Leland Stanford.

land of America faded, the heaven-towering mountains of the Yosemite dwindled into insignificance, the thunderous falls in the canyons of the Sierra Nevadas were hushed into silence, when among the University Buildings, at Palo Alto, I reverentially gazed upon Senator Leland Stanford, that mighty man,

who had the heart to give up, during his life-time, nearly twenty-five millions of dollars for the establishment and permanent endowment of one of the greatest Universities in the land.

And what man walks our streets more esteemed than our own, nay, not our own alone but also our whole country's philanthropist George W. Childs? What name among all the great names of our land more honored, what man among all our celebrated men more appreciated, than the editor of the *Public Ledger?* Greatly as he deserves to be honored as editor of so complete, so clean, so patriotic a journal as that which he publishes within the very shadow of our venerated Independence Hall, the esteem in which he is held by the public is not due to this. He is honored as benefactor more than as editor. He is honored because the world knows that dispensing of news is not as much his trade as dispensing of his wealth among the people, and as seeking and finding his happiness in helping to make other people happy. He is honored as the man who, possessing wealth, gives while he lives, here, there, everywhere. The impress of his beneficence is found in Westminster Abbey, in Kensal Green, in Bronham, in Stratford upon the Avon, as it is in Colorado Springs, in West Point, in our city, and he is reverenced as much on the other side of the Atlantic as he is this side of it, as a man, who has the rare manliness of giving all he can while making all he can, and of drawing real enjoyments from his wealth by bestowing his charities, and by seeing and overseeing the good they do, while still among the living.

By Mr. George W. Childs.

What I have said of the above-named living benefactors applies with equal justice to Messrs. A. J. Drexel of Philadelphia, Andrew Carnegie of Pittsburgh, John L. Wood of Cleveland, James E. Scripps of Detroit, John D. Rockefeller and Philip D. Armour of Chicago, Mr. Chas. West of Cincinnati, James J. Hill of St. Paul, John S. Pillsbury of Minneapolis, and to many more. And it applies with equal justice to scores of others, whose benefactions, though not as large as those of the above-named benefactors, yield proportionately as much good to the beneficiaries, and to themselves equally as much joy. There is scarcely a town where one may not single out a few of that true nobility, that gives while it lives, that finds the reward of its money-accumulation in the amount of suffering it relieves, of ignorance it enlightens, of wrongs it rights, of virtue it strengthens, and that adds to its stock of happiness and to its store of years through the grateful smiles and happy faces that greet it everywhere.

By a host of others.

With such possibilities, with such joys and honors, within your easy reach, why wait ye, ye men of means, ye who intend to give, till ye are no more, till your eyes can no more be gladdened, nor your hearts rejoiced, by the sight of the good your beneficence is doing? Why wait till after death, with the possibility staring you in the face, that your wishes may be thwarted, and your good intentions frustrated? Why wait with the giving of what you intend to give, when its present want is painfully

Why wait till after death, when much may be done now?

felt on all sides? The *Hospital* extends its hand to you for aid, so does the *Foster Home*, the *Maternity Society*, the *Day Nursery*, and a number of other similar existing and deserving charities. A number of much-needed philanthropic enterprises are anxiously looking towards you for a helpful start. The proposed *Seaside Home* begs you to come to its aid, and to help it to give the poor and suffering an invigorating outing during the sweltering summer weeks. The *B'nai Brith* Lodges of this District beg you to come to their assistance in their effort of founding a *Technical School*, wherein the poor Russian refugee children, that now swarm the streets as peddlers of small wares, may be given a technical training, and taught a useful trade, and sent out into the world a credit to themselves and to their people. The proposed *Model Dwelling Association* begs you to help them to take the poor of your city out of their and your health- and moral-diseasing slums, and to place them within decently environed homes, that shall yield to them cleanliness, health and comfort at a lesser rental than they are now paying for cellar- and garret- and stable-rooms in the slums, and that shall yield to you less physical and moral contagion, less charity-wants, and, besides, a lawful dividend on your investment.

Deprive not yourselves of a joy that is within your easy reach, and than which there is none greater. Put no benefaction off till to-morrow that you can do to-day. Seek not your happiness in the satisfaction of dying rich,—what now may seem to you a happiness may in the hour of your death-agony be to you a curse. He alone dies rich, who so disposes of his wealth before death, that he dies poor in gold, but rich in the affections of the people. He alone dies happy, whose last sight is the vision of a throng of beneficiaries around his death-bed, mingling their tears with those of his nearest and dearest, and whose last sound is the report of mortals of the good he has left behind him, and the report of the immortals of the good he has sent before.

Who alone dies rich and happy?

The Bubble of Glory.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 26, 1893.

"Soon—and thou hast forgotten all;
Soon—and all have forgotten thee."
—MARCUS AURELIUS.

"For what are men, who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot ten thousand in an hour?"
—YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

The Pope of Rome, and the Premier of England have held the attention of the world during the past week to an extraordinary degree. Both of these eminent men probably reached the climax of their power during the past week, and probably also the climax of their glory. How the public crowded to catch a glimpse of them! How the fortunate auditors hung upon their lips! How the world deemed them the happiest of mortals! How the men of lower station envied them their name and fame!

An honored and an envied pair.

How they themselves, the celebrated and the envied, thought and felt during that time, few perhaps took the time to think. Fame's loud trumpet-blasts, and glory's dazzling glitter, so fascinated the eyes and so intoxicated the minds of the covetous as to render them unfit for deeper sight and for soberer thought. Could they but have peered through the nimbus and clouds of incense into the heart of that eighty-three year-old priest, who celebrated, in Rome's magnificent St. Peter's Church, in the presence of fifty thousand people, the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopate, or of that eighty-three year-old statesman, who, in the presence of a throng of spell-bound listeners, presented at Westminster the Home Rule bill for Ireland, they might have seen much to cool their ardor after fame, and to make them content with their humbler lot. Graven into the heart of each of these more than octogenarians they might have read the story of the long years of arduous toil, of harrassing worries, of down-burdening responsibilities, of cruel disappointments, of envious attacks, —of finally attained greatness, only to end to-day, or to-morrow, or the day after, in the grave, there to moulder and to decay and to be

How the envied regard their honors.

forgotten,—body and name and fame and all. Could they but have interpreted the fondest wish that had slumbered there for years, they might have been amazed to find that there was nothing that these world-famed men had so eagerly wished as an exchange of their envied position for such a humble station of quiet and ease, in which thousands of foolish men and women are fretting and foaming, and bitterly charging fate with blind partiality, with giving all the world's good to some, and all the world's evil to others.

The envied often the least enviable.

It is an old error, this of believing that all of the world's blessings are thrust upon the men of greatness, and all the world's evils upon the unnamed and unfamed, and though the correcting of it has been the moralist's task since moralist came upon the earth, it grows as rank to-day in the minds of the people as if there had never been a Koheleth, a Socrates, a Seneca, to put the knife to the roots of this happiness-destroying weed. It is an old blunder this of men believing their own lot the hardest and that of others the easiest, this of casting envious eyes upon the glitter and tinsel that envelops the prince of the realm, of the church, of the money-market, of the army, of the world of learning, and seeing nothing but darkness and ignominy in one's own humbler station. And I believe it will continue to be a blunder, as long as differences in station, in power, in possession, in looks, will exist between man and man, until some future Edison will discover a potion that will enable a man temporarily to change his station or condition for that of the man he envies. That alone may avail to cure the covetous of their delusion, to make them realize, that the happiness which they predicated of others existed but in their own imagination, to incline them to go on their knees and to thank God more for the blessings denied them than for those bestowed.

Illustrated by a legend.

From my childhood's readings or reveries, I cannot now tell which, I remember a little legend that well illustrates the truth of this belief. Into the Black Forest went a discontented man to complain of his unhappy lot to the invisible spirits, that there had their abodes. After he had wailed and lamented for a long time, a little gnome suddenly appeared. "What aileth thee, friend?" asked he, "Oh, much, very much," moaned the malcontent. "Dost thou lack food and clothes and shelter?" asked the gnome, "No," replied the man. "Is thy wife not devoted to thee, and are thy children not dutiful?" "My home is pleasant, and my dear ones are very fond of me and I am very fond of them." "Art thou suffering from any disease, or has any one taken ought from thee that was thine own?" "No, my health is good, and so is that of my family; all that I have owned I still call my own." "What, then, aileth thee?" asked the gnome, with ill-suppressed disgust. "Oh, much, very much. There is John, my neighbor, who has more heads of cattle than I have, and there is Mike across the street, who counts more acres to his farm than I do. Why cannot I dress my wife and children in silks and satins, as the banker dresses his, or take my family to church in as fine a coach as the

mayor takes his, or why cannot I walk about in as fine a uniform as does our prince, and have the people bow down before me, and make courtesies to me, as they do to him?" When, after continuing in this strain for a considerable length of time, he had ended at last the recital of his woes, the gnome bade him follow. He led him through a dark and winding pathway into the depths of a vast mountain, until they reached a room wherein stood a number of burning candles, some burning brightly, some scarcely emitting any light, some almost burned out, some having still much to burn. "These lights," said the gnome, "are the symbols of the lives of the men whom thou hast named, and of thy own. Their length and their shortness, their brightness and their dimness, represent the number of years yet allotted to each, and the degree of each man's happiness. Since thou art dissatisfied with thy life, choose, from among them all, that which seemeth happiest to thee, and it shall be thine." And straightway the man went to the largest and brightest believing it to be the prince's candle, and named it his choice. "Verily, thou hast chosen wisely," spoke the gnome, "for thou hast named thine own bright and happy lot and life. See'st yonder candle almost burnt out, and scarcely emitting any light? That is the symbol of that prince's life, whose uniform and honors thou enviest. See'st the light over there, that stands so crooked and wastes so fast? That is the symbol of the mayor's life, whose coach has made thee discontented with thine own plain but comfortable vehicle. See'st yonder flickering and smoking candle, that badly needs snuffing, that makes much more fuss than it gives light? That is the symbol of that banker's life, whose wife's and children's silks and satins made thee dissatisfied with the cloth thy wife and daughters have spun and woven, amidst merry song and joyous music, under their own happy roof. Get thee home as fast as thou canst, and press thy wife and children to thy heart, and name them and thyself the happiest of mortals, and never let me hear thee complain again, or, by the Father of Spirits I swear, I'll change thy candle for that of the prince." Alarmed by the threat of being made a prince, the grumbler hurried away, and from that day to his last never a murmur passed his lips again.

This is but a simple little legend, or the reverie of a sleepless hour, and yet it points its moral far better than the subtlest reasoning or the most laboriously studied-out philosophy might have done. It is the way of the world for the swain to envy the lot of the prince, and for the prince to envy the lot of the swain; and it is the experience of the world that the prince's envy of the swain is far better founded than that of the swain of the prince. Who thinks he is reading fiction, when perusing King Henry VI's soliloquy, on the eve of battle? Who can believe otherwise than that Shakespeare was an unobserved auditor, as that hard-pressed monarch contrasted his burdensome lot with that of the care-free swain, saying:

How swain and king envy each other's lot.

"Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;—
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave,
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him."
—"*King Henry VI, Part III, Act II, Scene V.*"

And what need is there for going back to the times of King Henry VI, or for turning to Shakespeare's pages to learn what a bubble royal glory is, when we have such an abundance of proof in our own time, and at every royal court? What royal court but has its closets filled with happiness-chasing and life-sapping skeletons? What royal family but knows what mockery is contained in the phrase: "Happy as a King?"

The bubble of royal glory.

"Happy as a King!" Who is that happy King? Is it the aged emperor of Austria, with the memory of the mysteriously murdered crown prince Rudolph as skeleton in his closet? Is it the Czar of Russia, with the skeleton *assassination* in every closet of his spacious palace? Is it the emperor of Germany with the skeleton *scrofula* in his closet? Is it the young King of Spain, with the skeleton *consumption* hovering near him? Is it the ruler of Bavaria with the skeleton *insanity* grinning at him, whatever closet of whatever palace he opens? Is it the King of Portugal with "*the fatal mysterious malady*" as skeleton in his closet? Is it the ex-empress of France, with the skeleton *exile* grinning into her

haggard and shrivelled face? Is it the queen of England, haunted by the skeleton *scandal* connected with the name of one very near the throne? Is it the young King of Servia, with a double skeleton in his closet, that of an exiled mother, and that of one of the meanest of fathers? Is it any of the other princes, with more skeletons in their closets than the public knows, or ever will know? That coat of arms, that showed a crown of gold upon a bed of thorns, which one of the English kings selected for his own, was indeed a clever design. It tells briefly and pointedly the whole story of the bubble of royal glory. It is the story of the 2540 sovereigns, who, according to a careful French statistician, have ruled since the beginning of history over 64 nations, and of whom 300 were driven from their thrones, 64 abdicated, 24 committed suicide, 12 became insane, 100 fell in battle, 123 were made prisoners, 25 died martyrs, 151 were assassinated, and 108 were legally condemned to death and executed. Ah, yes, Anne Bullen, queen Katherine's maid, was right:

> . . . "'Tis better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow."
>
> —*Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. III.*

And what she says of royal glory, applies with equal truth to the glory of fame. Climb the steep mountain-sides of greatness, rise above, and look beyond, the horizon of your fellowmen, and you will not escape Byron's experience, that

The bubble of fame.

> "He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
> The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
> He who surpasses or subdues mankind
> Must look down on the hate of those below."

What is fame for most of those, who strive after it but the insane effort of making one's own life miserable, in order that the life of others may be enjoyable. What other reward has it for most of its deluded victims but the envy and hatred of contemporaries, and the loud applause of posterity, when the ear it might have pleased can no longer hear it, nor the heart it might have soothed can no longer feel it. What was fame to Lessing, while eking out a precarious existence? What was it to Milton, who, though enriching the English language with the most precious of literary treasures, died wretchedly poor in the affections of the people, even of his own family? What was it to Descartes, whose family "lamented, as a blot in their escutcheon, that he who was born a gentleman, should become a philosopher," and who was refused the satisfaction of embracing an unforgiving parent, while his dwarfish brother with a mind diminutive as his person, ridiculed his philosophic relative and turned to advantage his philosophic disposition."* What was it to a thousand other now celebrated men of former times but a source of neglect, of persecution, of a pauper's death?

* Disraeli: *Literary Character*, Chap. XVI.

And even for those who fare better than these, what is fame but a bubble that dances its brief moment upon the surface, or floats airily and shimmeringly over the heads of men, and then bursts and is no more. The man of fame shoots along the world's horizon like a meteor at night. In one breath the world cries: "Look!" "There!" "Grand!" "Oh!"—and he is no more. He had his moment's flare and glare and blare, and, meteor-like, he ends in the darkness of nothingness.

Even at best, fame but like a meteor.

What of it, that a generation or two, or a decade or decades of generations speak of him with veneration, praise his work, laud his writings, admire his art? It sates not the ravenous appetite of the worm in the grave, nor does it blunt time's all-destroying tooth. It lies upon his memory like flowers strewn upon the new-made grave;—beautiful and fragrant while fresh, but after a little while their beauty fades, their fragrance vanishes, and there is a mouldering heap of decay above the turf-clad mound as there is beneath. Other meteors rush upon the scenes to dim the lustre of those that went before, and to draw from a gaping world the same ejaculations: "Look!" "There!" "Grand!" The former is remembered no more; and soon the latter also will be forgot, for to-morrow another shooting-star will have his inning, and do his little dazzling, and while affording a moment's pastime to the sky-gazers, quickly burn himself out, and never be thought of again. What is remembered to-day of the greatest of all our great men, of the men, who in prehistoric times, laid the foundations of civilization? Name the man, if you can, who kindled the first spark of fire, planted the first grain of wheat, contrived the first loom or furnace, hollowed out the first canoe, strung the first harp, fashioned the first weapon, shaped the first alphabet, or wrote the first verse. The rolling years have buried their once illustrious and envied names beneath the dust and rubbish of time, even as those of our great men will be buried and forgotten in those days to come, in which men will sing the praises of those, who have realized the most daring hopes and dreams of the present day.

Such is the bubble of fame, and this men envy. For such hollowness and nothingness they toil and slave, and struggle and suffer, and kick the comforts of life from under them in the futile effort of laying hold upon the stars, to write their names upon them, and slay the pleasures of this life to gain an immortality, which neither cures nor endures.

"Or, if here and there a hero
Be remembered through the years,
Yet to him the gain is zero;
Death has stilled his hopes and fears.
Yet what dangers men will dare
If but only in the air
May be heard some eager mention of his name;
Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same.

—*Walter W. Skeat.*

The glory of great wealth is another bubble that bursts, and ends in nothingness, the moment its votary clasps it to his heart, in the belief that it will yield him happiness. It is the most tempting bubble of all, because within easiest reach, and it is perpaps the most disappointing of them all. What Crœsus will declare, that the joys which wealth secures are commensurate with the toils and cares and vexations endured in the securing it, and in the keeping it secure? What envied *Dives*, if honest, will not admit that, had he known, when his coffers began to fill, what strains and burdens, what restless days and sleepless nights, the coffers filled would impose upon him, they would have remained empty all his life time. I firmly believe that Mr. Gould was happier as a bare-footed cow tender, or as an impecunious map-maker or as a humble proprietor of a tannery than ever he was as king of Wall Street, and that he enjoyed better sleep and better appetite when he counted his fortune by the pennies than when he counted it by the millions. His most confidential friend, Mr. Morosini, speaking of the cause of Mr. Gould's death, says: "My opinion is that his system gave way under the great strain resulting from the consciousness of his great wealth, It was a tremendous care, and he was always weighed down with the anxiety and excitement of protecting his properties."

The bubble of wealth.

Often the rich man is envied when really he is the least enviable of men. If at any time his wealth brings him joy, it is while he is making it,—but then the world takes no note of him. But when he has made it, when his fortune swells out till its strikes against every man's eye, then it is that the world envies him, while he himself deems himself miserable. He is tortured more by his abundance than is the poor by his wants. The keeping of his fortune is a far greater strain upon him than ever was the making of it. He cannot eat it up, nor bury it, and, long accustomed to stinting and saving and hoarding, he cannot lavishly spend or give it away. He must deposit or invest it. He must seek new channels for the employment of his idle capital, which involves him in a thousand new cares and troubles the poor man dreams not of. Are the banks safe? Are his investments secure? Are his agents reliable? Are his accountants honest? Are his servants trustworthy? Are his bolts and locks firmly secured? These are thoughts that weigh him down, and steal his sleep, and slay his appetite, and sap his life and strength. For such a bubble men save and slave, harden the heart and deaden the conscience, neglect their families, estrange their friends, embitter their enemies, gall their own lives,—and yet the world deems them happy, and envies their lot!

Yet another bubble there is that shares the tempting glitter, and the short-lived glory, and the bitter sting, of all the others, it is the bubble of popularity. How men covet this sky-rocket glory, this shooting up like a star all of a sudden, with dizzying speed, and amidst a blaze of scintillating sparks, and falling, unobserved and uncared, like a stick! How men envy this basking

The bubble of popularity.

for a brief moment in the smiles and graces and plaudits of a fickle world, only to be thrust aside the next moment for the new whim or toy or craze!

And what sacrifices do not men and women make for the grasping of this glittering bubble, and for its brief moment's enjoyment! Honor is winked at; integrity is trampled upon; justice is thrust aside, duty is suppressed, only to have one's name in every mouth, to be the topic of conversation at the club or at the tea, to be quoted and aped, to be envied by foolish men, and to be raved over by silly women and gushing girls, to be courted by dame and damsels, and to be dined and wined by beaux and belles. For how long? Let a new face attract the public's attention, let a new voice gain the public's ear, or let a new style or a new address commend itself to the public notice, and the all-talked-of of yesterday is the forgotten of to-day. The top-most rider on the crest of yesterday's wave of popularity is left to-day high and dry on the debris-covered shore, while the people stand waving their handkerchiefs, and shouting their welcome to the new-comer rolling in with the flood-tides. I saw the other day on one of the bill-posts of our city very attractive pictures of stars and scenes, gaped at and favorably commented upon by the passers-by. A few days later I saw the bill-poster applying his paste brush over the attractions of last week, and fastening upon them highly-colored pictures of the stars and scenes of the coming week. "Though thou art attracting the public's eye to-day," thought I, "thy rule, too, is brief. Only a few days, and the paster's brush will mar thy beauty, and bury thee out of sight, or his unsparing hand will rudely tear thee down to put another in thy place. Such is the fate of popularity."

Envy not greatness. Be not dazzled by the bubble of fame. Be not blinded by the glitter of gold. Seek not after popularity. Their cost is too great for the profit they yield. The sacrifices of the real enjoyments of life which they require are too great for the glittering bubble of emptiness, which they yield in return. If happiness you seek, seek it in the approval of thy conscience, in the noble deeds of thy hands, in the pure thoughts of thy mind, in the bosom of thy happy home, in the love of thy trusted friend.

Where happiness may be found.

What is greatness, what is honor, when their joy is small and their trouble great? Can they silence the anguish of guilt, or stay the tortures of a crumbling frame, or frighten off fell disease, or wrest the fatal scythe from the hand of death? Be usefully good, and thou art greater than Premier or Pope. Be actively contented and thou art happier than a king. Have thy conscience clear, and thou art richer than Crœsus. Do thy whole duty in whatever sphere thou art placed, and, even though untitled and unfamed, a nobler man or woman than thou art lives not on the face of the earth.

Compulsory School-Attendance.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

March 12th, 1893,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1893.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893

1. Israel's Debt to the New World.
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
5. Sinai and Olympus.
6. One to Sow, Another to Reap.
7. Brethren at Strife.
8. Jew Responsible for Jew.
9. Did Isaiah prophesy Jesus?
10. Did the other prophets prophesy Jesus?
11. Model Dwellings for the Poor.
12. Under the Lash.
13. The Lost Chord.
14. Sabbath for Man—Not Man for Sabbath.
15. Give—While You Live.
16. The Bubble of Glory.
17. Compulsory School-Attendance.
18. Too Late.
19.
20.
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SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23 VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

Compulsory School-Attendance.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, March 12, 1893.

"By the breath of school-children is the world saved."—TALMUD.

"Not even to assist in rebuilding the Temple should children be interrupted in their studies."—TALMUD.

If what Wendell Phillips said be true, and I believe it is, that "education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man," how much worthier still must its interest be of the deep and controlling anxiety of the thoughtful state. If the home is the foundation of the state, the school is its strongest stay and support. If love is the source and guardian of domestic happiness, education is the source and protector of national prosperity. If liberty is the pride of our country, intelligence is its guarantee.

Education the guardian of the home and state.

Our pilgrim-fathers, in starting out to find a haven, where they might enjoy undisturbed liberty of conscience, made it their first obligation to found schools for its proper inculcation. It is to their everlasting glory, that, only six years after the first settlement of Boston, they thought education of so much importance as to appropriate four hundred pounds towards the establishment of a school, the sum exceeding the entire tax levy of the colony for the year, and that, eleven years later, the State of Massachussetts made "the support of schools compulsory and education universal and free."

The school the first consideration of the Pilgrim Fathers.

And it is to the credit of the descendants of these Puritan Fathers, and of the later pilgrims, that they have continued cherishing this love of schooling to an extent unequalled by any other nation on the face of the earth. Ours is the only great nation that has more money to spend on education than on armament. While Great Britain spends four times as much money on her army as on her schools, and France eleven times as much, and Russia thirty-three times as much, we spend not one-half as much. Against the million men in the European standing armies, and against the countless barracks and forts, arsenals and garrisons across the Atlantic, we array 300,000 teachers and 200,000 public schools, and

Unlike European nations we spend more money on school than on army.

with this invincible armament we defy the world. And I firmly believe that it is because we spend so much more money than other nations on equipping our children with pens and pencils, with slates and books, that we have so much less need than they for spending it on swords and bayonets, on rifles and cannons. We think it a wiser course and a safer investment to spend our money on fitting our children, by means of free and liberal schooling, for pursuits that shall assure the peace of the individual, and the welfare of the nation, than on training them for the ruination of other peoples' prosperity, and for the slaughter of each other's lives. We heartily concur with our own Longfellow's belief that:

> "Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals nor forts."

We find it a profitable investment.

Of the many millions of dollars expended annually by our national and state and city governments, not a single cent of that vast sum is more profitably expended than that which goes towards the schooling of our children. That expenditure constitutes the greatest source of our prosperity and the greatest assurance of its continuity. As Macaulay declared in one of his eloquent speeches, the value of education was far better recognized by our early patriots than by any of their long line of English ancestors. Said he: "'Educate the people' was the first admonition addressed by Penn to the colony which he founded. 'Educate the people' was the legacy of Washington to the nation which he had saved."

And the cry of every true patriot is still: 'Educate the people,' not for reasons of personal accomplishments and social adornments, but because the life or death of the individual and the nation depends on it. That day is past, when the nation's strength depended on the brute-force of its individuals. Brain-force is the ruler of our times, and that nation alone can prove itself the fittest in the struggle for existence, whose rank and file comprises the largest number of educated men and women. It was the skill of soldiery, and the efficacy of armament, that in former times preserved the state. The modes and weapons of warfare have largely changed. It is the people's capacity to think independently, to vote intelligently, to legislate wisely, to subject the interests of self to the good of all, to curb the passions, to exercise self-control,—all direct and indirect results of education—these win the battles, and carry off the trophies, in these days of ours.

Much has been said and written of our natural resources, and much credit has been given them for the marvelous development of our country.

Influence of our schools on national prosperity.

But of the greatest of all our resources, our Public Schools, little notice has been taken. Some of our neighbors across the sea are much inclined to sneer at the crudeness of American education. Admitting that much of it is capable of much improvement, still I claim that it is to our Public Schools, notwithstanding all their shortcomings, that we owe most of our wonderful advance

However much they may have failed in initiating our boys and girls in the subtilties and intricacies and profundities of the European methods, they have succeeded most admirably in qualifying our people to think and act for themselves. They have generated our public spirit. They have developed our characteristic push and energy. They have kindled our love of equality and liberty. They have aroused our hatred of slavish subjection to other men's whims and fancies. They have inspired our reliance on our own common sense. They have trained our faculties for putting our natural resources to good and profitable uses.

Probably the greatest number of our celebrated inventors and leaders and philanthropists and editors never enjoyed any other education, except that which they received at their village or town schools, and that which they afterwards acquired by themselves. It was the Public School that fitted the minds of McCormick, Howe, Edison, for their later revolutionizing inventions. The Public School it was that prepared Clay and Lincoln for their later illustrious careers as statesmen. Garrison and Peabody and Peter Cooper learned in the Public Schools the wrongfulness of race-distinctions and the rightfulness of brotherly love. Greeley and Childs learned in the Public School the art of educating the great masses through the instrumentality of the press. And so have a thousand other illustrious men in other paths of life imbibed in the Public School those principles of self-dependence and self-help, of industry and thrift, that opened to them the gates of blessed usefulness. And so have tens and hundreds of thousands of wives and mothers imbibed in the Public School those lessons of discipline and honorableness, of neatness and industry, of self-direction and self-responsibility, that stand them in such good stead under the family roof, that attract husbands and sons to their homes as to a Paradise, and send them forth inspired and invigorated to their daily toil.

In the light of such benefits conferred by the Public Schools on the American people, with the proofs before us of the great service they have rendered towards the development of our country, and towards the procurement and maintenance of its peace and prosperity, one would naturally believe that there is no subject, which receives more careful attention by our Government than the Public School, and that there is nothing of more sacred concern to our people than that every child of school-age should avail itself of the chances so liberally extended towards its education. But only a little inquiry suffices to convince us of the contrary. We have among us thousands and tens of thousands of people, of sound faculties, who were born and bred on American soil, who can neither read nor write. Thousands upon thousands of children grow up annually in our land, who seldom, if ever, see the inside of a school. There are States upon States in our Union to whom apparently it is a matter of little interest whether, or not, their children avail themselves of the opportunities for schooling, which they extend to them. More than one-tenth of our entire population of over ten years of age is

And yet illiteracy abounds in our midst, especially in the South.

unable to read and write. While a considerable percentage of this illiteracy is due to untaught foreign-born settlers, the overwhelming proportion of it is furnished by the native-born colored population of the Southern States, more than half of which is unable to read and write. But in justice to the colored people of the South, it must be stated that this illiteracy is by no means restricted to the African race, for an unbiased authority informs us that " in the Southern States, taken as a whole, not more than sixty out of every hundred inhabitants over ten years of age can write."

If you would know the reason of this wide-spread illiteracy in the Southern States, you will not have far to search. You will find it in the laxity of their school-laws, in the liberty they extend to parents to give their children an education or to allow them to grow up in ignorance. The term "Compulsory Education" has been carefully excluded from the school-laws of the Southern States, and, as a natural consequence, illiteracy has found the "Solid South" a very fertile breeding place for its dire brood.

Due to laxity of School-laws.

Fortunately for us, the percentage of illiteracy in the Northern States is far below that of their southern sisters, despite the fact that the population of the North is far greater, and its proportion of foreign-born settlers much larger. The reason for it is also easily explained. The States of the North, appreciating the value of education to the individual and to the State, knowing the influence of proper schooling on the skill and industry, on the success and prosperity, on the virtues and tastes, on the inclinations and aspirations of the people, have made most liberal provisions for affording their children the best opportunities for schooling, and have adopted wise measures that they, for whom these provisions are made, may avail themselves thereof. They have not left it solely to the parents to decide whether their children shall attend school or not. They have reserved for themselves the right to have a word to say in the matter. The children of to-day are the men and women of the future, and since the illiterate men and women constitute the largest proportion of the delinquents, the State has a legal and a moral right to insist upon the proper mental and moral and physical training of its boys and girls, to check as much as possible the growing-up of a mass of illiterate voters, and dependent and troublesome paupers and criminals. The laws of nearly all of the Northern States make school-attendance compulsory on all children above six years of age. They insist upon each child receiving an elementary education, during a prescribed number of weeks in the year and during a prescribed number of hours each week, in some school, either public or private, either day-school or night-school.

More favorable condition in the North due to Compulsory Education.

What results this Compulsory Education has yielded to the Northern States scarcely needs my telling. Compare the intelligence of New York with that of Texas, and the culture of Massachusetts with that of Arkansas, and the thrift of Ohio with that of Louisiana, and the enter-

prise of California with that of Mississippi; contrast the criminal records of Kentucky and Tennessee with those of Maine and Vermont; compare the number of lynchings and executions in Alabama and Georgia with those in Wisconsin and Illinois, and after you have made the comparison take into consideration the millions of hetrogeneous foreign settlers in the Northern States, from whom the Southern States are almost free, and then decide whether Compulsory Education has not borne better fruit to the States of the North than the disregard of it has to the States of the South.

There is one thing, however, that might be said in favor of the South, and that is its solidarity. Whether for good or bad, it is always solid. The States hold together. They are as solid against Compulsory Education as they are against Republicanism. Of such solidarity the North cannot boast. It is not a unit on Compulsory Education. There are two disgraceful exceptions, one is our neighboring State of Delaware, the other is our own State of Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania a disgraceful exception.

You are as much surprised as I was at this news, and like me you wonder how a State, whose founder enjoined the 'education of the people' as his first admonition, could ever have gotten into such bad company. I have made a number of inquiries, but all my efforts have failed to elicit an adequate reason. And they have failed to elicit an adequate reason for a number of other shortcomings of the Public School System of our State. I cannot understand why in a city like this, that has sixteen millions of dollars to expend on its City Hall, I must be obliged to keep my boy from school during one-half of the school-session of each day, because the insufficient room in our District School will only permit the teaching of one-half the pupils in the forenoon, and of the other half in the afternoon. I cannot understand why in a city like this, that is so liberal in giving away trolley- and other valuable franchises, the assistant Superintendent of the Public Schools should be obliged to make the statement that "we have at present quite a large number of children in certain localities, not provided for in the matter of school accomodations." I cannot understand why a city that has the wealth of ours, that can afford the luxury of a city-treasurer, who can, unbeknown to the City Fathers, default to the amount of a million dollars and over, should pay smaller salaries to its teachers than does New York and Boston and Chicago and a number of other smaller cities."

Lawlessness in our state one of the results of it.

But while I cannot solve these problems, there are a few things in connection with our Public School System that I can perfectly grasp. I can understand why, as the Assistant Superintendent of our Public Schools informs us, there are 20,000 children of school-age in our city, who attend no school whatsoever, and why, as Representative Farr writes to me, "there are 150,000 children, between 6 and 16 years, in this State, who do not go to any school. I think it is safe to say that 100,000 of these are between 6 and 12 years of age, a number equal to about one-tenth as many as are within

the public schools." I can also understand why we were terrorized by the *Molly Maguires*, and why we are scandalized by the Hun murders in the coal regions, by Pittsburgh riots, by Homestead massacres, and why Mr. Henry M. Boies makes the startling statement in his book *Prisoners and Paupers*, just published, that the number of criminals in our state has increased in a decade over fifty per cent. faster than population, the cost of county jails more than four times as fast. I can understand it because I know that like the State of Texas, Louisiana, Kentucky, it is a matter of apparent indifference to our law-makers whether we raise a mass of law-breakers or law-observers, whether our children are educated or not.

I cannot but suspicion the sincerity or the rationality of those, who profess the greatest interest in the people's education, but who are opposed to the compulsory system because that term grates on their ears, because it is contrary to the American idea of freedom, because it interferes with parental authority, with a man's right to do as he pleases.

Fallacy of plea that compulsion is un-American.

These are pretty phrases and of excellent service in spread-eagle Fourth of July orations, but they turn out to be mere empty verbiage, when subjected to critical examination. If the term "compulsion" grates on their ears, because it is opposed to the American notion of liberty, and to every man's right to do as he pleases, what right has the State to compel obedience to its laws, payment of taxes, abstinence from labor on Sundays, closing of gambling-dens, of race-courses, of unlicensed saloons, of prize-fighting arenas?

As to the other claim, that ours is not a Paternal Government, that it is not the duty of our legislators to look into the homes of the people in order to see whether they manage their affairs for their own best interests, this, too, is as fallacious as is the other. Do not Building Inspectors and Officers of the Board of Health enter the homes of the people to see whether they are safe and healthy, whether there is not danger from collapse or contagion? And is not the collapse of people's mentality, or the contagion of people's criminality far more dangerous than that arising from a defective girder or from a defective drainage?

Fallacy of claim that compulsion is a form of Paternalism.

The State exists for the protection and furtherance of the people's best interests, and as education is her most powerful aid, she has the right, nay, it is her imperative duty, to make sure of its support. As the State has the right to force men into her service for her protection against enemies from within or from without, so has she the right to force the children into the school for her protection against the most terrible of all enemies: ignorance and idleness and crime.

Ignorance the greatest enemy of the State.

Of all the enemies our country has encountered, none has inflicted more painful blows than ignorance, and though we have succeeded in conquering every other foe, ignorance is still rampant in our midst. The slums and the prisons, the hospitals and the almshouses, tell of the

havoc it has wrought, and the busy police-courts and the weaponed policemen on our streets, tell of the havoc it is working still. Ignorance has slain more men than has the sword, has ruined more homes than has the musket, has blasted more lives than has powder. It is the child of neglect and idleness, and the parent of vice and crime. Anarchy roots in it; lawlessness feeds upon it; disease thrives by it. It is a terror in the hovels of the poor, and a tyrant in the palace of the rich. It is the scourge of husbands, the plague of wives, the ruination of children. It throws on the street children, who ought to pore over their books at home, or forces them into shops and factories at an age, when they ought to be laying a foundation for an intelligent and useful career at their desks at school. More than 100,000 children in our State, and more than 20,000 in our city, are thus fitting themselves for lives, that shall be a burden to themselves, if not a disgrace and a curse to humanity.

"None doubts the good of education to self and humanity," interposes some objector, "but what are you going to do about it, when parents say to you: 'the children are ours, and we propose to do with them as we please. They want food, let them manage to earn it as best they can.'"

And shall we have no answer to such hard-heartedness? And shall we have no law to stop such barbarity? Shall the helpless little ones have no protector to shield them against the cruelty of avaricious or idle or besotted parents, and no safeguard against growing up ignorant and vicious and criminal? Has the State no duty towards them? Has she not legalized the marriage of their parents, and protected the sanctity of their family-life, for her own best interests? Is it not also her most sacred duty to see to it, that the issue of the marital state shall still further assure the good of the commonwealth? Had it not been better that the children had never been born than never taught? Since the State has helped to make their birth possible, hers is the duty to make their education compulsory.

Parents no right to raise children in ignorance.

"But," interposes another objector, "I find most of the parents willing and anxious to have their children educated, but even with the best of intentions they cannot make it possible. There, for instance, is a poor feeble widow with a helpless infant and a dependent babe, and with no other breadwinner in the house save a girl of 10 and a boy of 12 years old. She is forced to keep them from school, and to hire out the one as cash-girl and the other as office-boy, or to send them both on the streets as peddlers, to keep from seeing herself and babes thrown into the street. There is a family consisting of husband and wife and a number of children, and though the parents are slaving from dawn to dusk, yet such are the starvation-wages they receive for their hard toil, that it is impossible for them to make ends meet, without the little earnings of the little ones, who are forced to sacrifice education to the necessity of appeasing hunger and cold, and the greed of employers."

Employers no right to force child-labor.

And is there to be no other corrector of this evil than that of permitting the employer to escape, and wreaking double vengeance on the

little ones—that of blasting the happiness of their childhood's days, and that of forcing them to grow up untaught? Is there to be no other cure for the vexing wage-question than yoking also the little children of the family into the treadmill of daily toil, to enable the family to eke out a pitiable existence? If the State is confronted by the alternative between higher wages and child-labor and child-ignorance, she has the right, not only in the interest of the children but also for her own safety and prosperity, to say to employers: 'Thus much shall ye pay, and no less. Innocent childhood must not suffer the consequences of insatiable greed and of unwholesome competition. Save it on the luxuries of your homes, on the delicacies of your tables, on the fineries of your clothes. Content yourselves with less champagne and cigars, with less colognes and candies, with less summer-outings and winter- fêtes—but in the name of justice, indulge not your appetites and passions at the ruinous cost of stultifying the brains of the children of the poor, of stunting their virtue, of darkening the sunshine of the May-Day of their life!'

Should the State's pleading remain unheeded, and her laws prove powerless to effect the payment of such wages, as shall enable even the poorest to keep their children at school, then, I believe, as a last resource, it would be a safer and a nobler investment for the State to educate them at her own expense (as our Government educates her military cadets at West Point and Annapolis) in preference to paying for the consequences of their ignorance in Reform Schools and Houses of Correction, in Penitentiaries and Almshouses, in Hospitals and Asylums. Far wiser would it be for her to maintain special industrial schools, where the children of the poor might be boarded and clothed, and supplied, in the shortest time possible, with the essentials of knowledge, and fitted out with some useful trade, that shall enable them to make their own way in life, and to become useful members of society.

Cheaper for State to support children in schools than criminals in penal institutes.

But, until we can have such schools, let us at least not neglect doing the little good we can towards the education of the children of the slums. Let us give the Compulsory Education Bill, now before our State legislature, and so industriously advocated by its author, Mr. Farr, our heartiest support. It is a wise measure, and cannot but be of untold good, directly to those whom it concerns, and indirectly to all humanity. It imposes no unsurmountable hardships on any one. If any fault is to be found with the bill at all, it is its exceeding leniency. It requires but sixteen weeks of education, each year, in the common English branches, at some school, public parochial or private, for all sound boys and girls between the ages of 8 and 12.

Enforce Compulsory Education.

Let us not merely nod our heads and say Mr. Farr is right, and ought to succeed. We must render all the aid we can that the right shall prevail. We must make sure of success by appealing in person or in writing to our representatives to do their duty. Let us not believe that we do our duty by having our own children get their sixteen weeks, and twice and

Honor Penn's first admonition and Washington's last advice.

thrice that much, of education in the year. The fruit of even their best education is endangered as long, as is the case in this city, one-eighth of our children of school-age grow up annually without the first rudiments of even the most necessary branches of education, but with a bountiful supply of that training, which, if unchecked, will land a goodly portion of them in our corrective and penal institutions, and entail much expense and worriment and suffering upon us and ours. If for no other reason than that of mere selfishness, we must guard the children of the poor against the thralls of ignorance, if we wish to guard our own safety and comfort. If we open our ports to promiscuous immigration, we must educate the children of the immigrant that their ignorance be not a menace to our peace and progress. If we extend the franchise to all who have the legal age, we must educate their children, that the unrestricted voting-privilege become not a menace to the perpetuity of our government. If we visit punishment upon people for transgressing the law, we must be just enough to educate the people that they may know the difference between right and wrong. As long as we float the honored flag of Pennsylvania over the capitol at Harrisburg, and the stars and stripes over the capitol of Washington, we must honor the first admonition of Penn, and cherish the last advice of Washington, we must: "Educate the People!"

TOO LATE.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

March 19th, 1893,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESS OF S. W. GOODMAN, No. 116 NORTH THIRD STREET
1893.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893.

1. Israel's Debt to the New World.
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
5. Sinai and Olympus.
6. One to Sow, Another to Reap.
7. Brethren at Strife.
8. Jew Responsible for Jew.
9. Did Isaiah prophesy Jesus?
10. Did the other prophets prophesy Jesus?
11. Model Dwellings for the Poor.
12. Under the Lash.
13. The Lost Chord.
14. Sabbath for Man—Not Man for Sabbath.
15. Give—While You Live.
16. The Bubble of Glory.
17. Compulsory School-Attendance.
18. Too Late.
19. A Plea for Home Rule in Ireland.
20.
21.
22.
23
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

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13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
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SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
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9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
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19. Is this a Christian Nation?
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TOO LATE.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, March 19, 1893.

"... Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
—WHITTIER: *Maud Muller.*

"The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled."
—LOWELL: *A Glance Behind the Curtain.*

Among the many beautiful paintings I saw exhibited, some years ago, in the *Musée du Luxembourg*, there was one that impressed itself so deeply upon my mind, that the vividness of the scene it portrayed has not faded to this day. It was the *Le Retour*, by the American painter Henry Mosler. The picture disclosed within a humble chamber three persons,—two living and one dead. On each side of the one, who lay wrapt in the embrace of death, a burning candle lit up a care-oppressed, a sorrow-wrinkled face, and cast a sad and mellow light over the living two, near the bed. One was a priest, who stood with head bowed low in reflective and sorrowful pose, one hand holding the half-open Service-Book, the other supporting his chin. The attitude of the third was the saddest of all. It showed a young man in rags. His tattered hat, and his meagre bundle, and his rough stick, lay upon the floor. He himself was on his knees; his face buried on the bench before him, his hands clasped in despair the back of his head. The breaker of a parent's heart had returned—penitent, but too-late. The eye, that might have been cheered by the sight of his late, yet welcome, penitence, had closed forever. The ear, that might have been comforted by his sobs of remorse, could hear no more his bitter self-accusations. The heart, that might have been healed at the return of a long-mourned child, had ceased to beat. Too-late, too-late, and too-late forever, were now his tears and sobs, his remorse and penitence.

Picture of a too-late returning penitent.

The impressiveness of this scene lay not only in its own tearful sadness but also in the train of mournful thoughts to which it gave rise. While standing, lost in reverie, before that painting, the little room, which it portrayed, widened and widened till it seemed wider than the whole of the Luxembourg, wider than the whole of Paris. Yet even that vast area seemed crowded with

The world is full of such penitence.

broken-hearted dead and dying on the one side, with despairing penitents on the other side, and between the two, sorrow-stricken sympathizers, deafened and agonized by the heart-rending shrieks of "Too Late!" "Too Late!"

The world is full of such or similar too-late returning penitents. They of sensitive ear hear thousands of "It might have been!" reverberating through the air; and they of keen sight see stalking through life tens of thousands, who are weighed down with the futile wish: "Could I but live my past life over again!" Could the silent night tell the words that it hears most, could the sombre coffin reveal the words, which weeping eyes oftenest read upon its lid, could the narrow bed of clay give back the words that have been sighed and sobbed most frequently into it, could the suffering heart show the words that day and night bury themselves deepest into its core, the words that would thus be revealed to us would have no other sounds than those of "Too Late!" and "It might have been!"

Death is often a more powerful revealer of man's truest treasures than is life. Man often longs the most for what he spurned the most when most it sought to lavish its blessings upon him. Often he learns to appreciate another's affection and cheer, another's companionship and solace, only when they are withdrawn from him for ever, and when his anxiety to amend his past neglectfulness is of no avail. When walking a lonely and desolate path, with no other companion than the sad memory of the loved and lost, his painful bereavement becomes doubly painful to him through queries and reflections such as these: "Why did I not cherish my dear ones more when they were mine to cherish? Why was I so chary with my attentions, and so thoughtless of their needs? A pleasant word, an appreciative smile, a little gift, how cheap they are, and yet how much joy might I have given with them! How many furrows might I not have smoothened out on their wrinkled brow, how many days of life, how many hours of sunshine, might I not have added to their and my existence, had I but been more dutiful and obedient, more tender and considerate, less cold and selfish, less irritable and exacting, less absorbed in my vocation, and more thoughtful of the just claims they had on my time?"

Death brings painful memories to the neglectful.

Froude, in his *Life of Carlyle*, tells of this eminent writer, that "he who preached so wisely 'on doing the duty which lay nearest to us' forgot his own instructions. . . . There broke upon him in his late years, like a flash of lightning from heaven, the terrible revelation that he had sacrificed his wife's health and happiness in his absorption in his work. . . . The fault was grave and the remorse agonizing. For many years after she had left him, when we passed the spot in our walks where she was last seen alive, he would bare his gray head in the wind and rain, his features wrung with unavailing sorrow." That unavailing sorrow gnaws in countless hearts and weeps at innumerable graves. At a thousand graves inconsolable mourners kneel, and bedew the sod with their tears, and stammer forth words, similar to those of the maiden in Ebert's poem:

"Hier klag' ich an deinem Grabe,
Und möchte mit dir ruhn;
Den Lebenden nicht verstand ich,
Den Todten versteh' ich nun.

O dass ich dich wecken könnte
Und drücken an mein Herz;
Das sollte dann glühn und brechen
Vor Lust und Reueschmerz."

From a thousand couches sleepless mourners send forth passionate expressions of endearment, and burning tears of penitence, but the dark and speechless night has no other answer for them save their own: "It is too late!" "It might have been, but now can be no more!"

"I might have been more loving
To those who held me dear;
What little deeds of kindness
Had soothed their pathway here!
The hasty word or action
That pained a gentle heart,
Ah! will its mournful memory
Ne'er from my mind depart?"

But the grave is not the only place that hears the words: "It might have been!" The memory of insufficient love towards the dead 'ere they died is not the only sorrow that wrings the agonizing "Too Late!" out of the human heart. Thousands lounge in palaces or walk the streets apparently content and happy, and manifestly the envied among men. Yet their lips breathe forth no phrase more frequently than that of "Too Late!" and in their minds no thought holds larger sway than that of "It might have been!" You remember the judge in Whittier's pretty poem of *Maud Muller*. He had met a village maiden once, fair and pure. Their eyes had looked deep into each other, and their hearts had linked. But the maiden was of humble station, and his wife, thought he, she could never be. He wedded another, rich and proud and cold. Years passed by. He had power and wealth and station; but no love had he. Amidst his abundance, his mind would often wander back to the humble village maiden, who might have made him happy, and into whose heart he might have poured warm streams of his affection, since congealed. But regret was now too late, and sad experience taught him that

"Too late" the frequent cry of the unhappily married.

". . . Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

And like him thousands of other men, and equally as many women, secretly pine in ill-mated wedlock, secretly cherish within their dreary bosoms the memory of an angel-face and an angel-voice of former happy days, of a beautiful youthful romance, of a once budding and blooming and blushing flower—faded and withered now. Wives at the side of husbands, whom they married for their wealth or station, and not because heart responded to heart, or soul yearned for soul, making light at the

time of disparity of age, of culture, of antecedents, behold now the powerlessness of money to satisfy the love-cravings of the heart, and dream the sad dream of what might have been, had they listened less to calculating friends, or been tempted less by the glitter and tinsel of gold and pomp and rank. Husbands at the side of wives, whom they married for their beautiful face, or for their father's purse and influence, or for their wondrous learning, or simply to gratify a transitory infatuation that was no sooner consumated than it was regretted,—sit and sigh, wish and crave for a love and a companionship that can no more be theirs, and for a happiness that is lost to them forever.

"Too late" the frequent cry of men of ruined careers.

Others there are, who bewail neither an ill-requited loved one dead, nor an unloved companion living, and yet feel equally as keenly within their hearts the pangs conveyed by the words: "Too Late!" Their number is legion. You may see them among the vagrants on your streets, among the inmates of your almshouses, or read their names on the headboards in the potter's field. There is scarcely a physician or a philanthropist, scarcely a preacher or a prison-warden, that has not heard, amidst sobs, and in broken accents, the heart-rending wail: "It might have been, but now 'tis too late!"

In yonder cell languishes a young man, the son of over-indulgent parents. In their fondness for him they could deny him nothing; they could not even bear the thought of his taxing his brain or his muscle. From his earliest youth he was given the freedom of his own choosing and doing, and liberal use he made of it. When warned by friends, his parents laughed it away with some such phrases as these: "Boys will be boys. He 'll turn out all right, after he has sown his wild oats. Youth comes but once, let him make the best of it." But, true to such parental blindness and indulgence, he made the very worst of it. When parents began to recognize the error of their way, and sought to check his wild career, it was too late. His name was gone; their fortune was squandered; his life was blasted forever. "Too Late!" is his only cry now within his gloomy cell. "It might have been!" is now the constant sigh of his tottering, heart-broken parents.

And of women of ruined health.

In yonder bed lies a young woman. Her sunken eye, her hollow cheek, her fevered brow, her hacking cough, tell only too plainly the sad story that her young life is fast ebbing away. Her former beauty, bestowed on her by kind nature, to be a joy to her and others, has brought her to this untimely end. She loved the gay and painted world too much. She fed upon the hollow phrases of throngs of flatterers. She spurned her friends' warning as envy and jealousy and false alarm. She sneered at the rules of health, turned night into day and day into night, winter into summer and autumn into spring, dined and wined, frolicked and dissipated, till ballroom had to give way to sick-room, and beaux to physicians, and powder and paint to pills and powders, and silks and satins to plasters and poultices, and sparkling wit and merry song to the unending wail:

"Would I had never
Wandered away
Frae the faith o' my childhood
Its flowery May.

Would I had never
Sounded the sea
Whase musical murmur
Sae sweet seemed fo me.

Would I had never
Listened to hear
The songs o' the sirens
Strike on my ear.

Would I had never
Followed afar
The will-o'-wisp fatal
That gleamed like a star.

Would I had never
Wanted to know
The ways o' the world and
Its wages of woe."

—SUSIE M. BEST.

And as there are individuals so there are whole communities, that know of no sadder words than these "It might have been!" It was the mournful thought of the whole people of France, when the crushing news of the Fall of Sedan reached them, when they reflected how different all things might have been, had France been better prepared for war, and had the emperor been better informed of the condition of his army. It was the sad thought of the people of Memphis, of Jacksonville, of Hamburg, during the ravages of the direful pestilence, that decimated their population, and almost wiped their prosperity out of existence, when they brooded over the thought how different it might have been, had they taken the necessary precaution in time, had they placed their cities and peoples in a sanitary condition for barring out the terrible scourge. It was the oppressive thought of our whole people, when the sad news of the Johnstown flood flashed through our country, when the millions of heart-sick sympathizers pondered upon the thought, how many thousands of lives might have been spared, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property might have been saved, had the necessary steps been taken in time to guard the people against so threatening an enemy as the Conemaugh dam.

And of communities after defeat or ruination.

With so much anguish contained in these saddest of all words: "It might have been!" we may well ask ourselves: Why must they be said? Why cannot we so live that the agonizing words "Too Late" might form no part of our vocabulary? What need is there for bedewing the graves of our departed with tears of regret, or for passing sleepless nights with unavailing wishes, that certain words of ours might have remained unsaid, and certain deeds undone? Let us love our dear ones while they live,

Be kind before death and you'll have no need to cry "Too Late" after death.

and while we may, so that, when they are no more, we shall have no occasion to feel our bereavement more painfully still by reason of the harassing thought that we have ill-requited their love for us. Let us not keep our tenderness securely sealed till our friends are dead, but let us speak the cheering word, while the ear may be comforted by it, and let us do the kindly deed while the heart may be gladdened by it. Let us not wait with our affection till we can display it by means of towering monuments, of fulsome epitaphs, of banks of flowers over the grave, rather let us sweeten and smoothen our friends' path through life by strewing an occasional flower upon it, by helping to render it bright and sunny through an occasional smile of approval or generous word of encouragement. Better one hour's affection bestowed upon the living than an eternity's expression of passionate endearment stammered into the grave. Better a single word of love breathed into hearing ears than hours of eulogies over the life-less corpse. If thus we deal with the living, our mourning for them, when they are dead, will be free from unavailing pangs. Tears will fall, but they will speak only of the pain caused by the severance of loving hearts. They will know nothing of the agony of remorse, that comes with the memory of affection delayed till Too Late.

Mate wisely, and you'll have no need to pine over what might have been.

And what need is there for pining in unhappy wedlock for a happiness that might have been? Why not lessen at once the chances for such pining, by carefully avoiding from the first whatever is likely to give rise to it? Marriage is an institution intended by nature and society to secure for men and women the completest happiness of which human beings are capable. For the realization of such happiness neither great wealth nor power nor rank is necessary. Nothing but truly and lastingly responsive love, but mutual and well-tried attachment, but correspondence in age and health and culture, can tie hands and hearts together, and keep them tied in pure and happy wedlock. With these as companions of the wedded state, the humblest cottage, and the lowliest station, and the scantiest income, secure a happiness, which the proudest palace, and the most honored station, and the princeliest rank can not give without them.

What folly, therefore, to spurn pure affection in order to wed money-bags coupled with decrepitude or boorishness! What frivolity to cast aside goodness of heart, purity of soul, nobleness of mind, in order to wed a beautiful face, or a majestic form, or a distinguished name, that hides a cold heart, or an impious soul! Better a humble wedded life with happiness in constant bloom than a wedded state of lordly rank with heart and soul in a perpetual blight. Be she yet so poor, richer than richest king is he, whose wife is but his other and his better half, the sharer of his every joy, the consoler in his every sorrow, the counselor in his every perplexity, the undaunted helper and champion even in his darkest hour. Be he yet so humble, more to be envied than proudest queen is she, whose husband's heart is all her own, who has no thought apart from her, no wish that is not hers, no ambition that has not her

welfare for its goal, no triumph that was not fought and won to make her heart happier and her home sunnier. They that thus choose each other for love, and because of love, and for naught else, and they that live in such wedded bliss, never pine after a happiness that might have been, for it is all theirs, and always theirs.

It is the same with our careers. If we would but make the best of our chances, we would have little need to cry "Too Late!" or to lament over what might have been. Whatever else be denied to us, few of us can justly claim that we never had a chance. There is not a man living but has not had his opportunity. His alone is the blame if he has suffered it to pass by. It comes but once, and it does not tarry long when it comes; if he lets it slip, he will never seize it again. The ancient Romans pictured opportunity with hair in front and bald behind, to teach that if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but, if suffered to escape, she cannot be caught again. If we are asleep when the opportunity presents itself, all after-watching will prove of little avail. The ancient sages tell of a poor man, who watched a thousand years before the gate of Paradise; then, while he snatched one little nap—it opened and shut, and remained shut to him ever after. We must watch for the favorable moment, and use it when it comes. A single moment's neglect may mean a life-time of regret. Shakespeare is right:

Make best of your chances, and there will be no Too Late in your career.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."
>
> —*Julius Cæsar*, Act IV, Sc. III.

But watching for the favorable opportunity will not yet suffice. One may seize it, and yet fail, if unprepared to use it aright. Proper preparation is a yet greater need for success than proper watchfulness. A man, lacking in knowledge and in fluency of speech, may see the opportunity for an epoch-making speech, may seize upon it, and only have disgrace for his reward. Another, with years of diligent toil and patient research behind him, seizes upon the chance of the moment, and easily floats upon it into the safe and serene harbor of fame and fortune. Opportunities often go begging from door to door, entreating to be taken up. One man sees nothing in it; another deems it impracticable; a third thinks it impossible; a fourth, of better preparation, takes it up, makes a brilliant success of it, and the other three, who spurned their chance, speak disparagingly of him as a man favored by blind luck.

Be prepared for the chance when it presents itself.

Youths and maidens, your destiny is largely in your own hands. Shape it wisely 'ere it is Too Late. Seek now to make your future what you would have it be, and you will have no occasion to lament over what it might have been. Picture yourselves one or two score years older, standing, alone and forsaken, in a cold and unpitying world, broken down in mind and body and spirit.

Youth! shape thy destiny while it is thine to shape.

by reason of sin and failure or wasting away, a wreck of your former selves, piteously moaning forth these saddest of all words: "It might have been!"

Jean Paul Richter describes in one of his writings an aged man standing by the window on a New Year's night. His countenance, which portrayed harrowing despair, he raised to the eternally unchanging sky, and then he cast his eyes down on the earth, on which none lived so joyless and so sleepless as he. He saw his grave before him, covered but with the snow of age, with none of the flowers of youth, for out of it he had brought naught but sin and disease, a shattered body, a barren soul, a bosom full of poison, a snow-white head full of remorse. The happy days of his youth rose up as a spectre-vision before him. Distinctly he recalled the fair morning, when his father placed him on the cross-roads of life, and showed him that the path to the right leads to a serene land, full of light and harvests and angel-beings, and that the path to the left leads through the subterranean passages of vice into a dark cave full of dripping poison, and hissing serpents, and stifling stench. Alas! the serpents, that on that New Year night clung to his bosom, and the poison that burnt upon his tongue, showed him but too painfully which path he had chosen.

A horrible dream

With inexpressible anguish he raised his eyes to heaven, and piteously he sobbed forth: "O father, give me back my youth! Place me on the cross-roads once more, that I may choose more wisely than before." But his father and his youth had departed long ago. He saw wandering lights dance upon the marshes, and disappear within the cemetery, and he said: "They are the symbols of my wasted days." He saw a meteor shooting luminously from sky to earth, and ending in the darkness of nothingness. "This is the symbol of yourself," said to him his bleeding heart, and the serpents of remorse buried their fangs deeper into it.

Suddenly from the bell-tower there floated down to him sweet sounds, like music from a distant church. He grew more calm. He thought of the companions of his youth. He saw them honored in their communities. He beheld them sitting within their own comfortable homes, with loving wives and happy children clustering about them, and he said: "I, too, might have been as happy as you, had I like you chosen the path my parents wished."

He could see no more. Streams of burning tears gushed from his eyes, and melted the snow on his grave, at his feet. Again and again arose in broken accents the pitiful prayer: "Youth, happy youth, come back to me once more!"

And back again it came to him. For he had but dreamed. He was still a youth. Yet the errors of his youth, these were not a dream;—these were a painful reality. He thanked God for this terrible dream, and for the chance, yet in his power, to retrace his steps from the disaster-bringing road to the left, and to turn into the right and rich-promising path.

Its happy ending

All ye, who still may choose your path of life, yours is a blessed privilege. Use it aright. The horrible dream of which this youth dreamed is the living experience of thousands. To their heart-rending cry: "Youth, happy youth, come back to me once more!" there is no other answer, save that hissed into their ears by the crawling serpents of sin and the stinging vipers of remorse: "Thou hadst it once! Thou, too, might have been happy! But now it is too late!"

Its timely lesson.

Turn into the right path; keep on it; persevere in it, and whatever your experiences be, and be they yet so sad, spared at least you will be from uttering the saddest of all words: "It might have been—but now it is Too Late!"

A Plea for Home Rule in Ireland.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, March 26, 1893.

"Refrain not from speaking when thou mayest save."
—*Ben Sirach.*

"Humani nihil alienum," (Nothing human is foreign to me.)

"The man who melts
With social sympathy, though not allied,
Is than a thousand kinsman of more worth."
—*Euripides.*

It was a remarkable mass-meeting, that, held at our Academy of Music, on Monday evening last, in support of the Honorable Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill for Ireland—remarkable for the thousands of auditors that crowded the largest auditorium of our city, remarkable for the fervor of enthusiasm that pervaded the entire audience, and for the rapturous applause with which they greeted words and sentiments, that appealed for human liberty, and that denounced political oppression, but most remarkable for the character of its officers and speakers and honored guests upon the platform. They represented almost every shade of thought and belief, almost every class of society, almost every calling in life. Upon that platform mechanics and merchants sat side by side with lawyers and professors; justices and judges elbowed against members of State and National Legislatures. Ex-officers of the army sat close to an Ex-minister Plenipotentiary to a Foreign Court, and to an Ex-Governor of our State. Protestant and Catholic and Jewish clergymen sat peacefully alongside each other, all forgetful, in their enthusiasm for the cause that brought them there, of the religious differences that obtained between them. And this number of participants and guests upon the platform was augmented by scores of absent ones. Forty Senators from forty different States indicated, by telegraphic messages, their presence, and their sympathy with the cause.

A remarkable Mass-Meeting.

I have seen many vast assemblies presided over by distinguished men, and addressed by brilliant orators, but the memory of none of them will linger more fondly and more lastingly in my mind than that of the Mass-Meeting at the Academy of Music, held by American citizens, for the purpose of aiding a noble party in England in their efforts to restore to a noble people in Ireland God-given rights and privileges that have been ignobly torn from them.

Its memory to be long and fondly cherished.

Each one of the men on the platform, and each one of the thousands of auditors, seemed to me the living translation of the Latin motto: "*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*," (I am a man, and deem nothing that relates to man a matter of indifference to me.) Brilliant as was the eloquence of the mind that night, far more brilliant was the eloquence of the heart. Some one has said that 'in the world there was nothing greater than man, and in man nothing greater than mind.' Beautiful as this saying is, I believe it capable of improvement. When I gazed upon the thousands of people assembled in that hall that evening, and pondered on the purpose of their coming, and on the reason of their overflowing enthusiasm, I could not but think that the saying, just quoted, ought to read: 'In the world there is nothing greater than man, and in man there is nothing greater than the heart.' Had each one of that vast audience of that evening been one of learning's fame-crowned leaders, had each one of them but temporarily left his proud niche in the Temple of Fame, and come to commune for awhile upon matters profoundly scholarly, even such a gathering would not have been as awe-inspiring a sight to me as that assemblage of men and women, who came to aid the cause of those, who strive and hope and pray for their just rights, far across the wild Atlantic, in the beautiful but tearful land of Erin. Had I had the choice that evening between listening to a learned discussion on the Hawaiian annexation at the capitol of our Nation, or to fiery oratory on the Panama scandal at the capital of France, or to eloquent pleading in behalf of the Army Bill at the capital of Germany, and listening to the sympathetic outpouring of hearts at Philadelphia, at the birthplace of American Independence, I would have followed the promptings of my heart, and wended my way to where the heart held supreme sway that night.

Most memorable for its eloquence of the heart.

What sight can be grander than an assemblage of thousands of sympathizers with a righteous cause, of thousands of protesters against an unlawful autocracy of a powerful nation over a small and feeble people! What sympathy more touching than that of the free and prosperous American Irishman for the Irishman, subjected and suffering in his native Emerald Isle. What sympathy more inspiring than that, which binds the heart of the Irishman, the whole world over, to his kindred and kin in ocean-lashed Hibernia. So organic is that union, so much like a single living organism is the Irish race, that the whole body writhes in agony, if but the slightest injury is inflicted upon the least of its members. Let an outrage be committed by an oppressor's hand upon even the humblest of the Celtic race, and the wail of lamentation is borne by an invisible sympathetic chord over lands and seas, and thrills with agony, and fills with burning indignation, every true Irish heart. This union of common interests, "world-wide apart, and yet akin," this oneness of heart, this it has been, that has enabled the Irish people to present a front, which seven centuries of oppression have but tended to make all the stronger, and all the more unconquerable.

Irishman's sympathy with his kindred inspiring.

What sounds could be more inspiring to the wronged sons of Israel than those rousing appeals for the rights of the sons of Erin, that rang out like trumpet-blasts from the platform of our Academy of Music, and that reechoed in thunderous applause from pit to dome! What hopes—faint, yet irrepressible—are not awakened in every loyal Jewish heart by such sights and sounds as those of Monday last, that, some day, there may yet be a recognition by the peoples of the earth of Israel's God-given rights to its own native Palestinian soil, and an earnest effort on their part to restore the scattered exiles to the sacred land of their sires! What hopes—faint, yet irrepressible—are not awakened by this present agitation for a restoration to the Irish people of their rights to their own native land and local government, that the apparent preparations by the great Disraeli for the restoration of Israel* may be carried still further forward under the yet greater Gladstone, and realized by some future leader, greater than both!

Awakens sweet hopes among the people of Israel.

Even without this sweet dream, who can better sympathize with the people of Ireland than the people of Israel? What two peoples are closer related to each other by ties of sufferings than they? Place the histories of Israel and Ireland side by side upon the world's stage, and you behold two of the most oppressed and most calumniated peoples that ever trod the earth, two martyr-races, deprived of the rights of their own countries, subjected to most cruel enactments, trampled under the iron-heel of pitiless brute-force. Yet, notwithstanding cruel treatment and cruel laws, you behold in them two peoples made up of heroes, the valor of the least of whom eclipses the glory of even the greatest warrior of other nations. For, what courage can equal their braving of centuries of oppression and degradation, of cruelty and contempt, and their continuing firm in their demands for their rights, and resolute to fight for them to the end! Suffering and defeat had no terrors for them, and death had no power over them. Though a thousand times cast down, though a thousand times silenced by dungeon or gibbet, by flame or sword, still a thousand times they arose again, and struggled on, unwearied and undismayed, wresting, inch by inch, their God-given rights from their unpitying foes, struggling on, till the younger of these valiant peoples sees its right almost established, and the older begins to hope that its perseverance and sacrifices will someday meet with a similar reward.

Striking likeness between the histories of Ireland and Israel.

And who, though belonging neither to the Celtic nor to the Hebrew race, could have been present at the mass-meeting of last Monday night, and not have caught its enthusiasm and inspiration, and not have mingled his sympathy with that of the rest for the struggling heroes across the sea? There are questions that are independent of race and creed, that are purely human, that touch the heart, no matter whether directly concerned or not. There are wrongs that make others' blood to boil, and there are

Equally as inspiring from the humanitarian point of view.

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* See Author's: *Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters*, Lecture X.

sorrows that make others' eyes to weep, even though connected neither by ties of kin—or friend-ship.

> "Pity and need
> Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood
> Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
> Which trickle salt with all."
>
> —EDWIN ARNOLD, *Light of Asia.*

No true man, who has ever struggled for independence, or who enjoys a freedom for which his fathers fought and bled and died, can look upon another's struggle for liberty, and not be stirred to lend a hand or to raise his voice in his behalf. And be he yet so free, worse than slave is he, within whose bosom there glows not a spark of that divine flame, that will flash forth with irresistible might, at the mere sight or hearing of another's wrestling with the foe of right. Base is he, who cannot see another blessed as he is blessed; and he is unworthy of his freedom, who with it will not help to end another's slavery. There is nothing on earth so beautiful as a heart that throbs with another's pain, as an eye that weeps at another's sorrow

> "No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
> No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;
> Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn;
> Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn:
> Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
> Down virtue's manly cheeks for others' woes."

Show me the man, who in the abundance of his liberty can feel the chain that works another's pain, and in the abundance of his joy can weep with those that pine in sorrow, and from the abundance of his means can take unstintingly wherewith to aid the breaking of shackles and the ceasing of wrongs, and I'll show you one of God's noblest men.

Why Ireland's cause is heartily endorsed by Americans.

Of such noble men and women the Academy of Music held many on last Monday evening. What their faith, and what their descent, was I do not know. But this I do know: they were Americans, descendants of heroes, who a century ago fought for rights similar to those for which the Irish fight to-day, and against the same foe. And knowing this, I also knew that their hearts went out to the oppressed across the sea, and their sympathies to the GRAND OLD MAN at Westminster, who has made it the crowning duty of his life to set them free.

And also this I know: there were among them those, whose ancestry does not run back to the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Valley Forge,—but whose memories run back to the victories of Gettysburg, of Appomattox, of the Shenandoah Valley, and to the Irishmen's share therein, and to America's indebtedness to them for the valiant services they rendered in ridding it of its debasing slavery, and for the thousands of lives they cheerfully laid down for the preservation of the Union, whose dismemberment their present, and our former, antagonist secretly sought to help to effect.

And this, too, I know that among them there were others, who probably had no knowledge of the part the Irish Americen played in the recent War of the Rebellion, but who have ample knowledge of the invaluable services they rendered in the development of our country, in the opening up of its resources, in the broadening out of its confines. Born and reared amidst hardships, cradled in want, nursed in privations, schooled in adversity, they came to us prepared and eager for the hardest toil. The labor that others spurned or found too difficult, the Irish took upon themselves without a murmur. Down in the mine or out on the fields, in front of the furnace or behind the plow, in the quarries or in the shops, in the tunnels or in the forests, on the tracks and on the prairies, in the ditches and on the summits, where pioneer work was to be done, where exposure to the extremes of heat or cold or storms, was required, where hard and faithful work was needed, the Irishman was sought out, and readily found when sought, and readily found to be the most reliable, the most tractable, the most useful, among laborers.

No one can have any fault to find with our appreciation of the Irishman's services in the development of our country's prosperity, nay, can even help honoring us for honoring those to whom honor is so eminently due. The manner of our showing it, however, may be objectionable to some. Our public espousal of the cause of the Irish in their native isle may be regarded by some as an unwarranted interference in another nation's affairs. "Show to the American Irishmen," they may say, as much honor as you please. Extend to them as many rights and privileges as you desire, but let England deal with her Irish subjects as seems best to her. You would not brook her interference in your affairs, for the same reason you must not meddle with her affairs."

Charged with meddling with the affairs of others.

This were an irrefutable argument, if the question at issue were one that involved nothing but a foreign nation's chattel or harvest or trade or finance. But when it involves the rights of a downtrodden race, the fate of millions of suffering people, the possible slaying or saving of thousands of human lives, the question ceases to be a purely local one. It assumes international proportions. It leaps over boundaries and barriers, across continents and oceans. It becomes the burning question of all humanity. Did not Christian nations applaud, some years ago, Russia's Christian zeal in declaring war against Turkey for the cruelties of some of her people against Christian settlers in the Orient? Did not Christian nations applaud, some years ago, England's similar procedure against certain Asiatic tribes, for similar reasons? And shall our peaceful protest against an unlawful supremacy of a powerful nation over a small and helpless people, and our public endorsement of the amicable way, proposed by the Premier of Great Britain, for England's honorable restoration unto the Irish people rights that she has unjustly torn from them—shall this be denounced as an unwarrantable interference in another nation's affairs? Shall we be denounced as meddlers with what does not

Questions of human rights concerns the whole world.

concern us, even while the memory of England's recent much-applauded denunciation of Russian autocracy is still fresh in our mind? Was she not the first to raise her voice against Russian tyranny, when the news of the outrages and cruelties in the land of the Czar startled the world? Was she not the first to hold mass-meetings, and to appeal to the civilized nations of the earth to raise their voice of protest, in the name of justice and humanity? We, her daughter, have but followed the noble example set us by our mother; and the forcible arguments, which she used in defense of her righteous course, we apply in defense of ours.

Charged with living too far away for fair judgment.

But, granted that we have a moral right to protest against England's proceedings in Ireland, how can we justly do so, living too far away to be able to judge fairly of the true internal state of affairs of both these countries? What assurance have we that we, even with our best intentions for both these peoples, are not really encouraging sedition and bloodshed, are not really hastening a state of affairs that may bring far greater calamities upon Ireland than ever she encountered in all her troubled past?

Gladstone our authority.

This, too, were a powerful argument, if we, on this side of the Atlantic, had not the Honorable Mr. Gladstone, and his dominant party in the English House of Commons, for our authority, if we had not carefully perused, and thoughtfully pondered over, that noblest of all his political documents, his latest Home Rule Bill, the destined *Magna Charta* of Ireland. It were a powerful argument, if we had not the knowledge, that the author and sponsor of that Bill is not an Irishman, not a follower of the Roman Church, not a rabid revolutionist nor a reckless demagogue, none other than probably the greatest of English patriots, the most zealous champion of the Established Anglican Church, the truest Englishman that ever trod British soil, the highest in the council of the Queen, the most honored in Great Britain's House of Parliament. It were a powerful argument, if the author of this Bill had not made a noble record for himself, for bitterly opposing, whether in power or out of power, nearly every war-measure ever introduced, or every Bill that involved a likelihood of war or of vexatious complications, and for staunchly and persistently advocating every reform-measure that promised to advance the prosperity of the Queen's empire, and the content and happiness of her people. Where such a man leads, every liberty-loving man or woman may safely follow. The cause of Ireland's self-rule, which he espoused many years ago, and which he has advocated ever since, to which he has given the best years of his political life, and on which he has bestowed the best thought of his wide experience in statesmanship, the cause for which he has patiently borne defeat and abuse, and for which he possibly sacrifices now many a day of precious life of the few days yet meted out to him, such a cause is worthy of the endorsement and support of every man and woman in whose bosom throbs a human heart, in whose soul burns a spark of that celestial fire, which on earth is called Love of Right and Justice and Liberty.

Even if we had not in our favor so distinguished an authority as the Premier of England, with the history before us of Ireland's early prosperous independence, and of England's seizure of, and cruelty against, her, such a mass-meeting as that which was held in this city last Monday evening, would have been not only justifiable but also eminently praiseworthy. Who can read the story of Ireland's early history, of her advanced state of civilization and prosperity, before yet her then intellectually inferior Anglo-Saxon conqueror had set foot upon the British Isle, who can read the agonizing stories of England's bloody battles and massacres on Irish soil, before which the recent Fenian outrages pale into insignificance, which blighted and blasted the prosperity of the land, and sapped away the strength of the people, who can read the incredible stories of broken promises and violated pledges, of the treacheries and perfidies, by a powerful conqueror against a feeble and trembling captive, who can read the heart-sickening story of Ireland's present desolation and destitution, —who can read all this, and not feel stirring in his heart the profoundest pity for that unfortunate people, and not feel moved to utter blessings upon Gladstone's name, and not regard it his most sacred duty to raise, in unison with him, his voice of protest, and respectfully, yet emphatically, say to England: "There has already been too much of injustice; there must be no more. You are answerable already for too much wrong; make whatever amends still in your power. You cannot give back the lives you have slaughtered, nor undo the suffering you have caused, but you can give back the liberty of which you have robbed the Irish people, and which was and is their inalienable right. Atone upon the children your wrongs upon their sires. Yours is still the power to prevent still more bloodshed and yet greater misery, by granting Ireland's just demands. There is crime in denial; there is danger in delay."

Ireland's history our guide.

What is there so terrible in Ireland's demand which England so persistently refuses to grant? What is the aim of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill? Is it to deprive England of the possession of Ireland? No! Is it to rob the Queen of Ireland's allegiance to the throne? No! Is it to exempt the Irish people from serving in the National Parliament or army, or from contributing their share towards the maintenance of the National Government? No! Is it to set up an independent government, and to establish an independent army, as a menace to the people of England? No! Such treason is foreign to the loyal Irish heart, is undreamed of by their age- and honor-laden champion, would have been as bitterly denounced by the American people, in just as largely attended a mass-meeting, as their just demand was endorsed and applauded last Monday night.

Ireland's demand briefly stated.

Ireland desires to remain united with England and loyal to the Queen, to assist in sustaining and maintaining the honor and the power of the National Government, and is ready and willing to lay down her life in its defense. But in return for her allegiance, support and sacrifice, she asks for a restoration to her of her right to local government, that

was treacherously taken from her, at the beginning of the present century. She asks for her ancient, sacred right to legislate, like Canada, or Hungary, or any of our States, her own local affairs, in her own local parliament, within the capital of her own land, and for the good of her own people.

Why denied?

Why is the Tory party afraid to heed the advice of the Premier and of his powerful Liberal Party behind him, and to grant to Ireland her just rights? Is it the fear that the vast empire may be swallowed up by little home-ruling Ireland? That thought is too absurd to be entertained but for a minute. Is it the fear that little Ireland is too inexperienced to govern herself, and that fond and maternal England can so much better take care of the dependent infant? Considering the fact that Ireland is older than England, and that she has governed herself peacefully and prosperously before yet England had known the meaning of these words, and in the light of Ireland's present agrarian and industrial and commercial ruin and decay, and England's past treatment of her, such a fear smacks too much after hypocrisy to deserve a moment's notice. Is it the fear of seeing her people dragged by force into the Church of Rome? That thought is even more absurd than the others, for, whatever the sins of the Irish people may have been, this flattering unction they may lay to their souls, that their hands have never been as stained with the blood of bigotry's victims as have been those of England, whose chronicles record some of the bloodiest chapters in the history of religious persecutions.

England's refusal to grant Ireland the right to Home Rule can, therefore be due to nothing but pride or avarice or rancor or stubbornness.

English pride and rancor are the reason for the denial, and the ground for our protest and plea.

Against reasons such as these, ours is the duty to encourage the noble men across the sea in their heroic efforts to right a long and grievous wrong. Against reasons such as these, ours is the right to appeal for the sympathy of all lovers of freedom, that with their aid the GRAND OLD MAN may achieve the last, the greatest, the hardest fought, the most deserved triumph of his life of more than four score years, of which more than three score years have been consecrated to the best interests of his country. Ours is the obligation, as liberty-loving people, to help, in every honorable and peaceful way at our command, to root out *political oppression*, the arch-fiend of human progress, the enemy of national peace and of domestic happiness. Ours is the divine-given right, as a peace-loving and peace-pursuing people, to plead for the oppressed and slaved, for the persecuted and down-trodden, so long till our voice arouses other voices, and these awaken still other voices, until the whole world unites in one mighty shout for freedom, until every cause of discord between nations and peoples and creeds is removed, until the mighty standing armies are disbanded, and turned into useful toilers, till every 'sword is turned into a plowshare, and every spear into a pruning-knife,' till 'every man sits under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, with none to hurt and none to destroy,' till 'the earth is as full of the peace and love of God as the waters cover the sea.'

TOO SOON.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, April 2, 1893.

I honor the man who is ready to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
And when he had thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring not for what vengence the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

It was a daring and a gladdening feat, that which I beheld in nature's realm a few days ago. A tiny sprout, an only one as far as eye could range, had burst its bonds of darkness, had cleaved its prison walls of earth and ice, and had made a desperate leap into light and air and freedom.

A tiny sprout's daring feat.

It was a saddening sight, that which answered my inquiring gaze on the following morn. The living sprout of yesterday was the frozen corpse of to-day. Around it my inner eye read the inscription: "Died a Martyr's Death for coming Too Soon."

Poor, ill-fated child of nature, how daring—yet, how ill-requited! It had caught sight of the gorgeous procession, forming to go forth to greet the fair-faced and joy-dispensing Princess Spring. It had caught sounds of the inspiring chorals of the winged minstrels at the head of the advancing procession. It had felt the warming embraces and burning kisses of the bright-eyed daughters of the radiant sun, and it could restrain itself no longer within its dark and cold enclosure. And even though it also heard the moaning and sighing of the wind, and had also felt the lashing and wrenching of the gale, its brave heart had not been disspirited. It had burst into a realm, not yet ready to extend to it a welcome reception. A feeble pigmy had ventured alone into the midst of gigantic hostile forces. Throughout the morn it had braved their power. At noon it had even begun to think itself triumphant. But the waning of the day had brought a waning of its strength. The evening had found it exhausted and shrivelled. The dark and chilling night had heard its dying words: "I have dared, and I am dying for my daring, and I am dying happy because I dared. I might have waited and escaped. I might have left it for others to begin the struggle and to suffer the first onslaught, and have reaped the joyful harvest of their tearful sowing. Though suffering and death are my

Though ill-requited, it still died happy.

reward for my daring, it will yield joy and life to others. Though the gigantic forces opposed to me have conquered, yet they tremble for their fate. They know that my example of to-day will encourage a score of others to-morrow, and scores of scores on the day after, and a countless host before another month shall have passed, and that their dark and cruel forces will be utterly routed by such an army of blooming and ripening and heaven- and earth-rejoicing loveliness. To have paved the way for such a victory, even at the cost of life, is happiness. To die, even in the earliest spring of life, for such a glorious summer-harvest, is never to be mourned as a life sacrificed *too soon*."

Its fate that of a thousand martyrs.

Such were the words that I fancied myself listening to in the darkness and stillness of the night; and such are the words, that I seem to be hearing from a thousand different voices, on this bright and eloquent morning. This is our *Passover*, our annual Spring-Festival, and also *Easter Sunday*, the day we consecrated a few years ago as the annual Martyr's Day. This is the day, on which nature and history conjointly relate to us the thrilling stories of the struggles of the oppressed for liberty, of the victories of light over darkness, of the triumphs of right over might, and of the sufferings endured, and of the lives sacrificed, in the battles waged in their behalf.

What thoughtful reader of history does not recognize in the sad fate of the early spring's earliest sprout that of our martyrs, all over the world, who, catching, sooner than others, sights and sounds of a newer truth, and going forth to pave the way for its advent, and to prepare the people's mind for its reception, found the world freezing cold, and its people hostile? What lover of the heroic spirit does not recognize in that daring sprout the symbol of those martyrs, who, despite unfavoring condition and hostile reception, dared to proclaim the new truth, and to herald the new light, only to find themselves all alone, and much too soon, scorned, or rejected, or obliged to pay with their lives the penalty for their daring? What appreciative student of human progress does not do homage to-day to their memories, does not trace most of the blessings of our modern civilization to their struggles and sufferings, does not know and feel, that if they had feared to dare, feared to stand alone, feared to fight single-handed against gigantic forces, feared to suffer the early stripping blasts and killing frosts, civilization would not yet have celebrated its glorious spring-entry, and the human mind would still have hibernated under the icy layers of barbarism?

Advent of civilization as slow and difficult as that of spring.

Like unto the gradual coming of spring has been the slow advent of civilization. Its separation from barbarism has not been effected by a single and clear-cut division. Whole ages stretch between the two, and the pathway leading from the one to the other is as wide as the earth, and is strewn all over with martyrs. Neither liberty nor truth nor right has reached its present spring-glory by a single bound, or by a single effort of the will. No processional went forth to greet them. They had to steal, or to force, their way into the minds and hearts of the people. Their every

step forward marks a struggle; their every league onward designates a martyr's grave. Their every day's journey is a history of heroic daring, and of cruel suffering. Their every conquest is preceded by a fearful battle, and their every defeat is followed by signal victories. The further back we go the smaller is the number of truth's champions, but the greater their struggles and their sufferings; the nearer we come to our own times the greater is the number, but the smaller the suffering. The few valiant souls, who made the cause of truth their own in former times, had to suffer the most, that the hosts of truth's champions of to-day might suffer the least.

Moses had to face tyrant and rebel, had to cross raging sea and scorching desert, had to fight enemy and friend, had to endure life-long trials and tribulations, for the establishment of those institutions and for the promulgation of those laws, which, even after the lapse of more than three thousand years, are still cherished among the highest of human possessions.

Socrates, from whom, though more than two thousand years have passed since his death, the whole civilized world still draws inspiring and helpful lessons of morality and godliness, had to see himself dragged before the Athenian court to answer the charge of impiety and immorality, and had to drain the fatal poison cup to appease the wrath of the immoral gods and impious judges of the Greeks.

The gentle Rabbi of Nazareth, the lustre of whose virtuous life the interval of eighteen hundred years has not been able to dim, whose noble precepts and example are still the law of duty and the rule of right of one third of humankind, had meekly to surrender his life to the cruel Roman for advocating his people's right to the possession of their own country, and for accepting the proffered rulership over his own people.

And who can name the thousand other martyrs in the field of theology and science and politics, the Hypatias and Husses, the Savanarolas and Spinozas, the Galileos and Keplers, the Servetuses and Brunos, the Mores and the Garrisons, the men whose names the whole civilized world mentions to-day with reverence and gratitude, yet who, in their day, had to suffer hardships and degradations, persecution and exile, had to languish in dungeons or endure torture and death on the rack or at the stake, on the gallows or on the block, for the crime of coming and speaking Too Soon, of seeing from their vantage ground of larger vision or higher inspiration or greater courage, a little ahead of others, and of telling to others what they saw and heard and felt?

There is, however, a class of people, who are not carried away by such self-sacrificing daring for the cause of right. They have not enough of soul in them to comprehend such loftiness of character, such purity of motive, but they have enough of envy to depreciate it, and enough of venom to rail against it. The unselfish enthusiasm of the martyr-spirit is to them nothing but a thirst after sensationalism, or a striving after notoriety for selfish ends, or the

The martyr spirit condemned by cowardice.

raving of fools or maniacs. To such as these Luther and his colleagues were but disturbers of the peace, who had no other aim than that of displacing a popedom to establish popedoms of their own; Jean of Arc and Charlotte Corday were frivolous women, who, for notoriety's or vanity's sake, deserted their proper place in the kitchen to meddle with state-affairs. Washington, and the Declarers of the American Independence, and Garibaldi, and Kossuth were all revolutionists for selfish, personal ends; Gladstone is a sensationalist, who champions the Irish cause to keep himself in power, and to have the people speak of him. Professor Briggs poses as a religious reformer, to keep himself before the public, and to make the people buy his books.

Such cowards make a virtue of their timidity, and flaunt their stupidity as wisdom. Nothing pleases them so much as the applying to themselves the appellations of "lovers of peace," "conservatives," "venerators of ancient institutions." They are out of patience with the man, who forces them to think, and are shocked at his declarations that there are some inherited institutions and beliefs and practices that are pernicious, and require eradication or radical change. To them it is sacrilege for posterity to venture to improve upon the heritage of ancestry. What was right for their fathers must be right for them and for their children. They are not opposed to slight changes, providing they come not too soon, especially not in their own time, providing also they be brought about in the slow process of time, and without the meddling of man. Providence, they say, is perfectly able to take care of all necessary reforms, without the help of feeble man.

But, somehow, Providence has never yet brought about a theological or political or intellectual change without the aid of man. It needed and produced a Moses, when it had a Decalogue to promulgate. It needed and produced a Paul, when it had the religion of Israel to propagate on earth. It needed and produced a Gutenberg, when it had learning to diffuse among the masses. It needed and produced a Lessing, a Jefferson, a Lincoln, when it had religious liberty and human rights to write upon the statute books of the nations. It needed and produced a Franklin, a Howe and a Fulton, a Morse, a Field and an Edison, when it had larger comforts and better facilities to introduce in the homes and shops, in the industries and trades of the people.

Providence affects reforms through reformers.

When Providence has a reform to make, it sends forthwith the reformer to make it. It works upon men through man. When it calls, the reformer can as little help coming as the reform can help taking root, and he, whom it calls, can never come too soon, and never too late. He is always on time. And be the time yet so unpropitious, and his welcome yet so hostile, he can as little be kept back, or be dissuaded from his purpose, or be silenced by suffering, as the sprout of early spring can help appearing when the irresistible spring-spirit calls, or be dissuaded from remaining by the fear of sure and fatal encounter with March and April frosts and blasts. What care such men as they for per-

secution or death! Their very dungeon-darkness is brightness to them; their taunt is praise to them; their crown of thorns is a crown of glory to them; their very torture is ecstasy to them. They know no fear, for no cowardice dwells within their hearts. They know of no dread, for no consideration of policy or self-interest sways their minds. They hear not abuse or accusation or caution, for the call of Providence rings in their ears. They hear but the one command: "Do what thou art bid!" And they obey that call, even if they have to stand all alone, and in the face of death.

Some men born to take a bee-line to the rack.

Emerson teaches that "there are ever appearing in the world men, who, almost as soon as they are born, take a bee-line to the rack of the inquisition, the axe of the tyrant," and truer doctrine he never taught. He has a voluminous martyrology wherewith to clinch his argument. These men never stopped to look at the world's clock to see what hour it is. They never feared that they came too soon. If they had any fear at all it was that they came too late, and they hastened all the more eagerly towards their doom. They never delayed a moment to consider how sharp the point of bayonet, how hot the flame of fagot, how swift the flight of bullet, how keen the pang of rack. They but saw before them the duty they were sent to do, and on they marched to do it, tearing away from parents, wives, and children, from friends and well-wishers, who sought to pull them back, or to shake their resoluteness by crying after them: "Come back, ye madmen, come back! The world is not ripe for you. You will have but suffering and death for your reward. Your cause is right, your purpose is noble, but you are ahead of time, you are too soon!"

These friends could have used no better argument to urge such messengers of Providence onward. What more cared they to know than that their cause was right! Could a cause that is right be championed too soon? Theirs was not a mind that could comprehend how a truth, that is right, could be promulgated too soon, or how a law, that is right, could be enacted too soon, or how a reform, that is right, could be introduced too soon, or how a blessing, that is right, could come to man to soon, or how a man could sacrifice himself too soon for such a blessing.

The right cause can never be championed too soon.

Only the cowardly mind can grasp that thought, can even dignify it as superior wisdom, as laudable discretion. Only they, who scream at the sight of a mouse, or turn deathly pale at a white sheet dangling from a clothes-line, or who faint when they prick themselves with a needle, or who tremble with fright when an original thought accidentally loses itself within the convolutions of their brains, these alone can grasp and explain how a reform that is right and proper and greatly needed, and that will prove a blessing wherever introduced, can come too soon.

Cowardice dignified as discretion.

Only they, who never had a conviction of their own, who never had a cause to defend, and who could not defend it, if they had, who have

souls without wills, and wills without energies, who have never heard deep in their souls a call from on High, and who have never felt deep in their hearts the ecstatic thrill, that comes with espousing a righteous cause, and that accompanies the toiling and sacrificing, the suffering and dying for it, these alone understand the art of masking selfish cowardice as wise discretion.

Only they, who stand at a distance, beyond the reach of sword or rifle or flame, when brave men fight historic battles, who, when the battle is fought and won, are among the first to avail themselves of the blessings for which brave men suffered and died, these are the ones who, when brave deeds and words are wanted, make it a profession to shake their heads knowingly, and to look inscrutably wise, and to drawl forth their advice of caution and consideration and conservatism. "Respect existing things," they tell you, "venerate the heritage of your fathers. Better the faulty old than the untried new. Don't disturb the belief of the elders, and don't put new notions into the unripe minds of the young. Never do yourself what you can leave to others to do. Don't expose yourself unnecessarily to abuse and to attack, when you can go your way peacefully, and be patted on the shoulder as a safe and conservative fellow. Let well enough alone. Your reform-proposal may be all right, but the time for it has not yet come. It is still too soon, still too soon!" and, if they had their way, even doomsday would still be too soon for them.

Fortunately, such cowardly advice has been heeded by cowards only. Could it also have affected the minds of the brave, the state of the world's civilization would still have been to-day where it was when it commenced, thousands of years back, or as it is there, where the iron rod of ignorance and despotism suffer no departure from the beaten tracks which the ancients trod. But for our self-sacrificing martyrs, we might still have prostrated ourselves before debasing fetishes, might still have trembled before cruel and despotic gods, might still have been terrorized by gross superstitions, might still have thrown our innocent first-born into the fiery jaws of Moloch, might still have subjected ourselves to the will and whim of tyranical priesthoods. But for our self-immolating emancipators, we might still have cowered before despotic rulers, and still have groaned under excessive burdens to indulge licentious courts and murderous armies, might still have saturated the earth with the blood of the flower of our youth, and still have deemed ourselves fortunate to be permitted by our autocratic rulers to live and to slave ourselves to death for them. But for our fearless educators, we might still have grovelled in ignorance and rotted away in primitive barbarism, caves might still have been our dwellings, and hides our covering, and raw flesh our food, and bloodshed our calling; woman might still have been brutal man's degraded slave, and her children his merchandisable property; the whole world might still have been our foe, and we the foe of all the world.

But for our martyrs, we would still have been barbarians.

And it is only because the irresolute and the easily influenced have paid too much heed to the advice of cowardice that the world has made such little progress during the past five thousand years. It is because of the dastardly fear of daring to do the right, it is because the words *Too Soon* have been ringing in far too many ears, that men like Elijah and Nathan, like Isaiah and Micah, like Budha and Jesus, like Knox and Luther, like Mendelssohn and Geiger, have found so few imitators in the religious world.

But for cowardice, we might have been further advanced

Had it not been for the fear of many preachers to dare to be true to their convictions, to dare to stand alone, if need be, and to tell their people—rich or poor, high or low—what they ought to know and hear and do, we would have heard less to-day of speculative theology and more of practical religion, less of Biblical letter-worship and more of spiritual aspirations, less of what is going on in the after-life and more of what is going on here below, less of how people lived three thousand years ago, and more of how they live to-day, and how they suffer, and why they suffer.

Had it not been for the fear of people to dare to demand their just rights, and to insist upon their being granted, we would have had less politics and more statesmanship, less corruption and more honesty, less of serving self and more of serving the good of all within our legislative halls.

Had it not been for that cowardice, we would not have had to-day the bitter struggle between capital and labor, and the appalling contrast between the all-absorbing monopolist and the overworked, and underpaid wage-earner, between the licensed stock-gambler and the mortgage-burdened tiller of the soil.

Had it not been for that cowardly *Too Soon*, we would not have been menaced to-day by heart-sickening slum-districts, with their rookeries that tumble over their tenants and bury them alive, with their hot-beds of contagion, with their nurseries of vice and crime, that have probably tortured and slaughtered more lives, and blighted and blasted more virtue than any recent war can boast of anywhere in the world.

It is courage, more than anything else, that the world has need of at the present day. It has brain enough, but not enough of valor, and for the lack of that valor much of the world's best thought goes to naught. It has will enough, but not enough of the heroic spirit. Too many men still fear to battle for the truth. They palliate their cowardice by naming it "prudence," "conservatism," "discretion." Discretion may at times be the better part of valor; but the world's greatest benefactors have oftenest found valor to be the best part of discretion. The poet says that faint heart never won fair lady; the historian proves that faint spirit never won truth's victories.

The heroic spirit is wanted more than anything else.

The golden age of which all the world is dreaming is realizable, but not through dreaming but through doing, not through wishing but through daring. Dare, and it is thine. Dare, and chains fall, and prison-walls crumble away.

Golden Age realizable only through daring.

"Du willst, und diese Ketten fallen ab,
Und diese Thurmwand spaltet sich!"
—SCHILLER, *Jungfrau von Orleans.*

And we cannot dare too soon. Too much time has already been lost. Three thousand years span the distance between this Passover-day and the birth of freedom at the borders of the Red Sea, and still mankind is not yet free. Eighteen hundred years stretch between this Easter-day and the death of the Man of Peace and still the earth has not yet peace.

When the Festival of Freedom and Peace will be truly celebrated.

And mankind will not be free, and the earth will not have peace, until man will dare as the tiny spring-sprout dares, to burst his bonds that hold him shackled to an age of darkness, to cleave his prison-walls, to step out into light and freedom, to face and brave the stripping gales and nipping blasts, and rather die than slink back or surrender. Mankind will not be free, and the earth will not have peace, until man will dare to love the old God and to follow the new thought, to shorten his creed and to lengthen his deed, to do the right and defend it with might. Not until universal peace spreads her mantling wings over a federated brotherhood of free men will to-day's Festival of Freedom and Resurrection have its true significance and celebration. When the flag of mental and moral freedom will fly from every capitol dome, and from every church turret; when every sword shall have changed to plowshare, every armory to factory, every prison to school-house; when the song of peace on earth and good will among men will be intoned within every House of Worship, and will be practised outside its gates; when every heart will be dedicated to truth, and every mind to reason,—then, and not till then, will be the time to sheathe our spiritual sword, and celebrate the Festival of Freedom and of Peace.

Ahlwardt and Bismark.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 9, 1893.

"Had not the Lord been on our side
When men rose up against us
Then they had swallowed us alive
When their wrath was kindled against us."
—PSALM CXXIV, 2-3.

Faust, ... "Wer bist du denn?
Mephistopholes, Ein Theil von jener Kraft,
Die stets das Böse will und stets das Gute schafft."
—GOETHE, *Faust*, Act I, Sc. III.

That Germany has been, and still is, envious of the power and prosperity of France has been generally acknowledged, but that Germans are also envious of the notoriety of France for scandals and demagogues is something that, until a short time ago, we would have been little inclined to believe. It seems that there are some Germans who will not be outdone by Frenchmen in anything, not even in wickedness. No sooner had France floated the German-hating Boulanger on the surface of its scum-population, than Germany picked up from among its rubbish the Jew-baiting Stöcker, and sent him brawling and frothing to the stump and to the saloons, as the Teutonic rival of the Gallic blusterer. No sooner had France succeeded in startling the world with sensational accounts of the Panama scandal, than a rabble of Germans fetched from his obscurity one, named Ahlwardt, a rector by profession and a libeller by trade, by supposition a man of scholarship, but in reality a man of repellent stupidity, in creed a follower of Jesus, in deed an enemy of the Jewish kinsmen of the Nazarene Rabbi, and got him to show that the Chamber of Deputies of Paris cannot excel in corruption the Reichstag of Berlin, that Bismark, the ex-Chancellor, and Miquel, the Minister of Finance, and others, are as skilled in financial crookedness as are De Lesseps and Eifel, and their colleagues. Nay, the Berlin libellers are even entitled to the palm of victory over the French scandal-mongers, for while these simply made known to the world a really existing scandal, their German *confrères* scored a point on them, by wholly inventing their scandal, by deliberately manufacturing the charges wherewith they besmirched the spotless integrity of deservedly distinguished men.

Germany envious even of French scandals.

These introductory remarks of mine may seem humorous to some, and sarcastic to others, but to the friend of the Germans and of the Jews they have neither the sound of humor nor that of sarcasm. To him they have the sound of an indignant protestation. Every fibre within him revolts against that baseness, that lays wholly groundless charges against men to whom the whole civilized world looks up with awe and admiration. Every drop of blood within him boils at the mere thought of the baseless slander heaped upon fair reputations, that required scores of years and hard and incessant toil in building up.

Ahlwardt's party fills Germany with alarm.

And his indignation is mingled with much alarm. When a Bismark is no longer safe from attacks of Anti-Semites, when the Emperor himself and his Chancellor are openly defied, by the men who live and thrive by Jew-baiting, when the confidence of the German army in its fire-arms is shaken, and the safety of the nation jeopardized, by a reckless Rector, when a hero is made of the unprincipled Ahlwardt, while being convicted of crime and sentenced to imprisonment, when a rabble of malcontents undermines the very foundation of government by turning a transgressor against the people into a legislator of the people, by leading a felon in triumphal procession from penitentiary cell to Reichstag seat, when such crime can be committed with impunity, and such lawlessness can run riot in the very capital of the nation, one cannot wonder that not only indignation should seize upon Germanny's loyal citizens but that also alarm should fill their minds that the nation is hurrying towards a crisis which augurs little good for the peace and welfare of the people.

Who is this Ahlwardt, this much-talked-of Rector of Berlin, this notorious leader of the Anti-Semitic party of Germany? I have consulted books and journals, I have ransacked public and private libraries, I have inquired in the leading German bookstores of this city and of New York, but all my efforts have failed to inform me of any service which he had ever rendered his country, of any qualifications for statesmanship and leadership which he had ever evinced, that would entitle him to besmirch the character of a Bismark and of distinguished Ministers of the realm, to cast aspersions upon the integrity of long-tried, battle-scarred veterans of the army, to sit as legislator among wise statesmen, to receive the loud hosannas of the rabble in going to, or in coming from, the Reichstag.

Sketch of Ahlwardt's notorious career.

All that I could find was that he had written a few inflammatory pamphlets against the Jews of Germany, that his defamation of the Jewish character had attracted towards him the Anti-Semitic party, which elected him for its leader, in place of Stöcker, the dismissed court-preacher.

This unexpected honor has nearly turned his feeble mind. His inordinate ambition, and his unquenchable thirst after notoriety have completely run away with him. His highest aim is to immortalize himself through effecting the expatriation and expulsion of the Semites from Teutonic Germany, and the methods he employs for the attainment of

his object are most dastardly. He shrinks from no meanness, from no falsehood, that holds out the slightest hope of furthering his plan. His line of action is to show that the Jews are a people utterly lacking in morality and patriotism, that they are parasites, and corrupters of Teutonic virtue, that with their enormous wealth they insinuate themselves in the favor of the greatest of the realm, with whose help and connivance they defraud the government of vast sums, and impoverish the people.

He publishes a pamphlet called "*Der Eid eines Juden*" (The Oath of a Jew), in which he tries to show, that some thirty years ago the Jewish banker Bleichröder perjured himself to escape the molestation of a former inamorata, and, waxing galant, in his championship of a worthless and mercenary woman, proceeds to brand all the Jews as a people incapable of grasping the sanctity of an oath, utterly devoid of every sense of morality, dangerous to Teuton purity, and he admonishes the people not to associate and not to trade with them, and the Government to deprive them of their rights and privileges as citizens, and hints at even more rigorous measures, as a safeguard against their corrupting viles.

Publishes his "*Oath of a Jew.*"

Flattered by the notoriety he gains by this scurrilous publication, he proceeds next to issue another Jew-baiting pamphlet, under the euphonious title "*Judenflinten*," (Jew-rifles), in which he tries to show, that a Jewish rifle-manufactory had cheated the Government, and had weakened the defense of the people, by delivering to the arsenals unsound and unsafe rifles, and that the Government officials, in accepting them, have proven themselves as being in league with, and as standing under the monetary influence of, the all-corrupting Jews.

Publishes his "*Judenflinten.*"

The sensation which this publication arouses drives him to an ecstasy of frenzy. Denounced by Emperor and Chancellor and Ministers as a knave, convicted and sentenced as a vicious libeller, it flatters him now to pose before the public in a double roll—that of a champion and that of a martyr. Deep in his dark soul he swears vengeance against the Jews, and against all who espouse their cause. He appeals to the basest passions of the discontented scum-element, that festers on the surface of the population of all large cities, and wins their fullest approval and most devoted following. Henceforth, no name, no fame, no character, shall be too sacred for the prosecution of his villany. He must make the rabble believe that even such men as Bismark, as Miquel, the Minister of Finance, stand in the secret service of the Jews, and that with their aid, Jewish bankers have succeeded in inveigling the Government into all sorts of fraudulent schemes, and robbing the people of fabulous sums of money.

Charges Bismark and others with fraudulent transactions.

He makes such a calumnious charge on the floor of the *Reichstag*. The entire assembly, including the former Anti-Semitic leader Stöcker, is amazed at the audacity of the reckless traducer. He is asked to produce proof, and what he shows arouses the laughter and hisses of the entire legislative body. He is despised and shunned,—but what cares he,

as long as he hears the jubilant shouts of the rabble outside the Reichstag-gates. He quits the hall with the boisterous and boastful declaration that when the Easter-Holiday shall have passed, he will appear again, and with disclosures that will startle the nation, and involve the good name of yet other much-esteemed men.

And so, while the German people are gayly celebrating their Spring-Festival in honor of the Prince of Peace, and while the whole world is doing homage to the Ex-Chancellor, on the 78th anniversary of his natal day, while princes and premiers, professors and students, patricians and plebeians, Jew and Gentile, send greetings and well-wishes to the Teuton of Teutons at Friedrichsruhe, this miserable detractor Ahlwardt rummages among dust-laden archives, ransacks old newspaper-files, holds secret sessions and conferences with his Anti-Semitic friends, concocts schemes and plots, and manufactures proofs and evidences, to sully the reputation of justly distinguished patriots of the Fatherland, and to imperil the safety of half a million of peaceful and law-abiding and industrious German citizens of the Semitic race.

Attacks Bismark only to make attack on Jews the more effective.

It is not likely that this reckless Rector is unaware of the hazardous game he is playing in libelling the character of Germany's illustrious statesmen. Though far from being a wise man, he is not such a fool as not to know that, while it may be possible for him to calumniate the Jews, and be believed, and escape punishment, there are characters from whom slander can only recoil to the injury of the slanderer, that while Jews will suffer, unresented, insult upon insults, and attack upon attack, there are persons, who, when attacked, never fail to carry into effect the motto of the Scotchmen: "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" (no one wounds me with impunity), and of which he has already had a taste.

How shall we account for his persistency in his nefarious calumniations? Shall we attribute it to conviction or to reckles viciousness? I trust that I am not unjust nor unduly severe for believing the latter. With my best intentions, I have not been able to discover a single trait in the Rector's character that would even in the slightest degree make it possible for me to believe otherwise of him. I am convinced that he knows as well as you or I that he cannot sully the integrity of a Bismark, or shake the confidence of the Germans in the soundness of their rifles. I moreover believe that he is convinced that Prince Bismark and Minister Miquel and the others, will find numerous and able defenders, and that they will be justly acquitted of every suspicion which he, or his henchmen, may raise against their honesty. It is also my conviction that it is not even his intention to injure these illustrious people. I believe that his sole aim is to injure the character of the Jews. I believe that, relying on the characteristic reluctance of the Jews to defend themselves as it becomes persons who have characters worthy of defense, and encouraged by the general readiness of Gentiles to believe the Jews guilty of any crime any miscreant may charge them with, he thinks it the easiest and speediest way to his coveted goal to alarm the German people with start-

ling accounts of the exceeding injuriousness of their Jewish population, to exhibit them as corrupters of even the highest officials of the Government, as weakeners of the strength of the army, as impoverishers of the people. And though every charge of his is proven false, though the aspersed statesmen come forth from the trial purer than ever, though he is sentenced again to imprisonment, he knows enough of the average German's innate hatred of the Jew, to feel assured that much of what he writes and speaks against the Jews, though proven false, will nevertheless be believed by the populace, will fan their anti-semitic hatred into wider-spreading flames, and will make the lot of the Jews all the more insufferable. To have accomplished this is to him more than recompense for contempt and hisses and imprisonment, more than reward for yet greater contempt, and for a yet more degrading sentence.

It is much to be deplored that such a state of affairs should still prevail in one of the most cultured countries of Europe. It is sadly disappointing that in the country of a Lessing and a Herder, of a Kant and a Humbold, of a Goethe and a Schiller, the writings and speeches of such a character as Ahlwardt should at this late date command the public's attention.

That Jew-baiting should still be possible in Germany is deplorable.

It is disheartening that in a country like Germany, that stands in the forefront of the highest civilization, the Jew should still be subjected to indignities, which, considering the higher culture of the German Jew, are harder to bear than those which the Russian or Oriental Jew is called upon to endure.

It is shaking one's faith in the growth of man's humaner feelings, to see all the floodgates of a nation's discontent open themselves upon the Jews, who are among the most law-abiding citizens of Germany, among the most industrious and thrifty, among the most cultured and progressive, among the least troublesome and least criminal.

It is revolting to every sense of justice to see the Jew, who has been domiciled on German soil for hundreds of years, who has suffered and bled and died in the defense of his country, who has labored untiringly in the upbuilding of the nation's prosperity and power, who has contributed some of the best writers and thinkers to Germany's list of celebrated men, such men as Heine and Boerne, Auerbach and Traube, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, Lasalle and Riesser, Lasker and Bamberger, Lazarus and Steinthal, and a host of others, it is revolting to see him publicly and incessantly insulted as unpatriotic and parasitic, as endangering the morals of the people and as sapping the prosperity of the country, to see him travestied and lampooned in the press and on the platform, on the stage and from the pulpit, in the saloon and in the Reichstag, to see him barred from certain offices in the government and in the army, and denied admission to certain schools and societies, for no other reason than that Semitic instead of Aryan blood courses in his veins.

Equally as deplorable is the fact, that in a country like Germany it should be possible for a character like Ahlwardt to calumniate a man like Bismark. That Jews should be libelled, hardly surprises any one, for "suffrance is the badge" of that race, but that a Bismark should be accused of fraudulent transactions by the same traducers, excites the anger even of his bitterest political opponents. That not even the man, who served three emperors in the capacity of chief minister, who raised Germany from an inferior position to one of the greatest powers of the world, who humbled the pride of her bitterest foe, and kept others in dread of her, that not even such a man should be proof against the calumnies of the Anti-Semites, is probably the best demonstration of the audacity of these defamers, and of the falsity of their charges. Sad was the sight of his voluntary or enforced retirement from the chancellorship of the empire which he created, sadder was the sight of the desertion of former friends and followers as soon as he was stripped of his power and influence, but the saddest of all is this besmirching of his fair name, in the declining years of his life, by a notorious leader of a mob of character-murderers, within that very Reichstag, which his presence ornamented for two score years, and in which his utterances thrilled all Germany, and held spell-bound all the world.

Equally as deplorable to see a Bismark slandered by Anti-Semites.

But, though incensed at such treatment, we cannot but think that he himself is much too blame for it. It is he, who, probably, more than any one else, is responsible for the rise of the Anti-Semitic party. Never a friend of the Jews, and at times an implacable opponent, he encouraged those very excesses from which he himself now must suffer. Opposed in the Reichstag and in the Press, some twelve or fourteen years ago, in some of his plans and propositions, by the Liberals, under the skillful leadership of Lasker, the Jew, and fearing defeat, he and his colaborers appealed to the passions of the populace, and asked the German people to decide at the polls whether Bismark and his loyal Teutons, or Lasker and the Semitic Jews, should rule the fatherland. The enemies of the Jews, of whom Germany has ever had a goodly number, were not slow to take the hint, and to band themselves together for the gigantic feat of rescuing the nearly fifty millions of German Aryans from the hand of the half million of German Semites. Thus arose the party of Anti-Semites, which rewards to-day the most illustrious of its creators with the titles of Fraudulent Official and Taker of Bribe. It is an old saying that the digger of pits for others often tumbles into them himself, and that the scatterer of ashes must submit to the discomfort of having some of them land on his own head. Bismark succeeded well with the Anti-Semitic boomrang in effecting Lasker's defeat and in keeping, for a while, his own party in power, but he was not skillful enough to prevent its rebounding to the besmirching of his own integrity.

Bismark much to blame for it, being author of Anti-Semitic party.

And the same may be said of the German Emperor himself. One cannot but justify his vigorous striking back, when struck in his most

vulnerable part, namely the suspicioning of the excellency of Germany's weapons of defense. But he, too, is greatly responsible for such treasonable calumnies. It pleased him at one time to flirt with the Anti-Semites, especially with their ex-chief, the court preacher Stöcker, but he has had nothing but trouble for his favors. Gratitude and recognition of good service rendered are sentiments wholly foreign to Jew-baiters. The whole object of their existence seems to be the persecution of Jews, and they are ever ready to sacrifice friend or foe, if the devoutly wished ruination of the Jew can be the speedier effected thereby.

The Emperor, too, flirted with them in former times.

But, with all his craving for doing mischief, Ahlwardt has probably proven himself a friend of the Jews, despite himself. Like Mephistopheles in Goethe's Faust, he might well name himself

> . . . . . "Part of that power, not understood,
> Which always wills the bad, and always works the good."

Ahlwardt, like Mephistopheles, willing evil yet working good.

His villany might have escaped detection, had he confined himself to the Jews, for there is no charge, be it ever so heinous, that Non-Jews will not believe of Jews, from murdering Christian children to use their blood for the Passover-Bread, to the plotting with France for the overthrow of Germany by means of improperly constructed rifles. But when he ventures to draw Non-Jews, who are universally respected for their great and honorable service to their country, into the vortex of his frenzy of Jew-hatred, the intelligent world stands appalled at his audacity, and indignantly it calls a halt, and loudly it clamors for punishment. Its eyes have suddenly been opened to the depravity of the Anti-Semites, and to the danger of their riots and excesses. The few decent supporters they have are fast deserting them, and it is possible that they may never survive this fatal Ahlwardtian blunder.

Will the troubles of the Jews of Germany be over then? Much as I would want to hope it, I cannot. Persecutions against the Jews of Germany will continue as long as a scum-populace continues to froth on the surface of German politics and industries and societies, as long as the present social discontent will endure, as long as Jewish industry and thrift, economy and prosperity will continue to arouse the envy and anger of the indolent socialistic beer-saloon population of the fatherland. Germany is overcrowded and poor. Heavy taxation to keep up an expensive monarchy and a costly standing army, keep her laborers painfully near the starvation-point. Being an educated people, they are restive under their misery, and, as it does the discontented mind good to have some one to blame for its discontent, it pleases Germans to make the Jew their scapegoat. At the outbreak of the French Revolution the aristocracy and the church were the eyesore, and the cause of all the trouble, of the rabble. In England it is the House of Lords that is held responsible by the indolent and unemployed and poorly paid, for their low wages or for insufficient employment. In this country it is the monopolist and capitalist

Persecution of Jews, however, will not yet end.

and free trade and double tax and immigrant, and what not, that are responsible for our labor-troubles. In Germany it is the Jew, who is the cause of hard times and low wages and social discontent. I find this very answer given to the Rev. Stöcker, in a recent pamphlet called: "*Die Vorgänge der inneren Politik seit der Thronbesteigung Wilhelms I*," by a Non-Jewish writer, saying:

"Herr Stöcker wendet sich an den selbstsüchtigsten Instinkt der Zuhörer, an das gemeine Bedürfniss des Hasses und an den gemeinen Glauben, dass die Ursache aller Uebel irgendwo verkörpert sein müsse, so dass man sie mit einem Schlag zertrümmern könnte. . . . . Alles Uebel kommt von den Aristokraten und ihren Helfern, sagte man 1795, alle Uebel kommen von den Juden und Judengenossen, sagt Herr Stöcker. Wenn die Macht der Juden gebrochen ist, oder wenn sie aus dem Lande getrieben sind—Herr Stöcker sagt nie, was er mit den Juden vor hat—dann soll ein Paradies errichtet werden, von dem Herr Stöcker einige Umrisse zeichnet."

The only chance for the cessation of German Jew-baiting may possibly lie in the Jews' respectful but vigorous defense of their honor, whenever insulted. That time has happily passed, when the Jew had no right to complain when attacked, and no redress at court when wronged. In these days, it is not prudence, not patience, not forgiveness, it is nothing but cowardice to permit oneself to be insulted, year in and year out, and to pocket the insult. The proprietors of the slandered rifle-manufactory have shown Mr. Ahlwardt that a laboriously built up reputation is not to be pulled down with impunity. Had all the Jews of Germany so dealt with their calumniators, Anti-Semitism might not have grown as it has, and Stöcker and Ahlwardt might have followed their legitimate professions of preaching and teaching.

Self-defense a possible cure of Anti-Semitism.

For much of their abuse, nothing but the cowardice of the Jews of Germany is responsible. They would have been attacked less had they defended their honor more. Nothing so encourages a rabble as the real or apparent weakness of him they hate; and nothing puts them sooner to flight than the presenting of a bold front. A mean soul can never face a brave man's eye, and a slayer of character trembles under the uplifted arm of righteousness. It is noble not to give offense; it is ignoble, when ruinously slandered, not to punish the offender. The porcupine is one of the most harmless of animals, though provided with one of the most powerful of armors. It could easily be an aggressor, but it prefers to pursue its peaceful way. Yet, let some dog attack it, and instantly it rolls itself into a ball, and presents its keen-pointed quills, against which even the sharpest of dog's teeth cannot prevail. Thus should be the course of the Jew, harmless and peaceful when unattacked, but presenting his keen-pointed quills when pursued by the dogs of persecution.

Jews would have been attacked less had they defended themselves more.

Yes, let the keen-pointed quill be the defender of the Jew, before yet he is attacked, and probably the attack will never come. It is to the non-use of the quill, it is to the ignorance of the world as to what the Jew was, is, and aims to be, that much of the suffering of the Jew is due. The world still knows too little of the true character of the Jew, is, therefore, still too much prejudiced against him, and too ready to listen to the bark of every Jew-baiting dog. Once let the Jew use the self-defending quill freely, let him scatter broadcast a knowledge of his history and achievement, of his industry and morality, of his patriotism and religious tenets, and the world, rightly informed, will be fair enough to be just, and will honor the Jew as sincerely as it formerly despised him. The keen-pointed pen of the self-defending Jew is mightier than the sharpest teeth of persecution's dogs.

TO-DAY.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

April 16th, 1893,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1893.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893

1. Israel's Debt to the New World.
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
5. Sinai and Olympus.
6. One to Sow, Another to Reap.
7. Brethren at Strife.
8. Jew Responsible for Jew.
9. Did Isaiah prophesy Jesus?
10. Did the other prophets prophesy Jesus?
11. Model Dwellings for the Poor.
12. Under the Lash.
13. The Lost Chord.
14. Sabbath for Man—Not Man for Sabbath.
15. Give—While You Live.
16. The Bubble of Glory.
17. Compulsory School-Attendance.
18. Too Late.
19. A Plea for Home Rule in Ireland.
20. Too Soon.
21. Ahlwardt and Bismark.
22. To-Day.
23
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23 VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

TO-DAY.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 16, 1893.

"That we would do, we should do when we would."—*Shakespeare.*

By the streets of "by and by" one arrives at the house of "never."*Cervantes.*

Was heute nicht geschieht, ist morgen nicht gethan.—*Goethe.*

"Sapere aude,
Incipe; vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
Rusticus exspectat, dum defluat amnis."
—*Horace.*

Dare to be wise, begin; he who defers
The hour of living aright is like the clown
Waiting till the river shall have run by.

At a college clinic, an exceedingly dangerous operation was being performed by a celebrated surgeon. Cautiously and gently, yet unpityingly, he proceeded with his horrible work, his class of deeply interested students looking on breathlessly, and wondering much as to the success of the daring undertaking. When the professor had finished the operation, he turned to his students and said: "Gentlemen, you have witnessed more than a surgical operation this morning. The work I have done may be of no benefit to the patient, and of no value to you, as far as surgery is concerned. But let me at least trust that it has taught you a lesson, which some day may be of great value to you and to your patients. It is the lesson never to put off, in physical ailments, till to-morrow what should be done *to-day.* Two years ago a safe and simple operation would have cured this disease. Six years ago a wise course of life would have prevented it. I have done the best I knew, but with what success nature alone will have to determine. The man was doomed before the operation, and may even now be in the shadow of death. Nature, though always patient, is not always forgiving. She does not always consent to the repeal of her capital sentences."—On the following day, the patient was dead.

A critical operation with a wise moral.

These were wise words, and they must have made a deep impression upon his students, and may subsequently have proven of benefit to many a sufferer, and a joy to many a home. And they contain a wise lesson also for us unprofessional people. Dropping from the professor's admonition the phrase "physical ailment," and making it to read: "Never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day," it applies to every circumstance of life. There is not a man or woman or child within the sound of my voice, that has not experienced, that the neglected duty of to-day becomes the

The neglected duty of to-day becomes the regretful sorrow of to-morrow.

regretful sorrow of to-morrow. Procrastination has cost the loss of many lives, and of many other things besides. It has banished opportunity, has fritted away talents, has choked good resolutions, has withered affection, has darkened the sunshine of homes and blighted the happiness of hearts.

Overhaste has slain its thousands, overslowness its tens of thousands. "I'll give battle to-morrow, and not to-day," said the general; but *to-day* was the favorable moment, and would have led to victory and to fame, while to-morrow brought defeat and shame. "To-morrow I'll begin to settle down, and to look about for a respectable career," said a sower of wild oats; but his opportunity was on that day; on the following day his chance was gone, and never came again in all his rueful days. "Not to-day, but to-morrow I'll offer my heart and hand to her I love," said the lover, but chance and Cupid favored *to-day;* when to-morrow came another had declared his love, and had been accepted, and while the resolute rival rejoiced at the side of his lady-fair the too-much deliberating suitor mourned a life-time over his neglected chance. "To-morrow I'll enter upon my great work," said the would-be author, and the would-be philanthropist, and the would-be reformer, but when to-morrow came it was again "to-morrow I'll begin, I am not yet ready to-day," and they continued deferring from to-day to to-morrow, till to-morrow never came again. The poet Southwell was right when he advised us

Overhaste has slain thousands; overslowness tens of thousands

> "Shun delays, they breed remorse;
> Take thy time while time is lent thee.
> Creeping snails have weakest force;
> Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
> Good is best when soonest wrought;
> Lingering labors come to naught."

Deliberation is a goodly thing, when it has its limit. The slow course is assuredly the judicious course, when there is ample time for creeping. There are occasions in life, when the wisest rule to follow is never to do to-day what can be done to-morrow, never to hasten in a matter, when the reflection of another night may shed a newer and a better light. But, when the destiny of a life depends on the decision of the moment, procrastination is hazardous. Where there is doubt, it is wise to defer to a clearer hour, when there is time; but when time is wanting and duty pressing hard, it is imperative to choose the course that in the crisis seems the best. Prompt decision and instant action in critical moments have won more battles than have the best matured plans of the ablest commanders, after the passing of the favorable moment. Delay has never yet profited, when action was imperative, and when the hour and men were ready. The ocean of life has its ebbs and tides as have the oceans of the earth. They obey their own time, not that of man. They wait for none. He that will not ride upon the inrushing flood will be swept beneath it. Six hours delay cost Napoleon the price of Waterloo; a gain of six hours

When action was imperative delay has never yet profited.

brought victory to Wellington and glory to Blücher. Had the Corsican conqueror hastened to the battlefield as rapidly as he fled from it, he would never had had occasion to utter the cry of despair "*Sauve qui peut!*" (Save himself who can).

A delay of but six hours brought Napoleon's glorious career to a sudden and an inglorious end. Giving battle six hours sooner would have saved him six years confinement on the island of St. Helena. But, though a lonely captive on the desolate Mediterranean isle, he has not been alone in suffering for not arriving in time at the field of action, for permitting the enemy to intrench himself ahead of him upon the vantage-ground. We have already been made to see how a little care, and a wiser course of life, six years earlier would have routed the enemy, *disease*, would have spared the patient at the clinic six years of suffering, and a fatal operation. A thorough sewering of the streets of Hamburg, a thorough cleansing of its houses, a thorough purification of its water, a thorough overhauling of its slum-district, in the early spring of last year, would have spared its people, six months later, the terrible scourge of cholera, the ruination of six months' commerce, the loss of nine thousand lives. The city authorities, however, chose to put off till too late, what ought to have been done while yet there was time, and thereby caused the slaughter of the innocents, and entailed upon the living sufferings and miseries, that will linger long and painfully in their memories.

A spring cleansing would have saved Hamburg a summer epidemic.

There is nothing that Hamburg can offer in palliation of her offense. Napoleon might have pleaded inclemency of weather, and fickleness of fortune, in extenuation of his defeat, and ignorance of the laws of life and health might have been offered as an excuse for the clinic patient. For Hamburg, however, nothing can be offered save criminal carelessness. She was forewarned, but not forearmed. She knew of the westward march of cholera. For months the newspapers had followed its course from the interior of India, along the caravan routes, across the mountains of the Khyber Pass into Cabul and the Afghan cities, thence to Persia, where it committed frightful ravages, thence around the Caspian Sea and northward along the Volga into Russia, mowing down thousands upon thousands of people, as if they were so many blades of grass. In the height of the summer it reached the Baltic, and looked wistfully across to the leading European port, awaiting the first emigrant ship to transport it to German soil. The busy merchants of Hamburg were too much engaged in their own pursuits to heed its grim visage on the opposite shore, or too eager after gain to exclude from her docks ships hailing from infected ports. The pulpits were probably too much concerned in considering the saving of savage souls in heathen lands, or in cleansing unbelieving souls for admission into heaven, to have any time to spare on the saving of their own people's lives at home, or on cleansing homes and streets of poor mortals on the earth below. One or two suspicious deaths occurred, but

Hamburg was forewarned but not forearmed.

the people labored on and sported on and slept on, in total ignorance of the terrible enemy that had taken possession of the city. But gradually there came a horrible awakening, and a painful consciousness of the presence of the scourge.

It was considerate enough at first. It claimed but 86 victims from August 1st to Aug. 20th. But suddenly it developed a most voracious appetite. On the 21st there were 83 cases, and the day after 200. By August 27th they rose to 1,000 per day. In ten days there were 9,000 cases and over 4,000 deaths. In all there were 17,000 reported cases, and 9,000 deaths, and how many unreported deaths the chronicler speaketh not. Nor shall I attempt to speak of the shrieks that rent the air, of the agonies that drove people mad, of the fears and despairs that slew as many as the scourge, of the unceremoniousness with which patients were whisked off from their homes and dear ones to the hospitals, of the unburied dead that during the panic lay in heaps in the halls and corridors of the receiving stations.

At last, when the peril was at its highest, Hamburg began to bestir itself. The merchants thought no longer of selfish gain, nor the preachers of saving heathen-souls, nor the people of sleep and sport. Night and day, and unweariedly, they busied themselves with saving lives, with purifying homes, with cleansing streets. Schoolhouses and churches were converted into sanitary headquarters, properly equipped for all emergencies, and supplied with physicians and nurses and ambulances for immediate action. A force of special officers made constantly house to house visitations, and enforced most rigorous measures. The authorities assumed despotic powers. Personal Liberty counted for nothing. The will of the physicians was absolute. Each sanitary headquarter resembled a military court martial. It was a tyrannous, but, in the crisis, the only effective course. It saved the city, and spared its remaining people. But there might never have been the slightest need for such despotism had Hamburg not put off till to-morrow what it ought to have done to-day. Not a single soul might have fallen victim to the scourge, had Hamburg exercised six months earlier, while there was yet time, one-hundredth part of that care and rigor, which it used when the peril was at its highest. Six months of indifference has cost thousands of human lives, an infinitude of agony, and a commercial loss which it will feel yet many a year. It had timely warning, and the choice between escape and affliction. It chose the latter, and had its choice, and has now its one unavailing regret: "Would I had never put off till to-morrow what I ought to have done to-day."

Sad results from deferring till to-morrow the duty of to-day.

Is there in all this no lesson for us? Is there not much for us to do *to-day*, in this early spring, which, if deferred till to-morrow, and to-morrow still, and still to-morrow, may repeat in the City on the Delaware, six months hence, last summer's ravages and agonies and panics and losses in the City on the Elbe? The cholera scourge has not yet been rooted out.

We must prepare to-day against the possible epidemic of to-morrow.

The winter has only abated its rigor; it has not killed it. The cable-reports of last week have brought daily accounts of its revival on European soil, and its remarkable activity for this early season of the year, gives us every reason to fear that it has rather gained than lost in virulency. Transportation of emigrants from cholera-infected districts to our shores has resumed. There are those, qualified to speak, who believe that the pestilence has already lodged itself upon the American soil. Summer with its heat is at our doors. The past winter's epidemic of diphtheria and scarlatina in the congested centres of our population, commonly called the "slum districts," has told its story of the sanitary condition of these fever-infected quarters. Have we nothing to fear *to-day*, and, if we have, are we profiting by Hamburg's fearful experience, are we taking the proper precaution, and exercising the proper rigor, in time, to protect ourselves against an onslaught by the scourge, which, were it to rage with the same ferocity among our population of more than twice the size of that of Hamburg would cost the lives of 20,000 human beings, and bring serious ailments upon 40,000 people, and agonies and miseries to countless numbers, and financial losses to our industries and commerce, which of all our large cities, Philadelphia can least afford?

As to whether we have nothing to fear, Would to God, that I could say we have not! Would to God, that I could confess to-day that all the fears that I have before this mentioned to you were groundless, and unnecessarily alarming! Would to God that I were at least able to tell you, that the sanitary condition of our slums to-day are in a better condition than were a year ago, those similar districts in Hamburg, wherein the scourge took root, and raged with greatest violence. But every investigation that I have made, every inquiry that I have instituted, every authority that I have consulted, every person or society laboring philanthropically in our slum-districts, all confirm the alarming story that Philadelphia is in the worst possible condition for a Cholera onslaught, that our "slum-districts" are among the worst in the country, and parts of them *the very worst*, that unless much is done, and very soon, nothing short of a miracle will be able to save us from a most horrible calamity, should the epidemic once gain a firm foothold in our midst.

Our unwholesome slum-districts give us much to fear.

I have ere this attempted with feeble power to describe to you the wretched condition of our slums, but even the most vivid description by the ablest of writers and orators, would utterly fail to give you even the faintest notion of these pestiferous barracks near your doors. Their wretchedness must be seen, their stenches must be smelt, their intense winter-cold and summer-heat, and dampness all the time must be felt, their utter lack of the absolutely necessary sanitary requirements must be observed, their overcrowding and underfeeding, their depravities and indecencies must be witnessed, the groaning and moaning of their sick and suffering must be heard, and the numbers of their dead must be counted, to be appreciated,

A Health-officer's description of our slums.

or, better, to be horrified and sickened by them. Those of you who have never been in Gillis Alley and Lisbon Str., in Bay and Barclay Sts., in Middle Alley and Unity court, and in some of the other filthy courts and blind alleys, in some of those dark cellars and dingy garrets and wretched sheds and stables and tenements, in which the slum-element vegetates, and breeds disease and vice and crime, may have been, and may even now be much inclined, to regard any description, even such a poor one as mine, of the appalling wretchedness of the slums, as flights of rhetoric, as outbursts of enthusiasm, that lack authoritative substantiation. To overcome such justifiable criticism in the most effective manner, I have armed myself to-day with a statement read, at a recent meeting of a number of men and women interested in the sad lot of the people of the slums, by no less an authority than Health-officer Major M. Veale, and given me by himself, and in writing, of which the following is an extract:

"There are in the small streets, courts and alleys, between Delaware Ave. and Fifth St., South St. and Carpenter St., Seventeen Hundred and Sixty Three (1763) small houses of from two to six rooms each, occupied by about fourteen thousand, one hundred (14,100) persons, principally Italians and Russians, an average of about eight persons to each house, having a breathing space of not more than two hundred (200) cubic feet. In one small three-room house, there were sixteen persons who slept in two rooms, 8 x 10 x 7, each, 1120 feet, giving to each person during the night 70 cubic feet of air. Think of forty to fifty persons of both sexes, and all ages, being compelled to repair to one common, filthy retreat, situated not over ten feet from the dwellings, the stench of which permeated the rooms of those people both day and night. Rags, bones, and other refuse matter, collected from the several depositaries of filth, are brought to their homes, sorted, and the waste thrown in the common sink to add to its dangerous condition. Children of both sexes, up to three years of age, and even four years, running or lying around (as the case may be) in a nude state, and some much older, nearly so. The condition of things is deplorable, dangerous to the health of the community, and most demoralizing. To cleanse those places is but a temporary relief, as owing to the crowded condition of the houses and the utter disregard of those people for cleanliness, unless some extraordinary effort is made, it is hopeless to expect permanent relief from the present condition. . . . . A single visit to some of those slums, will convince the most skeptical person; in fact, to give a true statement of facts in writing or print is not possible from a sense of modesty." Etc., etc.

Is there nothing done to abate this nuisance? Is there no effort made to stamp out these pest spots of our city, to eradicate before the probable coming of the cholera its favorite lodging-places and breeding-grounds? Is everything put off till to-morrow, and nothing done to-day? Yes, something is done, a little interest is being manifested on the part of a few thoughtful people. Probably we ought to be greatly pleased, and to thank God for that little, for in a conservative community like ours, even a little counts for much.

Eradication of slums hindered by Philadelphia conservatism.

Ah, dear old Philadelphia, but for thy conservatism, thou mightst have been to-day the Capital of the Nation, the pride of our country, the largest and wealthiest, the busiest and healthiest, of all the cities in the Union! What couldst thou have wanted that was not given thee. Thine is an area of 129 square miles against the 42 square miles of New York City; thine are over a thousand miles of streets against the little over

500 of New York City; thine are lavish wharves and docks and piers. Two rivers flank thy sides, one to drive the wheels of thy industries, the other to carry thy products forth on the broad bosom of the ocean, to lay them at the feet of the nations of the earth. Founded by a noble sire, and settled by a sturdy people, thine has been a noble commencement, and, thanks to thy early progressive spirit, thine has been a marvelous growth. People flocked to thee, and nations praised thee. The fame of thy celebrated men extended across continents and oceans. Thy factories and foundries, thy locomotive-shops and ship-yards resounded with the din and noise of busy men and yet busier machinery. At last, thou becamest proud and self-satisfied. Thou laidst off thy working-clothes, and drewest around thy mighty form the dwarfing dressing-gown of conservatism, and settledst thyself down to muse over thy past glory. Other cities, wider awake than thou, have caught up to thee and have even outstripped thee. Thy only answer is "Let them grow!" Some of thy energetic and enterprising people are leaving thee, thy only answer is "Let them go!" Thy loyal friends eager to revive thy former activity, to arouse thy old-time ambition are pointing to the newer methods and livelier ways and speedier developments of other cities, thy only answer is "They are too fast, too noisy, too busy, their transit is too rapid, their streets are too crowded, their houses too high. I like quiet, and plenty of it. I dislike change. The old ways please me best, let others have the new." And others have them, and enjoy them, too, and indulge in no end of raillery over the suicidal conservative spirit of old Philadelphia.

It is evident that a community, such as I have described, is not easily aroused, not even by a Cholera threat, nor is it easily persuaded to changes and reforms, not even by a Hamburg scare. In a community, that for the past quarter of a century has made it a rule to postpone the duty of to-day to to-morrow, and thence to the day after, thence to next week, next month, next year, changes are never made in a hurry. It requires the voice of a Cyclops to arouse it, and the strength of a Samson to keep it awake when aroused, and the patience of a Job to bear with their manifold objections, and their snail-like progress. Give some of them the time they ask for reflection and preliminaries, and the scourge will have come, will have swept away thousands of human lives, and will have disappeared, before they will have made up their minds as to the best method to guard against its coming, and to stay its ravages.

An objection to every proposition.

Propose renovating old houses in the slums, and putting them in sanitary condition, and they tell you that these barracks are too old for repair.

Propose tearing them down, and erecting in their place little houses for individual families, and they will tell you that you cannot get enough ground in the slums to afford such houses the necessary breathing spaces, and that, if you equip them properly, you cannot get enough of rent out of them to make the investment profitable.

Propose the erection of a large model apartment house, on the plan of the modern apartment houses for the rich, equipped with the requisite sanitary needs, built to afford tenants the utmost comfort and privacy, provided with small and large suites of rooms, with abundance of light and air, with breathing-places for the old and playground for the young, and with bathrooms and free day-nursery and free kindergarten and free evening reading- and smoking-room, and they will raise all sorts of objection.

They will tell you you will bring too many heterogeneous people under one roof, as if they were not now living in most crowded and most mixed juxta-position, without any of the barriers and privacies, which the modern apartment dwellings afford.

They will tell you such houses are too fine for the slum element, and that you will never get them to move into them, as if hundreds of families had not been drawn from the slums of New York, Brooklyn, Boston into such apartment houses and had proven themselves therein cleanly and self-elevating tenants.

They will tell you that these buildings are too high, as if all the suites of rooms were on the top story, and as if light and airy and healthy rooms on the upper stories for people who cannot pay more than half a dollar for a room per week, were not healthier than a dark and damp room in some cellar or stable, or a small dingy room on the first or second story shared with one or more families, or as if many of these people were not accustomed to climbing stairs and ladders in factories, shops, and on buildings.

They will tell you that such buildings require large capital, and you can never make them pay,—as if the annual dividends of from 4% to 6% of similar enterprises in New York, Brooklyn and Boston were not sufficient proof to the contrary.

They will tell you that Philadelphia people are not like other people, —as if our slum population had come over in the *Mayflower*, or with William Penn, and not, for the most part, in the steerage of a recent transatlantic steamer, together with their Russian and Hungarian and Italian brothers and sisters and friends, who settled in the slum-districts of other cities. And as a final argument they will invariably tell you: "*Not to-day! Not to-day!* Time enough for changes when the need of them has manifested itself. Many of these houses were good enough for our aristocratic fathers fifty and a hundred years ago, why should they not be good enough for these wretches, who had nothing but hovels at home, who came uninvited, and who are not wanted."

Fortunately not all of that stripe.

Fortunately for us that not all Philadelphians are of that stripe; had they been it is doubtful whether anything of Philadelphia would still have been left. There are among us a few men and women who stop not to consider how these people lived in foreign lands, or whether they were invited to come or not. They only know that they are here, in our midst, that they live in a most unwholesome state, that all our infectious diseases have there

their origin, that we are now threatened by a fearful scourge, that we have serious duties *to-day*, that can only be put off till to-morrow at the peril of our lives. They are wasting no time on prolonged cogitations and argumentations. They are already at work, and in the proper spirit.

Some of them have taken up their abodes in the slums, to exercise an immediate moral influence upon their inhabitants, to keep a watchful eye on the proper discharge of the duties of the authorities, and to arouse the thoughtful attention and the helpful interest of the upper classes.

What is being done.

Others have taken upon themselves to work upon the City Council and upon State Legislature, to effect better sewerage, the cleansing of our drinking-water from its present pollution with sewers, mill drainage, graveyard effluvia, and excrements of all kinds, the condemnation of certain uninhabitable properties, courts and alleys, and they have already secured an appropriation of $400,000 for the paving of the entire slum-district with sheet asphaltum, that can be readily washed, and that prevents filth and disease germs from imbedding themselves within the soil.

Others have undertaken to aid the Board of Health in the discharge of their duties, and a house-to-house inspection in the slum-district, going on to-day, is one of the practical results of their work.

Others have taken upon themselves the proper housing of the poor, to erect at once a proper and a commodious Apartment House, as described above, after the plans of the successful similar dwellings in other cities, as a model to others how the poor might be cleanly and decently and properly housed, have all the requisite comforts, for a rental from 50c. to 75c. a week per room, and at a profit to the investor of from 4% to 6% annually. They have organized a stock-company, which is to proceed at once with the raising of $150,000, divided into shares of $50 each, and which is to be governed by a Board of 15 trustworthy Directors.

The proper housing of the poor assigned to us.

This latter subdivision has come to be recognized in this city, as our suggestion, and therefore must also be largely our work. From this pulpit, I believe, it was first advocated. Here it found first public expression in a memorable mass-meeting. Here $30,000 of the nearly $50,000 already subscribed were raised, and from you, I feel assured more subscriptions will come. "Hast thou begun a godly thing," the Talmud says, "thine is the duty to finish it." Yours is the proud distinction of having commenced the agitation for model dwellings for the poor, yours will be the proud honor of bringing them into existence, and of rejoicing and elevating hundreds of families, and of greatly lessening the dangers of infectious diseases.

With cholera in sight put not off till to-morrow what must be done to-day.

Considerable time has been lost in trying to arouse the conservative element of our population from their lethargic state, but the success achieved has scarcely been worth the loss of time. The spring is upon us. Summer will soon be here. With daily reports in our press of the ravages of the cholera in Europe, it is our imperative duty no longer to

put off till to-morrow what must be done *to-day*. A mere handful of you have subscribed $30,000, shall not all of you be able to invest $50,000 more in an enterprise amply and authoritatively proven to be philanthropically and financially safe and profitable? Are there not 15 of you to subscribe $1000 each to raise the sum of $15,000, and 20 more to subscribe $500 each to swell the sum to $25,000, and 30 more to subscribe $300 each to raise the sum to $34,000; and 30 more to subscribe $200 each to advance the sum to $40,000, and 50 more to subscribe $100 each to bring the sum to $45,000; and 100 more to complete the sum of $50,000 by subscribing each $50. Fill the blanks accompanying this appeal. Not as charity I ask it but as a safe and profitable investment. Neither do I consider it altogether your option, when I remember the frightful experience of Hamburg. If you value your and your families' health and lives, if you cherish your prosperity, if you bear in mind that there are events in life when a little safe and wise investment in time will prevent irreparable catastrophies, irretrievable losses of fortunes, life-long regrets, you will *beware of putting off till to-morrow what must be done to-day*.

A Layman's Sermon to Preachers.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

April 30th, 1893,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893

1. Israel's Debt to the New World.
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
5. Sinai and Olympus.
6. One to Sow, Another to Reap.
7. Brethren at Strife.
8. Jew Responsible for Jew.
9. Did Isaiah prophesy Jesus?
10. Did the other prophets prophesy Jesus?
11. Model Dwellings for the Poor.
12. Under the Lash.
13. The Lost Chord.
14. Sabbath for Man—Not Man for Sabbath.
15. Give—While You Live.
16. The Bubble of Glory.
17. Compulsory School-Attendance.
18. 'Too Late.
19. A Plea for Home Rule in Ireland.
20. Too Soon.
21. Ahlwardt and Bismarck.
22. To-Day.
23. A Layman's Sermon to Preachers.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

A Layman's Sermon to Preachers.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 30, 1893.

"A minister, but still a man."—*Pope.*

"Piety enjoins no man to be dull."—*Robert South.*

"It is a good divine that follows his own instructions."—*Shakespeare.*

A strong and faithful pulpit is no mean safeguard of a nation's life."—*John Hall.*

"Should not the shepherds feed the flock . . .
The diseased have ye not strengthened and the sick have ye not healed . . . .
And they were scattered for want of a shepherd."—*Ezekiel.*

"Why do not men go to Church?" asked the *Times* of our city, the other day, of a large number of the derelict masculine sex. The answers it received and published were many, and as varied as many, and as interesting as varied. And yet, though varied, there were certain features in their replies, which nearly all shared alike. There ran throughout most of them a tone of discontent with existing states of affairs within the church, an unmistakable declaration of the pew's rebellion against many of the methods and teachings of the pulpit.

The question: "Why do not men go to Church?" answered.

The impression which the perusal of the replies made on me was both favorable and unfavorable. Favorable, because of the independence manifested by laymen, because of the fearlessness with which they pointed out the inefficiency of modern pulpits, and with which they castigated their dogma-hatching and creed-spinning incumbents. Severe as some of the criticisms were, and though a preacher myself, I rejoiced, nevertheless, over the right, secured, at last, by laymen, to speak their minds openly and freely concerning the church and its failings. Though, together with the other clergy, I was rather roughly handled by some, still I heartily rejoiced that they could do so with impunity, that the tyranny of the church, which at one time could visit persecution and exile, torture and death, for such daring, was broken at last, and that laymen could now deal with their preachers as they do with other officials of their appointment, who fall short of their reasonable or unreasonable expectations. I rejoiced that the spirit of our time has stripped away every vestige of that veil of divinity, behind which the clergy of former times was pleased to screen itself from public gaze and scrutiny, and that the unordained has learned to understand, that the ordained is not a God-appointed nor a God-annointed messenger, not a sort of wingless angel, nor God's infallible vicegerent on earth, but a voluntary professional, who pursues his calling for a living as other professionals do, a common

The favorable impression which the answers made.

mortal like the rest of mortals, to be followed and obeyed when his words and deeds deserve it, to be reverenced when his life is reverential, to be despised when the ministry of his noble office is despicable. I rejoiced when I recognized in these answers, that even the faintest echo of old Peter of Pilichdorf's dictum, that "the worst of priests is worthier than the holiest of laymen" had wholly died away, that the preacher in these days, is judged for what he is and does, and not for what he pretends, that to lead men, and to teach men, and to elevate men, he must be better and wiser and nobler than are they whom he would teach and lead and elevate, that the pulpit is no longer a "coward's castle," from which the preacher may enunciate his doctrines without fear of question or contradiction, like a Czar among serfs, and that the church is no longer a sea of ignorance, wherein the preacher may disport himself like a Triton among minnows, that, on the contrary, pews are not infrequently occupied by wiser and nobler men than are the pulpits, that preachers are often mentally and morally inferior to those whose mind they would enlighten, and whose virtues they would expand.

While I rejoiced over the independence displayed by laymen in the answers to the "Times'" question: "Why do not men go to church?" and while I praised the good sense evinced by many, and heartily seconded many of their scathing charges, still there was manifest in far too many replies a spirit, which did not please me quite as much, which, at times, was even quite painful to me. Far too many carried their raillery far too far. Far too many were far too much inclined to underestimate the number of really beneficial preachers in the ministry, and to underrate the value of religion to society.

The unfavorable impression which the answers made.

Far too many speak of the ministry as if it had no other purpose than drawing salary for wearying people, once or twice a week, with long and dull and soporific sermons, as if they had never heard of the Prophets and Rabbis of old, who spoke to the people as if inspired of God, and inspired to God as they spoke, as if Jesus and Paul had never been preachers, and had never done good with their preaching, as if Savanarola and Luther had not been preachers, and had not hastened the Reformation through their preaching, as if Tillotson and Fuller, or Fenelon and Bossuet, and many others, had not, by means of their sermons, loosened the tongues of a hundred orators, and inspired the pens of a thousand writers, as if Wesley and Whitefield had not sanctified tens of thousands of lives, and made ten thousand times as many happier for every sermon they preached, as if Beecher and Brooks had not broadened the mind and deepened the love of myriads of people, as if there were not many heartily to second J. G. Holland's words: "For years I have attended the ministrations of the house of God on the Sabbath, and though my pursuits are literary, I tell you I have received, through all these years, more intellectual nourishment and stimulus from the pulpit than from all other sources combined." Far too many speak of preachers as if scores of them were not at this present day wag-

ing deadly war against ignorance and vice, against sloth and intemperance, against the greed of the rich and the improvidence of the poor, sacrificing their own lives in saving those of others, wrecking their own health in bettering that of others, neglecting their own opportunities in furthering those of others.

Far too many indulge in far too much ridicule and contempt at the expense of the clergy, without knowing aught of their work beyond hearing them occasionally at a funeral or a marriage, or listening to an Easter or an Atonement-Day sermon, without ever following them into the hovels of the poor or into the palaces of the conscience-stricken, to the bedside of the suffering and dying or into the retreats of the fallen or forsaken, into the cell of the penitent prisoner or to the gallows of the doomed convict, into the score of other places into which the minister is called "to break the hard heart and to heal the broken heart," to hold out a ray of hope to the despairing, to pour a drop of balm into the bleeding wounds of the sorrow-stricken, to bar the gates of sin and to open wide the path of righteousness, to bring smiles to lips that quiver with pain, and light to eyes that are dulled by gloom, and joy to hearts that are riven by remorse, and peace to homes that are torn by strife, and quiet to minds that are distressed by doubts, and courage to souls and strength to arms that are terrified by obstacles or disheartened by failure.

Far too many speak of the ministerial calling in a tone of levity that ill applies to this most difficult of all professions. What is the profession of attorney, of physician, of politician, in comparison with that of the minister? Let the attorney master his law-books and the art of pleading, and he may reasonably expect success at the bar, and large accounts at the banks. Let the physician master his medical books, and the proper application of the knowledge they impart, and he may reasonably look forward to a large clientage and to yet larger fortune. Let the politician master the art of understanding the weakness of voters and the strength of bosses, and he may reasonably hope to figure as an illustrious statesman, and count on a princely reward for the trouble of looking after the interests of the people.

Let the preacher, however, master all the past and present works on theology, and the art of the proper application of his learning to his sermons and writings, and he has scarcely acquired the A. B. C. of the encyclopediac knowledge expected of him, and he possesses but little more than the rudiments of what makes success in the ministry. For there is nothing in the heavens above or on the earth beneath or in the fancied places underneath the earth, nothing in the remotest corners of the universe or in the most secret chamber of the next-door neighbor, concerning which some one will not expect the preacher to have most accurate information.

What is expected of a preacher.

To please the scientist he must speak profoundly of science, and learnedly must he discourse on philosophical themes to win the favor of the philosopher. He must be argumentative and combative to interest the lawyer, and enlarge upon hygienic subjects to attract the physician.

He must venerate ancient institutions and insist upon the retention of old customs to please the conservative; and boldly must he plead for the modern and the new to win the support of the radical. To suit the æsthetic and literary his figures must be poetic, his periods rhetorical, his style and manner polished; to interest the plain and matter-of-facts he must be direct and droll and brusque. He must evince scholarship to get the critical to listen to him, and he must scrupulously avoid it to keep the untaught from falling asleep. He must steer clear of sentiment to interest the stoical, and he must be pathetic to charm the emotional. For the worldly he must shun spiritual subjects; and for the spiritual he must keep worldly topics far from the pulpit. For the credulous he must expatiate on supernatural themes, while for the sceptical he must discourse only on tangible and demonstrable subjects. To bask in the smiles of the rich he must never touch upon the labor-question; to command the support of the laborer he must thunder against the capitalist, and shun all intimacies and associationships with the rich. He must have the beauty of a Beau Brummel, the taste of an Oscar Wilde, the fire of a Patrick Henry, the oratory of a Daniel Webster. He must know all the arts and tricks of the actor, and yet hide them carefully from pulpit and platform. He must have the piety of a saint, but since sanctimoniousness is distasteful, he must carefully conceal it in his intercourse with the people. He must combine in himself the talents of a Booth and of a Jefferson to be able to make his audience at one moment to tremble with fear or to glisten with tears, and the next moment to beam with delight or to convulse with laughter. He must possess at one and at the same time the business talents of a Gould and the utter lack of it of a Grant,—he must be able to raise vast sums of money for his church and for the charities, but he must not know enough of financial matters to secure for himself more than a scanty living, and for his family more than a precarious existence, after his death. In short, he must be a composite of all the scholarship and wisdom, of all the diplomacy and oratory, of all the grace and affability, of all the masculinity and femininity, of all the money-raising and organizing skill, of the age, to satisfy all that the people demand and expect from him in return for the paltry sum they contribute towards his support.

What may the reason be for abuse of clergy.

And against a profession as productive of good, as difficult to fill, as ill-remunerated, as this, people never tire to open the sluices of their abuse and ridicule. Why is it thus? Probably it is due to the peculiarity of this calling. While the lawyer or physician has but one client at a time to please, the preacher must please at once, and at all times, many hundreds of different tastes and culture and cravings, which, of course is next to impossible. Or it may be due to a high regard in which the people hold the minister and his office. It is because of their love of him that they chastise him. It is because they recognize the vast amount of good the clergy could do, and which is attempted by but very few, that they are dissatisfied with all of them, and rail against the whole institution.

They look about, and on all sides they behold vice and crime, fraud and corruption, festering on the very surface of society. They contrast the extravagances of the moneyed men and the crying needs of the money-producers. They see the sycophantic compliance with every whim of the wealthy, and the shameful neglect of the necessary needs of the poor. They see barriers between peoples, and hatreds between creeds. They hear the sounds of strife and discord, and see the triumph of might over right. And when they inquire what the clergy is doing in the mean time, they are embittered to find that the custodians of the people's virtues, and the protectors of the people's rights, are entangled in the meshes of Hebrew roots, or absorbed in the contemplation of the architecture of the mansions in the sky, or in mapping out routes to heathen lands for the capture of heathen souls, or in writing erudite treatises on the language which the serpent spoke, or on the shape of Mrs. Lot's pillar of salt, or on the style of dress that Abraham wore, or on the number of strings in David's harp, or on the internal construction of the whale that lodged and boarded Jonah for three days and nights, or on the equality between the ages of the Father and the Son, or on the new theological multiplication table that makes three times one equal One, instead of Three, or on the legerdemainic feat of turning a wafer of flour into a human body, and wine into human blood, or on the sinfulness of recreating and rejoicing on the Sabbath-Day, or on the wrongfulness of loving our differently believing brother as ourselves.

That, in such serious times as ours, people should be out of patience with a ministry which, barring the noble exceptions, is as trifling as the present, is not at all surprising. With a ministry as neglectful of its primal duties as is ours, the surprise is not that the question should be asked: "Why do not men go to Church?" the real surprise is that the question asked is not: "Why do not people go to Church?" The vast number of men and women, however, who still attend services, shows plainly enough the hold the church still has on the people, and plainer still the vast amount of good it could achieve, were it but manned by a live and active clergy, and supported by sensible laymen.

Laymen much to blame for preachers' shortcomings.

While much of the present social corruption is directly chargeable to a neglectful ministry, the laymen are responsible for as much, if not for more, of it. If the former has not discharged its duty, it is because the latter did not insist upon it. The minister is what the name denotes—the servant of the laymen, not their master. As he is bid to do, so must he do, or vacate his pulpit. Having organized congregations, and having called ministers to their pulpits for the specific purpose of ennobling the people, it is the laymen's duty to have their pulpit's purpose realized, or to declare it vacant till that want is satisfied. But to permit the abuse of the pulpit, and then to clamor for an abolition of the church because of its inefficient ministry—an inefficiency largely brought about by the indifferentism of laymen—is a course similar to that of the Chinese method of curing toothache, namely, chopping off the head of the sufferer.

Fleeing an inefficient church is but aggravating its evil. The non-attendance of thinking laymen can only help to make a trifling ministry more trifling still. When men desert the pews, men desert the pulpits too. Preaching for women only makes preachers effeminate and sermons weak. A bold demand by laymen for the ministry's proper discharge of its imperative duties, for its dealing with facts and not with fancies, with realities and not with speculations, with the here and not with the hereafter, with the living and not with the dead, with the sinners and not with the saints, with immediate and needed deed and not with obsolete creed, will sooner bring about the desired change and reform than will be effected by deserting the church and abusing the clergy.

Need of occasional sermons by laymen to preachers.

And nothing will bring about the needed reform speedier and better than laymen assuming, now and then, the role of preacher, and, reversing the old custom, make the pew preach a needed sermon to the pulpit. Perhaps it is because the book-worm or closet preacher does not know the real evils of society and the real needs of the people, that he busies himself with abstractions, and loses himself in myths and fancies, and spins his theological cobwebs, to the utter disregard of the wrongs and shames that cry aloud at his very door. Let those very thinking men, who now flee the church, turn preacher, now and then, and preach an occasional lay-sermon to the pulpit, and tell it what good it could do and does not do, what evil it could stop and does not stop, why men desert the church, and why women attend it largely for social reasons, and children for reasons of compulsion, and they will do more good than by turning their backs on the church, and by assailing preachers, through the columns of the Press, with missiles of malice and ridicule.

Scriptural Reading and text for such a lay-sermon.

A long time has probably passed since those opposed to church and preachers have listened to a sermon, and they may have become unfamiliar with the manner in which sermons are prepared. If so, I would cheerfully give them such brief hints as may direct them into the proper path. Let them select for their Scriptural Reading, Ezekiel, Chap. XXXIV, and in the reading of it let them especially emphasize words such as these: "*Should not the shepherds feed the flocks? . . . . . The diseased have ye not strengthened, and the sick have ye not healed . . . and the strayed have ye not brought back . . . . And they were scattered for want of a shepherd; and they became food unto all the beasts of the field.*" For their text let them select Jeremiah VI, 14 "*They heal the breach of my people very lightly, saying: Peace! Peace! when there is no Peace.*" Or, if unfamiliar with the Bible, let them choose for their text these lines from Cowper:

"When nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis in the Church the leprosy begins:
The priest, whose office is, with zeal sincere,
To watch the fountain and preserve it clear,
Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,
While others poison what the flock must drink."

A slight alteration of the opening verse of Jeremiah's Book of Lamentation will make a good commencement for their sermon. Having lamented the emptiness of the churches, they may then proceed to state the reasons why 'she that was once full of people sits solitary now.' Let them contrast the activity and usefulness of other public buildings with the torpor of the costly and spacious churches, whose rusty hinges turn once or twice a week, for an hour or two of praying and preaching, and then sink back into their stupor. Earnestly let them plead for an immediate expansion of the object of the Church, for its being kept open wide, day and night, for the dedication of its rooms and halls and auditoriums to free schools, free libraries and reading-rooms, free kindergartens and day-nurseries, for free pure educative and recreative entertainments and amusements that may prove powerful rivals to dens and dives.

Point *first:* Plead for a live church and a live ministry.

And while on this point, if the ministers preached to are Rabbis, let them insist upon the cessation of the folly of conducting services only on Saturdays, when the livelihood-interests of the people demand their presence elsewhere, and of keeping the church closed at hours, when the people could attend and profit by the pulpit's work. Let them point out that Sermons thundered to empty benches may soften the wood, but they will hardly soften the hearts of the people absent.

Next, let them contrast the sepulchral tones, and the musty atmosphere, and the gloomy surroundings within almost all of the churches with the cheering sights and smiling sunshine and melodious voices outside of it, and let their demand be imperative for a church, whose song and music, whose art and cheer, whose service and sermon, shall attract and not repel, shall inspire and not depress, shall arouse and not lull to sleep, shall send men and women to their homes in a better frame of mind for thinking and acting aright than they brought with them.

Point *second:* Plead for a cheerful church and attractive sermons.

Next, let them plead for a dismissal from the pulpit of all such ancient and theological themes as properly belong to the University or to the Seminary. Let them point out that it may be proper enough for archeological or divinity-students to know what the ancients thought and did, and how they walked and talked, and sinned and prayed, and struggled and suffered; what the people, however, want to know is what the present thinks and does, and how it struggles and suffers, and what must be done, and how it must be done, that hardships may come to an end, and sufferings be no more.

Point *third:* Plead for practical and needed themes.

Next, let them demand a cessation of the profitless onslaughts by the clergy against the rational and progressive spirit of the age. Let them make clear to preachers that, however much the pulpit may choose to lag behind, the pew is ever among the first to catch the first beams of the rising sun of intelligence, and ever among the first to interpret properly the signs of the times. Let them make plain, that, while the pulpit may drown the voice of the pews, it cannot drown their common sense, and

Point *fourth:* Plead for rational and progressive thought in pulpit.

while it can command their silence while it holds forth, it cannot prevent their thinking, and not infrequently in a manner, that, if known by the preacher, would soon silence the pulpit.

Next, let them demand a cessation of those feuds concerning differences of beliefs, that divide peoples, separate families, set brother against brother and man against man, multiply churches and weaken their strength, disgust lovers of peace and friends of humanity, and estrange from religion their valuable support. Let them plainly tell preachers that if fight they must, and they have time to fight, then let them take up arms, not against each other, no matter how varying their beliefs, but against their common foe, against the spirit of avarice and oppression, that still enslaves the thousands, against the demon of ignorance and intemperance and improvidence that still slaughters innocence, and murders usefulness, and spreads physical and moral pestilence, and crowds our prisons, hospitals and asylums.

Point *fifth:* Plead for a tolerant pulpit.

Next, let them insist upon honesty in the pulpit. Let them make clear that it is nobler for preachers to profess little and to practice the little they profess, than to profess much and to make almost their every act a lie to their profession. Plainly let them tell that it is far better never to preach the doctrine: "Love thy fellowman like thyself" than to apply it only when that fellowman is rich, and holds a front pew, and handsomely remembers the preacher, now and then, with gifts, and blindly subscribes to every doctrine, and liberally contributes to every collection, and praises every sermon his preacher delivers. It is far better never to preach of doing to others what we would have others do to us than permit thousands of men, women and children literally to rot in the slums of the city, while clergymen, luxuriantly slippered and gowned, lounge in their easy-chairs, sipping honey from the flowers of literature, or, attired in latest styles, take tea with fashionable ladies of their parish, discussing between the sips the latest novel or his latest sermon entitled "*Step-ladders to Heaven*," the newest opera or the newest music to the hymn: "*Would I were a little Lamb!*" the latest style for Lent or the most becoming collar and tie and coat for the pulpit, the most recent scandal abroad or the latest message from the golden-slippered and golden-winged angels above.

Point *sixth:* Plead for honesty in the pulpit.

Here, after a suitable peroration, the layman had better end his sermon. Preachers love to deliver long sermons but not to listen to them, especially when they are of such a personal nature as this. Let such laymen's sermons to preachers be brief but often, and more and more emphatic every time they are delivered, and they will be productive of greater good than is effected by fleeing the church and assaulting preachers with newspaper sneers and ridicule.

Let laymen take the right interest and they will have the right preachers.

Let laymen take the right interest in their pulpits, and they will have the right clergy. Let laymen have the right clergy, and they will have the right religion. Let laymen have the right religion, and society will have the right civilization.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

A MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

Col. Baker, and Admiral Dupont Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic.

AND BEFORE THE

Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, at their Temple,

BY

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, May 14th, 1893.

"Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and Universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?"

—TENNYSON.

What mean these weapons of war within the House of God?

What mean these strange sights and sounds within these sacred walls? Whence came these tattered and torn battleflags, and why came they hither? What impious hand has desecrated this Sanctuary of Peace with these cruel weapons of war? What has brought these hundreds of uniformed and battle-scarred warriors into this House of God, where none but lovers and pursuers of peace are wont to assemble? Why these cruel reminders of murderous battles, of bloody carnages of soul-harrowing outrages, of heart-rending sobs and wails, in one of the few places on earth, where men are wont to seek and find a refuge from the world's cruelties, and oblivion of the world's contentions?

A recognition of the Church's service in the lessening of wars.

Quiet yourselves, ye perturbed souls, not for war but for peace have these veterans assembled here. Fear ye not, ye devotees of concord, not to glorify hatred and bloodshed but to exalt love and good will among men have these valiant warriors of former days come here on this quiet Sabbath morn. Speak ye not of sacrilege—not to desecrate this Sanctuary have these weapons been stacked around this Shrine, but to do it reverence, and to make public acknowledgment, that it was the church, and her blessed work, that have helped to make it possible for these implements of cruel war to rest quietly within the House of God, instead of doing bloody service without.

Well may an honorable place be permanently assigned within our churches to such tattered and torn battle flags as these, as is done in some of the Cathedrals and Abbeys and Synagogues in European lands. And well may even weapons of war be placed within our Holy of Holies, alongside Scrolls and Bibles, in remembrance of the invaluable services they have rendered towards the procurement of the general peace that now abounds. For great as have been the victories of Scriptures in the struggles of civilization, those achieved by means of the implements of war have been greater still. Man fought long before he prayed, and that he prayed at all was largely the result of his having fought. He was a master of the spear and arrow, of the club and of the sword, before he was a pupil of the Bible. The Scriptures record murders before they record prayer, and they speak of warriors before they speak of priests and scribes, and they tell of battlefields before they tell of the erection of permanent sanctuaries. And had there been no battles there would never have been any Bibles, and had there been no warriors there would never have been any priests, and had there been no carnages there would never have been a church.

A recognition of the service of war in the propogation of civilization.

There is on exhibition in this city Fritel's magnificent painting called "The Conquerors." In the centre and front of a barren and dismal plane, and under a leaden and lowering sky, sit mounted on fiery steeds, and arrayed in gorgeous attire, the greatest conquerors of the earth, mighty Sesostris, unpitying Nebuchadnezzar, insatiable Alexander, indomitable Cæsar, cruel Attila, relentless Charlemagne, iron-hearted Tamerlane, bloody Napoleon. To the right and left of them, and as far back as the eye can reach, stretch interminable lines of ghastly corpses of men and youths, slaughtered in their prime and bloom, of matrons and maidens, massacred in their ripening and blossoming usefulness, of children and infants, nipped in their bud and sprout. Visitors gaze awhile upon this spectacle of horror, upon this world-wide human *abattoir*, and then turn away, heart-sick, uttering some such words as "Butchers, Murderers, Assassins, famed and honored, sculptured and painted, panegyrized and sung, though deserving naught but mankind's bitterest hatred and history's most contemptuous scorn."

Great warriors have been great benefactors.

And yet benefactors they were, difficult though it may be to believe. They were pioneers and emissaries of civilization, though, to all appearances, they seem to have been the very destroyers of it. They paved the way for the gradual entry and permanent stay of peace more effectively than lawgiver or prophet, than scribe or priest. Civilization had need of the sword before it could make use of the pen. It needed the men of might before it could employ the men of right. It needed the horrors and butcheries of war before it could lead in the beauties and blessings of peace. It required the plow of torment and torture, the harrow of crime and outrage,

From the seed of war sprang the fruit of virtue.

the furrows of destruction and bereavement, the seeds of tears and blood, before it could raise the peace-diffusing flowers of humanity.

The mighty Nebuchadnezzar and the imperious Titus had to devastate empires and crush nations and destroy glorious temples, had to slaughter millions of peoples, and lead myriads into captivity, had to erect their own statues and command the people to pay them divine honors, and they themselves, as the story runs, had to come to a miserable end, and their own vast empires had to crumble and totter into wreck and ruin, before the doctrines of the Judaic prophets, that on earth there is nothing greater than peace, and among men nothing better than good-will, and over man none higher than God, could make an impress upon the heathen-world.

Alexander had to encompass the then known world, had, as the legend runs, to press on, over prostrate nations and over bleeding and mangled armies, to the very gates of Paradise, had to come to a miserable end before yet he had reached the prime of his manhood, and his vast empire had to be rent and torn and become extinct, before his teacher Aristotle's highest ethical precept, that well-doing constitutes the highest good, could obtain credence among the Pagan world.

The "Thirty Years War" had to be waged, and the prosperity of half of Europe had to be trampled under foot, and countless peoples had to suffer frightful ravages and carnages, and brave leaders had to surrender their lives, before Luther's cry for mental liberty, for independent interpretation of Scriptures, and for independent formation of creeds and dogmas, could be heard and granted.

Danton and Marat and Robespierre had to give the bloody guillotine busy employment, and fall as prey themselves to the monster they had bred and reared, and Napoleon had to turn a great part of Europe into a charnel-house, had to make nations quake and peoples tremble, and he himself had ultimately to suffer rout and defeat, imprisonment and an exile's death, before France and other European countries could learn the lesson that citizens and nations have not only duties but also rights, which even sovereigns and leaders must respect, and which they can trample upon only at the peril of their lives.

The young and struggling American colonies had to take up arms against their mighty enemy across the sea, Washington had to suffer rout at Brandywine, and defeat at Germantown, and wrestle with disheartening difficulties at Valley Forge, and the people had to endure the scourge of famine, the lust of voluptuaries, the firebrand of incendiaries, the cruelty of mercenaries, the barbarities of Indians, before the colonies could enjoy, undisturbed, the right of self-government, before Liberty could shine as central and proudest gem in fair Columbia's diadem.

Heroes of deathless memory had to consecrate with their heart's blood the fields of Gettysburg, Lincoln had to die a martyr's death, Admiral Dupont had to face the cannon's fiery jaws at Port Royal and Fort Sumter, and Baker, the eloquent Senator and galant Colonel, had to sacrifice his life at Ball's Bluff, and four hundred thousand other valiant

soldiers had to sink into untimely graves, and thousands of others had to pine in dungeons or suffer agonies in hospitals, or endure tortures at homes, when brooding on the fate of son or husband or father in the battlefield, before the cry of Garrison or Wendell Phillips could be heard and answered, before the shame of slavery could be obliterated from the fair escutcheon of the United States, before all the federated States could be made to see, that only in their union lies their strength, that their peace and prosperity are best assured when they pursue harmoniously their common aim, under the common flag of the RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

This truth symbolized by our National Colors Red, White and Blue.

And what are our colors, the RED, WHITE AND BLUE, but the symbol of the truths, which I have sought to emphasize? In the simplest language they tell the story of the rise and growth and goal of civilization, the *Red* for the Past, with its cruel wars and bloody conflicts, the *White* for the Present, and its peaceful pursuits, the *Blue* for the Future, with its heavenly aims, and whose field of stars shall typify not only our own United States, but also a federation of all the nations of the earth into one common and peaceful sisterhood.

War was a bitter medicine but it brought the speediest cure.

Past, happily past, is the period of the *Red*. Its horribleness is over, and its painfully-gotten prize is in our hands. It was a grievous ordeal, but it lead to happy issues. It shortened the course of progress by countless centuries, and, numerous as were its victims, and cruel as were its sufferings, they were probably less than they would have been, had civilization pursued the long and circuitous path. It was the bitterest medicine, but it effected the speediest cure. It inflicted painful wounds, but they furnished a vent for much of the gathered poison of the greeds and passions in men.

The period of the *red*—War—happily over.

Happy we, that we have no longer need of the services of war. Happy we, that our lot is no longer cast in the *Red*, but in the color *White*, in the period of peace. Happy we, that in this period of peace we may begin to prepare for the era of heavenly virtues, and for the dawn of universal peace and good-will, which are symbolized by the *silvery stars* in the *Field of Blue*.

Is this really a period of peace?

"Is this really a period of peace?" some one asks. "Is the color *White* truly the symbol of our age?" The question is a timely one, and, much I fear, its answer will prove as disheartening as the question is timely. The sight of these weapons, and the presence of this large body of uniformed men, lead, by association of ideas, to a train of thought, which sadly checks the exuberance of our joy. They remind us of the painful fact, that not yet have all swords been turned into plowshares, nor all spears into pruning-hooks, that nations have not yet ceased to turn sword against nation, neither have they ceased to learn and teach the arts and strategies of war. Not yet is our color of peace a pure *white*. There is still blended with it too much of the color *red*.

Wherever we turn in European lands, we see barracks and garrisons crowded with soldiers, arsenals and forts filled with horrible weapons of murder and destruction, foundries and manufacturies of war-implements taxed to their utmost, engineers and inventors racking their brain to discover newer and more infernal instruments of destruction. Five millions of men are maintained, year in and year out, at an annual expense of $900,000,000, and twenty millions more are kept in readiness, for the sole purpose of ruthlessly slaughtering each other, and of spreading death and destruction among the people that support them, whenever it may please a monarch to covet a slice of another monarch's land, or to give evidence of his superior military prowess, or simply to relieve his disordered liver, or surcharged bile, or hypochondriac mood, by means of cruel war. This very day, Germany is probably at the brink of a terrible civil war, is probably even hastening a monstrous and unprecedented inter-European war, because the poor, overtaxed people of the fatherland refuse to humor the latest whim of their recklessly ambitious emperor by voting an increase of men to the army, and an increase of money for their support.

Wherever we turn we see signs of war.

Coming nearer home, considering the state of peace in our own land, it is sad to observe, that even here the color, that is symbolic of the period of peace, is not yet a spotless *white*. Traces of the preceding *red* commingle too strongly with it to escape detection, or to permit our surrendering ourselves to pleasant feelings of absolute safety, or to sweet dreams of the speedy dawn of that heavenly age on earth, symbolized by the star-spangled *blue*, in which a federated brotherhood of man will live together in unity, held together by indissoluble bands of reason and peace and good-will. What means our standing army of 25,000 men, and our State Militias maintained at an annual expense of $50,000,000, despite the fact, that we live in peace with all the world, and that two vast oceans separate us from armed nations and warlike peoples? What means our constant increase, at enormous costs, of terrific vessels of war? What means the presence in our President's Cabinet of a Secretary of War and of a Secretary of the Navy, while no place has as yet been found for a Seretary of Labor, of Education, of the Liberal Arts? What mean our busy courts, our frequent legal and illegal executions, our crowded penitentiaries, our thousands upon thousands of police-officers armed with pistols, clubs and shackles,—what mean these all, if not that the *red* has not yet been eliminated, and the *white* is not yet pure, and the *blue* is not yet in sight, that the brute is in us still, and still nurses and feeds our greeds and passions. What mean such bloody episodes as the Homestead riot of last summer, of the New Orleans mob a year or two ago, of the Cincinnati mob of several years ago, what mean the clashings between capital and labor, the hostilities between classes, creeds, and colors, the conflicts and discontents among the people, what mean all these, if not that the bloody demon of war has not yet been banished from our soil, and

Even here struggles and conflicts imminent.

that the white-winged spirit of peace does not yet hold absolute rule over the minds and hearts of all our people?

And, that it does not, we ourselves are much to blame. Many of us, I fear, have labored more zealously in the direction of restoring the period of the *Red* than in hastening the dawn of the period of the star-spangled *Blue*. Our Pilgrim Fathers, to flee the tyranny of religious persecutors, braved a perilous ocean, and took up their abode in a pestiferous and hostile land, turned it into a garden spot, and consecrated it forever into a Sanctuary of Civil and Religious Liberty, into a Refuge for the down-trodden and persecuted of all peoples. But base are the uses to which their precious heritage is being put by their descendants and successors. Picture to yourselves the sight of law-abiding and God-fearing Christian men, one of them an old man of sixty-two years, and all of them of spotless character, lying six week long, during the hot summer of last year, in the jail of Paris, Tenn., and then marched through the streets in company with criminals, and put to work on the common highway, for the crime of keeping, as Sabbatarian Baptists, the Seventh Day of the week holy and working on the first as on all other working-days of the week,—picture to yourselves the spectacle of the three *Saturday-Sabbath*-observing Israelites of this city, who were arrested and fined last week for working on the *Sunday-Sabbath*, because they could not afford to keep two Sabbath-Days in the week,—picture to yourselves the spectacle of thousands of Public School children of different persuasions, and of no persuasion at all, compelled to read and sing the Scriptures and Hymns of one particular denomination, or obliged to listen to the reading and singing of them, every morning of the School year,—picture to yourselves the spectacle of the United States Government entering with cruel and barbarous Russia into a treaty, that shall deny the right of asylum to political refugees from that cruel House of Bondage,—picture to yourselves such sights as these, and then ask yourselves whether such a violation of the sacred trust of Religious and Political Liberty, bequeathed by our Pilgrim Fathers to all future generations, is intended to generate feelings of peace and good-will among the peoples of our land.

The Civil and Religious Liberty for which Pilgrim Fathers fought violated by present generation.

To escape the tyranny of a despot, our Colonial Fathers fought the War of Revolution, at a time when war was the only possible remedy, and like heroes they laid down their lives to bequeathe unto their descendants their dearly-gotten prize of freedom and independence. But base has been the use to which their sacred heritage has been put. It almost seems, as if we had escaped from the frying-pan only to tumble into the fire, as if we had emancipated ourselves from the hand of a monarchial tyranny to fall into the power of a political despotism, which, in certain sections, is far more tyrannous than that of George III ever dared to be. Reflect on the bossism that manipulates our primaries and election-machinery, on the political influences of the saloon, on the

The Independence for which Colonial Sires fought violated by present generation.

political uses made of the illiterate and irresponsible and venal,—reflect on the tyrannous power of the monopolists, whose iron hands grind the faces of the poor until scarcely anything is left of them save the piteous cries of despair, and wrathful threat of revenge,—contrast the mansions and palaces and avenues and luxuries and extravagances of the rich with the distressing wants and sufferings, with the pestiferous and vice and crime-inciting slum-settlements of the poor,—ponder upon the fact that, despite a general prosperity such as our country has never witnessed before, crime and pauperism have increased nearly five times as fast as our whole population,—reflect and ponder upon all these facts, and then tell whether there is not a greater likelihood of our sliding back into the *red*, than of progressing forward into the *blue*, of being driven to, or drawn into, bloody conflicts than of landing safely in the haven of universal peace and good-will.

You yourselves, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, have left, in dangerous hours, your firesides and dear ones, and many of you have endured indescribable tortures on battlefields and in hospitals, and many of you will bear the memories and tokens of your sufferings to your graves, when you join that mighty army of thousands of comrades of sainted memory, who gave up their lives, and who widowed and orphaned and bereaved their own homes, to emancipate the negro from base and brutal slavery, and to establish the eternal truth, that before God and before the Law all good and moral men are equal, no matter what their creed or color, no matter what their race or people.

The Equality and Fraternity for which Grand Army of Republic fought violated by present generation.

But, could you have been with me on Tuesday evening last, at the Mass Meeting, held in the African Methodist Church, Sixth and Lombard Streets, for a consideration of Judge Gordon's appeal, that something must speedily be done to lessen the excessive proportion of criminals among our colored population, and could you have heard their tearful stories of their exclusions and ostracisms, of the indignities and insults to which they are still subjected, despite the fact, that a four year's war was waged, and hundreds of thousands of lives were slaughtered for the establishment of their just and equal rights,—could you have heard their heart-rending wail, when they told how prejudice and contempt encompass them on all sides, how schools and shops and factories, how the Federated Trades and Labor Unions, bar their gates against them, how they are forced to seek their habitations in the filthiest quarters of the cities, and among the most degraded and most vicious of the white population, could you have heard and seen all this, you would have been surprised that the number of their delinquents is not really greater than is reported of them, and you would have wondered whether this persecuted colored race will much longer bear these outrages so patiently and resignedly, and you would have recognized another ground for fear that we are being drawn faster backward, into the period of the *red* than forward into the era of the *blue*, faster backward into the era of struggle

and bloodshed than forward into the era of continuous peace on earth and good-will among all men.

It is a pity that in these days, when the needfulness of bloody conflicts and cruel wars has passed, there should still be occasion for fear of a likelihood of their outbreak, there should still be fear that these weapons may yet be called upon to do deadly service. And the more is the pity, when we reflect that the prevention is at our command, and the remedy in our hand. Our salvation lies in our sacredly cherishing the eternal principles for which our Pilgrim Fathers struggled, and our Colonial Sires suffered, and for which you yourselves fought and bled, and your comrades of deathless memory died. Inscribe upon your minds and hearts, upon your schoolhouses and churches, upon your capitols and courts of justice, the story of your and your fathers' priceless trophies, won in bloody battles: *Civil and Religious Liberty, Personal Rights, Equality and Fraternity*, and you are safe.

In our mindfulness of principles for which our fathers fought lies our salvation.

And in addition, let us eliminate avarice and covetousness, anger and envy, pride and passion, from our natures. Let us practice in our homes and shops, in our offices and factories, what we pray and read and learn and teach in our churches and synagogues. As Christians practice ye the Christianity ye profess, do ye unto others as ye would have others do to you. As Israelites live ye and act ye the Judaism to which you subscribe, love ye your fellowmen as ye love yourselves. Then will ye live in peace among yourselves, and then will ye show good will unto all men. Then will your peaceful federation of States inspire all over the earth a peaceful federation of Nations. Then will your noble and helpful treatment of the poor and stranger inspire other lands into becoming Homes and Refuges for the down-trodden and persecuted. Then will a new kind of war be waged all over the earth. The common enemy will be the cardinal sins of man. The whole earth will be the battleground. Reason and Justice, Love and Good Will, will be the weapons. Heavenly Virtue will be the prize and conquest. The Grand Army of the Republic will embrace all the peoples of the earth. A multitude of snow-white stars upon a field of skyey blue will be the universal flag. The Universal Hymn will be "Glory to God in the Heavens above for the Peace and Good Will that reigns supreme on the earth beneath."

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LETTER FROM HON. T. T. CRITTENDEN,

Ex-Governor of the State of Missouri.

KANSAS CITY, MO., March 29, 1886.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

DEAR SIR:—Having read with pleasure and edification the series of lectures delivered in the Synagogue, Kansas City, Mo., entitled "THE JEWS AND MOORS IN SPAIN," in which you treat of the social, political, religious and intellectual life of these Oriental nations, may I inquire if it is your purpose to have them published in book form?

I think the lectures too valuable, too full of prolonged historic research and thought to live only one day in the columns of a daily newspaper. Even if they were designed "to adorn a tale or point a moral" of the great race to which you belong, whose history commenced with Abraham and will end with that of the human race, still the history of that race was (and is) so intimately interlaced with the history of the other races for the intervening centuries, that the lectures are in part, so much the history of the other races, that they can be read and studied by all men without prejudice or animosity. One thing is certain, you have in the lectures divested history of much of its dry and useless details, and make it a thrilling romance of facts, presented in the simplest and purest Anglo-Saxon language.

I know not how others view the lectures, only speak this for myself—no library is complete without the History of the Jewish race, and no history of that race for the period covered, is more comprehensive, truthful and impartial than that presented in these lectures. I think the book would find a ready sale in all thinking, reading communities.

Very Truly Yours,

THOS. T. CRITTENDEN.

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Brooklyn, Nov. 26th, 1886.

Dear Sir:—I have read your fourth lecture on "Evolution and Judaism" with the greatest of pleasure and profit. It is by far the best analysis and statement that I have ever seen. I wish it might have a larger circulation than it probably has. I want to see the other discourses, can they be had? If the fourth could be printed neatly in a tract I should be glad to buy 500 copies for the young men of my congregation. I am

Your much obliged friend,

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Ethics and Aesthetics.

RABBI J. LEONARD LEVY.

Philadelphia, May 7th, 1893.

We are in the thick of a battle of Liberalism against Conservatism. We are in the midst of a fight for progress. The battle is not a new one. It has been going on since the earliest times, always finally victorious, but slow to gain its ends.

The prophets of Judea were tortured and tormented because they taught that God was more pleased with "clean hands and a pure heart" than with rites and ritual. Aristophanes held Socrates up to public ridicule, because the latter believed that thunder could be explained by natural law, and this moral hero of Greece was given the privilege of choosing the manner of being put to death, because he denied the divinity of the gods of Olympus. Aurelius was hated because he placed the sacred duties of an Emperor above the general depravity of the Roman court. For the cause that made Luther a great reformer, Huss suffered death. I have read of an Indian who crushed the microscope that showed animalculæ on the vegetables he daily ate. Galileo was made to recant when he asserted that the earth moved, Harvey was considered a maniac when he made the discovery of the circulation of the blood, Jenner was subjected to disgraceful persecution for discovering the principle of vaccination, and Jones, who had studied Sanscrit in India, had the satisfaction of reading Stewart's pamphlet, in which he was described as a lunatic, and in which it was stated that there never was such a language as Sanscrit; yet all these beliefs are common and popular to-day. The list could be extended, but it is unnecessary to quote further illustrations to show that the History of Progress is filled with the names of martyrs who died in the conflict that has not yet ended.

It was always a battle, a combat, a meeting of opposing sides with pitched camps. The great martyrs, heroes, benefactors of the human family were always confronted by this difficulty. Not only was the new doctrine to be taught, the old error had also to be fought. One-half of the theology of Moses is directed against the teachings of the Egyptians, the other half is devoted to the new doctrine. One-half of the words of Jesus are directed against the Pharisees; the other half aim to lay down the moral laws of the Old Testament and Talmud. One-half the work of the Reform Rabbi is to fight the abuses that have crept into Judaism, and to remove them; the other half must be devoted to the teaching of pure Judaism.

And the fight is still going on. The teacher of new truths must still be crucified. The Briggs and the Dixons and the Macqueray's must still be branded as heretics. The Pasteurs and the Kochs are still called

cranks by the populace, and the Huxleys, Spencers and Darwins are still called infidels by the religionist, even as the Rabbi who tries to teach Judaism, so as to make it what it was intended to be and ought to be, a universal religion, is branded by the many as an atheist or apostate, or the arch-enemy of Judaism. And I suppose it will still remain so for ages. The man who swims against the tide must be prepared for struggle. The one who dares swerve from the line laid down by the Multitude, will have for ages to come to bear the tyranny of the opposing multitude. Whoso preaches or teaches new thought, unless in the minds of the people ideas are faintly smouldering which may be kindled into flame by the new doctrine, will be made to suffer for his rashness and foolhardiness.

He, who in thought, or action or belief, differs from the thought, action or belief of the majority, will be made to endure contempt or ostracism for his boldness and temerity.

But in the end progress will win, just as in the past it has won many substantial victories—victories over blind faith and superstition, victories over ignorance and prejudice—all of which victories are tending in the direction of that bright future painted by the early prophets—the future, when the shadows shall flee away and the bright light arise; when knowledge shall be general and morals pure; and when life shall be "as the days of heaven upon the earth," for God and the god-like will be believed in, accepted and faithfully followed.

Especially has there been progress in the domains of Science. Botany, Geology, Physics, Astronomy, were formerly either unknown or imperfectly understood; but now they have become sciences. What were theories, are now laws. What were beliefs are now facts. What were once considered fancies are now acknowledged truths.

But science has dared to run counter to religious dogma. It has shown that the world is much older than 5,653 years. It has shown that the sun, moon and stars are not an ornamental border to the earth, but many of them worlds greater than our own earth. It has shown that seas cannot be parted at will, nor heavenly bodies be made to stand still at wish. It has shown that God is not a great man seated behind a blue curtain or sky, interfering with every act of man, and showing strong favoritism towards some and intense dislike for others; but that God is the Eternal Former of life, the Power making for Righteousness.

It has shown this and much more, and therefore the religious world frowns upon science. In doing this Religion is insulting its best friend. Hurt Science and you destroy some of the best aids to pure religion. Deny the right to scientific research, and you remove some of the grandest aids to religion.

Especially is this true of all who deny mythology a place in religion. We should welcome scientific progress. It is all in our favor. Judaism gave modern science its basis for working. Science returns the compliment, and its deductions and teachings are all in favor of its fundamental doctrines. Science has even done more for us. It has given us a most rational ethical standard harmonious with the foundation of our faith.

Its standard is sympathetic with Monotheism, and the foundation of Judaism is not what God is reported to have said, but what God has actually done. God's work, plain, visible, undeniable is the foundation, the pledge and promise of all our hopes.

Look around in animate nature! Take man, the noblest work of God! We know of nothing, higher, better, grander, than the best possible man. His heart is a revelation of God. Is God inferior to or better than His creature? We cannot say how much better He is, but He is good up to a certain point—as good as the best man that ever lived. This is a foundation that God has laid, independent of books, unshaken, immovable.

Look around in inanimate nature. Everything speaks of God. The fires of the aurora, and the smile on the bosom of the deep; the sweet song of the nightingale and the mighty roaring of the wind. Talk of the thorn-bush which Moses is said to have seen burning, yet not consumed! Why, every rose-bush is afire, aglow with God, and is not consumed, and all who have eyes may see and be convinced.

Of this God, Judaism predicated certain qualities. Looking around and seeing this wonderful unity existing everywhere, realizing, perhaps, that there existed unity of design, unity of purpose, unity of idea throughout the universe, the leaders called God a Unity—the Absolute, and thus gave to men the foundation of Ethics. Not only thereafter, was it man's duty to perform the ordinary virtues of life, but also those graces of life, mercy, love, benevolence, charity, forgiveness, the little springs, that flowing over the arid waste of human life, fertilize it and convert it into a garden spot; these were to be practised too.

What the practice of ethics is in the world of spirit, aesthetics or art is in the world of matter. The painting, the artistically arranged room, the well-drawn or the correctly-carved figure give life and light and color to the otherwise dreary home. Ethics or Religion, without aesthetics or art, tends towards asceticism. Religion without art produces the monk, the hermit, the St. Simon Stylites. Art without religion produces the idolator, the materialist who shall receive the answer Heine represents the Venus of Milo to make to him in the Louvre: "How can I help you? Do you not see that I have no hands?"

Yet art has proven an untold blessing, an undisguised benefactor to the human family. Where art has been there has civilization been. Tell me where art has been and I will show you where men where refined and women cultured and children raised in respect for superiors. Tell me where art has been and I will show you where men and women were reverential, would bow the knee or bend the head before nature's wonders, where woman was regarded with respect, and society honeycombed with grace and education. Tell me where art has been and I will show you a nation of high ideals, of superior occupations, of manly callings and womanly virtues, a blessing to their land and a model to humanity.

I do not claim for Aesthetics that it is the Open-Sesame to an Utopia—that the mere introduction of artistic surroundings will convert a

Cinderella into a princess, or give us the means of dividing a few loaves and fishes amongst multitudes so that all shall be satisfied. I do not claim for Art that it is the philosopher's stone that shall change base metal into gold, or that it possesses the divine character of converting "the vale of tears into a gate of hope." Art will not stay the pangs of hunger, nor afford work for the unemployed, nor prevent the introduction of the iron-rate of wages. But it serves its purpose as an uplifter. It serves the grand purpose of bringing into the lives of all sweetness and light, of arousing better sentiments and of perhaps founding better purposes. An Art Exhibit in Whitechapel may not convert men to angels, but, unlike Circe, it will not change them to pigs. The work of a Barnett, a Sims, a Princess Louise in this direction may have failed to bring food and clothing to the poor, but it succeeded in raising them from their low mentality, and introduced new ideas and better hopes.

Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture and Music are more useful as moral aids, as helps to ethics than all the products of material progress that can fill an Exhibition hall and evoke the admiration of a world. They are the great interpreters of nature, each disclosing some inner excellence, some hidden beauty.

Poetry is nature, whispering, speaking, laughing, crying. It is thought in blossom. It is life in its intensest moods—the essence and perfume of Nature. It is to prose what sunshine is to daylight.

Painting, Sculpture, Architecture are nature moving, smiling, resting. They present to the eye what takes whole chapters of history to narrate and whole books of poetry to develope. The pictures of a Raffaello, the sculptures of an Angelo, the architectural structures of a Wren, are poems, all having a beginning, middle and end, all presented at once in full splendor to the eye.

Music is nature rendering forth those deep feelings what the others cannot express, nature singing what poetry says and painting and architecture seem. As a mere sensuous influence it is the purest, least earthly and most impressive. As a vehicle of thought, motives, griefs and gladness, bridal joys and funeral sorrows it is without an equal.

If on the one hand the central thought of ethics, The Absolute, was the gift of the Jews to humanity, to the Greeks, is due the honor of giving to mankind the highest ideals in art. The Greek statue still serves our modern masters as a model. The work of a Phidias, an Apelles, a Praxiteles will remain the ideal standard of art forever. The graceful lines of the Parthenon and the Acropolis will stand forever as the ideals of architectural beauty.

Strange is it not that these two people, the Jew and the Greek, were the product of the mighty and misty past, and of a time when error and fable were rife. Come forward ye men of Judea, ye who gave us the idea of The Absolute, of Monotheism, of Ethics! Come forward ye men of Greece, ye who brought forth Art, Philosophy, Aesthetics. Come forward all of you and receive the crown of reverence. Come forward? why ye are forward. You live not alone in the misty past, but in the very present,

not as a vague ideal, but as the very essence of reality. Ye live indeed not alone in the memory of man, but through the influence of your work in man elevated and civilized.

Nearly every human being, howsoever humble, who has a conception of God and duty, owes you reverence, ye sages and prophets of Judea.

Every human being however lowly, who has an idea of the beautiful, or of logical reasoning, owes you thanks, ye immortal artists and philosophers of Greece. We are not ungrateful! for hundreds of millions of worshippers testify to the worth of sages and prophets, and our modern artists and philosophers strive in vain to excel the classic height and standard attained by their masters in Greece.

It would seem that a central idea—coherent and consistent—had been founded in the establishment of Monotheism by the sages and Prophets of Judea and in the moral or ethical system resulting therefrom, and again another such central thought was produced through the medium of Art and the subsequent development of Philosophy and Aesthetics by the Greek masters.

Neither of these central thoughts of Religion or Art are sufficient alone as the agents of civilization. It is or *was* the intermingling of art and Religion that gave birth to the highest progressive ideals, and which are destined to expand and develope the human mind to its greatest possibilities.

At a certain time this marriage took place, and the Ethics, the Monotheistic idea of the Jews—somewhat marred it is true—was united with the highest ideals of art or the Aesthetics of the Greek.

This was accomplished by Christianity, and although it has debased the idea of the Absolute, although for the Unity it gives us a caricature of Unity, still in the final reckoning, Christianity will deserve to be neither the last nor the least in the scale deserving reverence, praise and honor for its benefactions to mankind.

How was it that the Jew missed this opportunity and lost this chance of 1500 years presenting to mankind as he soon will the idea of the Absolute, pure and undefiled, and the high ideals of modern art?

It was caused by that narrow though zealous and perhaps well-meaning spirit of interpretation of straight-laced Rabbinism, of unyielding orthodoxy that put into God's words what God never said, nor wished man to say. The second commandment forbade and rightly the manufacture of idols. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or likeness of anything that is in the heavens above or on the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them."

This was interpreted to mean that no object in heaven on earth or under the earth should be reproduced or copied by the hand of man. It was the death blow to art. Look through the list of Artists. You find in recent years a few of our faith, but for untold ages no artist, sculptor or architect was of Jewish origin.

You read "And their statutes ye shall not follow."

These words refer to the performance of the religious ceremonials of the Canaanites and their idolatrous customs and we can well understand the prohibition of the Scriptures. But the orthodox Rabbis, with their over-zealous regard for correct interpretation saw in this command a gen-

eral law against following any custom of the surrounding people among whom the Jew lived. The organ was forbidden; although centuries before one had existed and been used in Jerusalem. But the Rabbis called it "Chukath Hagoy"—a heathen custom—and so a precentor was introduced into the synagogue to chirp his lays from his perch in the middle of the building, and this was called art. Family pews were denied and even to-day a Sunday service is bitterly opposed by their lineal descendants, probably in a spirit of earnestness and sincerity, although it is seen that a special Sabbath has not power enough to draw a congregation, nor even all the magnetic attractions of hair-splitting rabbis and melodious cantors. Go to rest thou spirit of a past age! Lie down in peace! Make not to-day horrible with the ghostly and ghastly sights of a long-past yesterday. Avaunt thou earnest but misguided spirit! that even to-day would make the Jew a stranger in this land and that with bony fingers would seize him by the throat and force him back to the Jewry, the Judengasse, the Ghetto!

There is at least one congregation that realizes that it is by the union of ethics and aesthetics, of Religion and art that civilization can be best served. For the first time in the history of the United States—in modern times, the Jew has erected a Temple where the ideals of Ethics and modern Aesthetics are exemplified and taught. This building the product of your love, the outcome of your devotion, the result of your affection for pure Judaism, is prophetic in its character.

Here art has been made the handmaid of religion. Here a first though faint attempt has been made at sculpture. Here paintings will adorn the wall and in looking up we will look still more upward. Here Aesthetics will wield their forceful influence and here the highest conception of the God-Idea, the point in which fails Christianity, her teaching being weakened by the Incarnation and Immaculate Conception, Atonement, and Resurrection stories—here Ethics and Aesthetics. Art and Religion will be wedded and here surrounded by the beautiful, we may expect the good and the true, we may expect their fruit to be enjoyed by humanity.

For the Jew strives not for self. He who says "To the Jew first, last and all the time" is unworthy of his name. Judaism and Humanity, Jew and humanitarian, must be synonomous.

The Jews have been reserved for a purpose. They who have outlived Assyrian Kings, Egyptian Pharoahs, Greek Emperors, Roman Cæsars, and Arabian Caliphs have been spared by Providence for a work great and grand. It is to introduce amongst men the divine harmony that has been disturbed by the avarice of the rich, the shiftlessness of the poor, the crimes of the ignorant, the persecution of the fanatic.

The harmony that God ordained should prevail has been interrupted, but we must not look to the past but to the future, for the keynote of Judaism is hope. The ideals of the prophet must yet become real and all men will join in Israel's watchword: One God over all, one brotherhood among all, one law, one aim to raise all. Art and religion, Ethics and Aesthetics shall bring this about and when man will follow the central thoughts of religion as the safest rule of life and a high standard of knowledge and art as the surest means of happiness, then will the discords be modulated into harmony. For mankind is a vast orchestra To-day all are not in time or tune. But they yet shall be and all hearts shall be full of joy and love and gratitude. Then a grand oratorio entitled "The conquest of the God-Idea" will be performed and churches, cathedrals, synagogues, mosques and pagodas shall furnish their quota to join in the grand Hallelujah chorus "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth and all mankind is a unity even as is their Father who is in heaven."

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

A MEMORIAL LECTURE

BEFORE THE

Geo. G. Meade Post of the Grand Army of the Republic,

AND BEFORE THE

Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, at their Temple,

BY

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, May 28th, 1893.

"Peace, peace, to far and to near!"—*Isaiah* LVII, 19.

Gazing over this large assemblage, and reflecting on the racial and religious and political differences of the people gathered here for worship, I cannot but think that, whatever else astute statesmen and enthusiastic idealists may have predicted as a consequence of the recent Civil War, it is doubtful whether they foresaw a scene such as now transpires within these sacred walls. Here within a House, reared by sons and daughters of Israel, for the worship of Jehovah, sit side by side, in reverential spirit, descendants of those, who, for many centuries, bitterly hated each other, because of a different comprehension of the nature and will of that Jehovah. Here, under the shadow of the stars and stripes of the United States, sit shoulder to shoulder, and in peaceful attitude, they that once fought for, or favored, the preservation of the Union, and they that once struggled for, or favored, the segregation of the States. Former warfares are forgotten, and former hostilities are known no more. Former religious hatreds have turned into brotherly love, and former political strifes have turned into concord. Hearts and minds are here swayed by but one sentiment: One Common People, One Common Country, One Common God, One Common Good.

Former political and religious adversaries worship together in peace and unison

Whose hands were those, who opened wide the gates of this Sanctuary, and the portals of our hearts, for the admission of Peace, the last-born and sweetest of the blessed Daughters of Heaven? Not yours, not mine, not any living man's. Invisible spirit-hands opened them, the hands of those sainted dead, in whose memory we are assembled, of them that sleep, near and far, their eternal sleep, in known and unknown graves, of those blessed peacemakers, who died that we might live, who sowed in tears that we might reap in joy, who faced musket and cannon, and braved cold and

Who, or what, were the Peacemakers?

storm, who suffered the fire of fever and endured the pang of hunger, so that peace may dwell within our borders, and prosperity within our homes.

Blessed Peacemakers of sainted memory! Not in vain have you suffered, not in vain have you died. The Union which you could not preserve in life, you have secured through your death. The lesson which, alive, you could not teach, dead, you teach it daily and, dead, you will continue to teach it as long as life will endure on earth.

Death—the first and best of Peacemakers.

What better teacher of the wrongs and horrors of war than such a Memorial Service as this? What better preserver of peace than a visit to the graves of those who gave up their lives for it? Mankind has ever listened, and probably ever will, more to the preaching of the silent grave than to the teaching of the most eloquent pulpit. The living prophet has never taught half as much nor half as well as the dead martyr. The Nazarene Rabbi's Sermon on the Mount probably converted a score or two of people; the Martyr of Golgotha has converted a quarter of the civilized world. Lincoln in the Capitol had endless difficulties to set the negro free; Lincoln on the bier with ease convinced the world of the wrongfulness of slavery. Meade at Gettysburg terrified an army; the monuments erected on that famous battlefield, in memory of fallen heroes awe a nation. The brave body of men, under the brilliant leadership of the patron-general of your Post, drove Lee and his mighty army across the Potomac, but the fifty thousand men who paid for this victory with their heart's blood, have probably driven rebellion and secession from our soil forever. The soldiers triumphant hastened the end of war; the soldiers dead have probably prevented its ever beginning anew.

Of all Peacemakers there is none so old and none so blessed as Death. Of all consecrated grounds there is none so hallowed as the cemetery. Of all teachers there is none so instructive as the grave. Of all services there is none so divine as such a Memorial Service as this. It was a wise custom that of the ancients of remembering the dead amidst holy rites, and of visiting their resting-places, on the anniversary of their death, and he who first introduced this imitation of it on American soil, in honor of the men who fought and died for their country, deserves as proud a monument as ever was erected in memory of even the bravest hero. For, while the latter helped to save the nation, the former has probably contributed more than any other factor to save, by this means, the nation from ever again needing to be saved.

Memorial-Services promoters of peace.

Who can participate in such a Memorial Service as this, who can feel the blessed influence of the divine peace that permeates this Sanctuary, and hallows both worshipper and the House of Worship, and not feel rising from the very depths of his heart the fervent prayer: "Oh, that the peace of this Sanctuary might encircle the earth, and make all her people abide as harmoniously together as do these men and women

They transplant peace of sanctuary into homes and marts.

here!" And who, wishing and praying thus, can go forth into the world without a resolution to fulfill at least his own part of his prayer, to make a conscientious effort at least to transplant the peace of this Sanctuary into his home and from his home to the busy marts of life?

Who can participate in a Service so full of tearful remembrances as this, who can think of the carnages and wreckages, of the barbarities and cruelties, that are the sad originators of this Memorial-Day, and not feel the prayer rising to his lips: "May cruel war never afflict humanity again! May human hands never again be stained with human blood! May happy homes, and peaceful industries, and smiling groves and laughing fields, be never again laid waste!" And who, praying thus, can return to his daily pursuits, without resolving to perform his share towards the fulfillment of this prayer, by curbing sinful passions and by bridling evil inclinations, by rather yielding and forbearing than, by giving reins to his wrath and hatred, destroy his own happiness and endanger the peace of others.

They recall cruelties of war, and instruct men how to prevent its reoccurrence.

Who can accompany the men of the Grand Army of the Republic to the cemeteries, where sleep their fallen comrades, and beholding there graves of husbands and fathers, of sons and brothers, sacrificed in the blossom and flower of their lives, and hearing there the wails and lamentations of parents and children, of wives and sisters, bemoaning the untimely death of their beloved ones, and thinking there of the hundreds of thousands hastened from blessed spheres of usefulness into unpitying graves, slaughtered to appease the Moloch of pride and greed, who can see and hear and think all this, and not feel the prayer winging itself from his inmost soul: "Oh, that the rulers of peoples might hold human life too sacred to be sacrificed for the gratification of their prides or whims, or for the appeasing of their real or fancied wrongs! Oh, that the leaders of armies might ever keep before their eyes the affrighting picture of the brutalities and outrages of those intoxicated by victory or crazed by defeat, of the tortures of the wounded, of the agonies of the dying, of the sorrowings and sufferings of the bereaved, of the crippling of industries, of the destruction of prosperities, of the devastations of fever and famine that usually follow in the wake of war! Oh, that nations might be made to see, that the adjustment of difficulties among themselves, by means of war, is as much of murder as is the use of deadly weapons as a settlement of difficulties between individuals, and that, as individuals are required to have their contentions peacefully settled by Courts of Law, so may nations have their difficulties settled by International Courts of Arbitration!" And who, wishing and praying thus, can depart from the graves of the slaughtered in war, without resolving to perform his part at least towards the realization of his wish and prayer, by teaching and preaching everywhere and at all times, that the truest patriotism shows itself more in times of peace than in times of war, more in the prevention of war than in the display of heroism on the battlefield,

They point to the slain and to the bereaved, and call for arbitration as a substitute for war.

more in the handling of agricultural implements and of industrial tools than in the skilfull handling of weapons of war, more in the building up of factories and foundries, of school-houses and churches than in the erection of forts and arsenals, of barracks and garrisons.

Such being the power of Death as a Peacemaker, it is a wise institution this holding annually solemn services in memory of the nation's martyrs. And wiser still would this custom be were it to be observed not only by the men of the Grand Army of the Republic, but also by the rest of the American people. Let the whole people consecrate one day in the year to the solemn remembrance of all those, who, "after life's fitful fever," sleep their eternal sleep. Let the whole people make annually a reverential pilgrimage to its cemeteries, and of each little turf-clad mound ask for a solution of the oldest and most perplexing of all questions: "What is Life? What is Man? What is the Destiny of both?" Let each man treasure deep in his heart the answer whispered forth from the depths of each narrow bed of clay, and more will be done by this simple practice towards the maintenance of national peace, and towards the procurement of individual happiness than by most powerful armaments or by most skilled military forces.

Memorial-Services to be observed by all and for all.

Whatever the objections now may be to the former practice of burying the dead within and around the church, it was laudable at one time for the many valuable lessons which it taught. The path that winds from the busy scenes of life through the church-yard to the church winds easily to God. The path that winds from the church through the church-yard to the busy scenes of life easily winds to the hearts of men. The name "Home of Peace," which some Hebrews give to their burial-places, is an appropriate one for a double reason; it designates the "Home of Peace" for the dead, and for the living. No one with an impressionable heart can visit a cemetery, and not return to the living with more peace and love in his heart than he took with him. No one with a thinking mind can meditate upon the goingson six feet beneath the surface of the thought-quickening God's acre, and not return to the scenes of life with a better comprehension of the vanities of earth's pomps and glories, than he ever had before. Go thou, who art consumed by greed and eaten up by avarice, go thou to the rich man's grave, and ask thou it what, besides dust and bone, is left to him of all his hoarded wealth. Go thou, who art crazed by ambition, who wouldst have or rule all that thy eye encompasses, go to the grave of the once insatiable and dreaded mighty man, and ask thou it, whether in all the world there is one so impotent as the little heap of mouldering clay, which it covers. Go thou, petted and pampered child of fortune, thou, who to indulge thy every appetite, and to gratify thy every passion restrainest not thy foot from trampling upon right, nor thy hand from doing evil, step thou to the grave of one who lived like thee, and ask thou it, whether the worm has preyed on poorest pauper half as ravenously as on its entombed self-indulgent worldling.

The path from the graves of the dead leads easiest to the hearts of the living.

Yea, listen to the story of the grave, for its teachings are wiser than those of the wisest of teachers, and its preachings more convincing than those of the most eloquent of preachers. Yea, visit the grave, if in peace you would live with yourselves, with your fellowmen, with your God. Yea, go to the grave, and listen to its teachings, if from your country you would ward off the calamity of another war. Yea, cherish sacredly these annual Memorial- and Decoration-Days, and widen their usefulness, for as Peacemakers and as Peacepreservers there are none on earth more blessed than they.

Another blessed Peacemaker.

Yet, Death is not the only agent to whom we are indebted for the present era of peace in and among all our States, for these peaceful gatherings of people, who, one and a half score years ago, stood arrayed against each other with bitterest hatred in their hearts, and with deadliest destruction in their hands. On the first of July of next year, it will be but thirty years, since the North and South stood opposite each other, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, with vengeance against each other as burning hot as their death-dispensing armament. Had the record of that bloody episode in our history been lost and forgotten, who, judging from the present peaceful relationships between the Northern and Southern States, would or could believe that these two factions were only three decades of years ago ruthlessly bent upon each other's utter destruction.

The speedy reconciliation between the North and South unparalleled in History.

This fact stands unparalleled in the Histories of the Nations, and furnishes one of the brightest pages in our annals. Other conquering nations have been as magnanimous as the victorious North has been, but much I question whether a proud conquered nation has ever before been as chivalrously resigned as the South has been. France still hates Germany as bitterly as she hated her at Sedan and Metz, nearly a quarter of a century ago. Russia longs for England's humiliation as intensely to-day as she did forty years ago at Balaklava. Many many years have passed since Ireland and England, since Poland and Russia, since Turkey and Greece, since Hungary and Austria met on the battlefield, yet neither Ireland nor Poland nor Turkey nor Hungary have as yet forgotten their defeat, nor forgiven their conqueror. And there seems to be no likelihood of their forgiving and forgetting till they shall have victoriously wrested their cause from the hands of their former conquerors.

Not so the chivalrous South. No armed forces, no garrisons nor forts, guard the dividing lines between the North and South. No pang of the South but the North feels it, and hastens to relieve; no calamity of the North but the heart of the South is moved to pity, and her hand to speedy aid. Republican President receives ovations in former slaveholding States, and Democratic Chief-Executive is dined and wined in the strongholds of abolition. Federal and Confederate Generals meet and clasp hands, as if they had never clasped sword for each others destruction. The products of the North find welcome reception in the storehouses of the South, and the Southern harvests are eagerly sought

by the Northern mills and graneries. The men of brain and the men of brawn vie with each other in both sections of our land as to who will the better display their country's glory and prosperity.

To what cause shall we attribute these friendly feelings between former hostile factions? To that other blessed Peacemaker, called *True Patriotism*. Whatever the mental and social deficiencies of the United States may be, there is one branch of knowledge at least, which we seem to have completely mastered, it is the art of discriminating between True and False Patriotism.

True Patriotism the other blessed Peacemaker.

There is a Patriotism that is false, that is worse than treason, that is more ruinous to the people who flaunt it than the most cruel of their enemies. It is that *Chauvinism*, that cannot suffer any other country to be greater than one's own, or any other power mightier, or any other army or navy larger, or any other sovereign more feared, that can have a real or fancied humiliation or wrong expunged only by means of bloodshed, that, to indulge its savage instincts, keeps up costly armies, and burdens the people with maintaining them, and keeps a constant outlook for a cause that might furnish bloody employment to the military, and heap wreck and ruin, misery and bereavement, pest and famine, upon both, the victorious and the vanquished.

Among not the least of our blessings be it enumerated that such false patriotism has never yet found lodging-place in our land. Not one of the wars that have afflicted the people of the United States has been an aggressive one. Whenever we fought it was in self-defense, and with the ceasing of the fight also ceased every hostile feeling against him with whom we fought. As long as humanity is not outraged within our borders, as long as our sacred rights are not trampled upon, as long as our possessions are not molested, and our homes are not violated, we care not what the resources are of other peoples. And be they yet so great, they excite not our envy, and be they yet so small, they provoke not our contempt. It was the defense of outraged humanity—not the hope of acquiring territories or treasures—that led us forth into the battlefield. It was the love of our country and of our Southern fellow-citizens that made us to throw aside our weapons, and to return to our peaceful pursuits, and to treat our one-time adversary as if nothing had ever marred our friendship, just as soon as by his surrender the cause for which we strove was vindicated. It was the love of our homes and of our industries, that made us impatient on the battlefield, that hurried us home as fast as possible, and that has kept us at home, and engaged in peaceful pursuits, ever since.

We fought for principle not for gain.

I remember reading of an incident in our late Civil War, in which some of you, veterans of the Meade Post, may probably have been participants, which strikingly illustrates this truth. The Federals and Confederates had pitched their camps one night, on the Rappahannock, near Bank's Ford, with only a narrow ravine between them. The morrow was to witness a fear-

We love our homes, therefore we hate war.

ful encounter. Letters were being written, dated, "Just before the battle," and preparations made for a day of dying. Seated around the watch-fires, a confederate band filed out and played "*Dixie*," and the federal soldiers greeted the enemy's war song with "*Yankee Doodle.*" The other band responded with "*Maryland, my Maryland*"; the federals responded with the "*Star-spangled Banner.*" At last there was silence. Tender thoughts were hurrying through the gloom of night from the hearts of the soldiers to their dear ones far away, when out on the stillness of the night suddenly one band began to play "*Home, sweet Home.*" That air disarmed the other of all defiance. That air awakened in their hearts, too, fond remembrances of happy homes far away. To that air, there was the spontaneous reply of "Home, sweet Home." There was no sectionalism in that air. That was music for both alike. That air, next morn, comrades of the Meade Post, rang in your ears in the thickest of the fight, out-sounded the loudest cannon-roar. That air never ceased ringing, till you were safe at home, at the side of your dear ones, pursuing your peaceful vocations near your quiet and happy inglesides.

Let nations teach their peoples sincerely to love their homes, and the industries that support them, and the rights that render them inviolable, and they will enthrone on every hearth a Peacemaker, than which, excepting death, there is none on earth more efficient. The country of happy homes and of prosperous pursuits is as little found among the belligerent nations as the industrious and prosperous individual is found among high-way robbers. Let the nations set this Peacemaker to work on their malcontents and anarchists, let them encourage these to have a home to love, an industry to pursue, a something to call their own and to keep secure, and they will speedily disarm them of their anarchy, and remove the poison-fang of their belligerency, and make them docile and reasonable, and turn their greatest provokers of strife and lovers of war into passionate lovers of, and eager pursuers of peace.

Let rulers give their peoples happy homes, and they enthrone a Peacemaker upon every hearth.

To yet another Peacemaker are we indebted for the good feeling that exists among our peoples of different political doctrines and religious beliefs, for this large assemblage this morning of representatives of creeds, which for centuries hated each other with a hatred most intense,—that other Peacemaker is our *True Liberalism.* I know not whether such a gathering as this has ever taken place in any other country, whether it be at all possible or even lawful in other lands. But this I do know, that the absence of this *Peacemaker* among them has produced the Torquemadas, and the Alvas, the bloody Marys and the Catharine de Medicis, the Stöckers and the Ahlwardts, has invented the Inquisition tortures and has kindled the fagots of the stake, has turned human beings into hyenas, human hearts into stone, happy homes and busy shops, productive fields and fruitful vineyards into smouldering and

True Liberalism —the third of the blessed Peacemakers.

blood-reeking ruins, has retarded the world's progress by many dark and painful centuries.

It often seems to me, that we bestow not half enough of praise on the Founders of our Government, that we do not credit them with half the valor they displayed. To speak figuratively, they conquered not only men but also devils. They vanquished not only a prince of earth but also a prince of hell. They overthrew the power not only of an earthly despot but also the far more cruel tyranny of Fanaticism—the Archfiend of Human kind. They subdued not only the American Red Skins, they drove from their shores not only the English Red Coats, they also lashed across their borders the bloodiest of Hell's Red Fiends. The framers of our Constitution dipped not their pens into the gall of bigotry nor in the poison of fanaticism, when they wrote their immortal document. They looked to the country's welfare, not to man's postmundane career. They made True Patriotism, not religion, the test of true citizenship. They left to each citizen the freedom to choose his own path to Heaven, and his own time and place and method for the worship of his God.

True patriotism, not religion, the test of true citizenship.

If our recent Civil War had had no other result than bringing together, for a Memorial Service, such an assemblage of followers of different religious and political doctrines, as this, this alone, I believe, would have been worth the four years of struggle, and the four hundred thousand loyal lives it cost. And having by experience learned the value of *Memorial Services*, of *True Patriotism*, of *True Liberalism*, as blessed Peacemakers, the introduction of this Trio of Blessed Peacemakers, it seems to me, among the belligerent foreign nations, ought to be our greatest return for the many blessings we have received from them. In our veins flows the blood of the best peoples of the earth. We are an *E Pluribus Unum* not only of States but also of races and nations. We are indebted to our mother countries for what we are and yet shall be. Italy has given us the discoverer of our country; Spain furnished him with the means; Portugal added South America to our Continent; Holland gave us our commerce; England gave us our laws; France gave us our art, Germany and Sweden our agriculture, Ireland our industries. Let us in return give them our *Blessed Peacemakers.* Let us induce them to hold annual *Memorial Services* for the martyrs of the battlefield, as an annual reminder of the cruelties and butcheries and horrors of war. Let us teach them the science of *True Patriotism*, as the most powerful check to aggressive wars, and as the best promoter of domestic peace and national prosperity. Let us induce them to enthrone *True Liberalism* in their Laws and Constitutions, as the best maintainer of peace and good will among all the people,—and blessed as these Peacemakers are on American soil, so blessed will they be wherever introduced, and Isaiah's fondest hope and sweetest dream will be fulfilled: *there will be peace to the near, and there will be peace to the far.*

Our gratitude to foreign nations to show itself by our establishing our Peacemakers among them.

ISRAEL'S FUTURE.

Inaugural Sermon & First Sunday Lecture

BY

RABBI J. LEONARD LEVY,

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel,

Saturday, April 22d,

AND

Sunday, April 23d, 1893.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESS OF S. W. GOODMAN, No. 116 NORTH THIRD STREET,
1893.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES VI. 1892—1893.

1. Israel's Debt to the New World.
2. Past and Present Purpose of the Church.
3. Ernest Renan.
4. From Doubt to Trust.
5. Sinai and Olympus.
6. One to Sow, Another to Reap.
7. Brethren at Strife.
8. Jew Responsible for Jew.
9. Did Isaiah prophesy Jesus?
10. Did the other prophets prophesy Jesus?
11. Model Dwellings for the Poor.
12. Under the Lash.
13. The Lost Chord.
14. Sabbath for Man—Not Man for Sabbath.
15. Give—While You Live.
16. The Bubble of Glory.
17. Compulsory School-Attendance.
18. Too Late.
19. A Plea for Home Rule in Ireland.
20. Too Soon.
21. Ahlwardt and Bismark.
22. To-Day.
23. A Layman's Sermon to Preachers.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

Rabbi and Prophet.

By Rabbi J. Leonard Levy.

Philadelphia, April 22, 1893.

Throughout the history of Judaism there have always been at least two parties. The one championed religion in its ceremonial aspect, worshipped the letter, and became subjects of the form. The other loved the spirit as against the letter, the essence under the form. Aaron represents the former, Moses the latter. The true teachings of Moses are to be found in the prophets and not in the ecclesiasticism, the ceremonialism, of the sons of Aaron. The priests and the prophets therefore represent these two opposing parties.

The priest was a strong conservative, the prophet was a radical. The priest sanctified altars; the prophet blessed moral sentiments. The priest was the bitter opponent of all change; the prophet urged incessant change according to the demands of changed conditions. The priest would have made the law a dead fixture, the prophet would have made it a living power.

The priest taught men to offer the blood of bulls and the fat of rams; the prophet said: "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" The priest, thinking of self, urged men to bring the tithes and the sacrifices; the prophet said: "Learn to do well, seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, and plead for the widow."

The prophets were very daring. They braved the lion in his den. Although the priests were protected by the king and supported by the masses, you need but open the Bible to be convinced of their moral courage. See how they denounced priestcraft. See how scathingly and sarcastically they spoke of the sacrificial code. Read how they ridiculed religion in its ceremonial aspect. Yet read their high moral teachings, their lofty ideals, their sublime conception of duty and eternal truth.

The priest would have narrowed Judaism down to a mass of sacrificial laws, held out as its hope the resettlement of Palestine and a new kingdom of Judah. The prophet depicted Israel's conquest to be a moral one, drew the picture of a Messianic age, bade Israel be a blessing to humanity and exist as a witness of God's Unity until all mankind

should adopt that belief. In a word, the prophet said: "Ho, all that thirsteth, come to the waters and drink," and the priest added: "But not without paying a good price therefor."

The same is to be observed in the Talmud. The priest-rabbi was busy with the phylacteries, the praying-scarf and the laws of divine service. The prophetic rabbis were busy teaching "Let thy yea be yea and thy nay be nay." "The moral condition of the world depends on Truth, Mercy and Justice." "Judge not thy neighbor until thou hast been in a similar position." "Imitate God in His goodness toward all; as he is just, merciful and loving, so be thou to thy fellowmen."

The priest claimed for his teachings the authority of God. The prophet claimed for his doctrine no authority but that of the self-evident truth that he enunciated.

It was but natural that for ages the stamp of authority should rest as it did. For man, being either too indolent to investigate, or too ill-informed to verify for himself, accepts most things on the authority of the few. Authority, however, must presuppose the consent of the governed.

Monarchy is only tyranny new-named. In Russia you have authority without the consent of the governed, and you have a form of government that is a disgrace to Christendom. In Germany you have authority with partial consent of the governed. But the Kaiser is an autocrat, and the destiny of the nation depends on the whim of one man.

In America you have the highest ideal of authority. From the smallest to the largest city, the authorities are appointed by the will of the governed. People select those who shall authorize. This privilege is abused to a certain degree, but the checks and counter checks of our American system of government furnish to the world the nearest approach to true authority.

Another condition is correct knowledge. A man with partial knowledge is either impudent or feeble.

The physician who knows speaks with authority. He places his finger on the plague-spot and cures the disease. The well-informed astronomer speaks with authority, and will foretell correctly to a fraction of a minute the time of the coming eclipse. The mathematician who is sure of his subject speaks with authority, and will solve the most abstruse mathematical problem.

So much for authority in general. Let us apply these conclusions to Judaism. The consent of the people was not asked. Correct information was not given. Certain statements were made and called authorized. They became institutions, fixed. Right or wrong, good or bad, wise or unwise, they were unchangeable. They were planted doctrines, forms, ceremonies, laws, statutes. They were what they were because they were so, because they existed, not because they had a noble and truthful purpose to fulfill.

This authority was chiefly exercised over the masses. A path was made for them. They walked on it and thought that no other could

exist. Thoughts became doctrines, doctrines hardened into creeds, creeds became authorized as dogmas, and then custom and antiquity surrounded these with binding force. People went through forms and asked no questions. Not to ask questions was piety. To ask was impiety. And only too frequently, if men sought information, they were treated as the little boy who remarked to his teacher an apparent contradiction in the Bible: "*Recht hast du, aber schweige.*" ("You are right, but be quiet.") As an illustration let us take the question of the authority of the Bible. It was called the written word of God. With no desire to be blasphemous, it was as though He dictated and a stenographer reported. Then His seal was attached: "Dictated—I am the Lord thy God." Every letter was claimed to be the exact truth. Its word was law and life. Its mandates were absolute. There could be no addition, no diminution, no change. The accepter was happy. The denier was cursed.

Although it has been shown that the Bible contains impossibilities and irreconcilable contradictions, fancies rather than facts, fables rather than history, myths as well as truth, yet it is said that its authority is binding and religion depends on it.

Authority like this was the ideal of the priest. He knew nothing more profitable than to lead his blind followers. The prophet resented it and rebelled against it. As well hope to effectually bind an unshorn Samson with a new cord, or a Hercules with a silken band, as control the prophet with *ipse dixit* of the priest.

The prophets gave us pure and undefiled Judaism when they accentuated the God-idea and insisted not on ecclesiasticism, not on ritualism, but on personal righteousness.

And what is righteousness? It is the law of Sinai. It is what "Tsedek" means, justice and charity. It is to love one's neighbor as one's self. It is, not to do to another what is displeasing to one's self. It is the two laws of love that Israel of old formulated: "Thou shalt love God with all thy heart and soul and might; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

It is this aspect of Judaism that shall make it the universal faith. For God and righteousness will endure beyond the eternal hills and unfathomable ocean, and only with the last man will there die the last lover of God and the last doer of righteousness.

The Talmud says: "Let there be many windows in your temples." Let the light come in! And it is streaming in. Science, education, liberty, and a few independent spirits are abroad illuminating the path for mankind. They show us nothing absolute but God. They show us that there is no special work of revelation except the book of Nature; and the Bible, grand as it is, is the outpourings of the human heart to the unknown God, the aspirations of the human heart after its Divine Maker; in a word, it is man's thoughts about God, not God's thoughts about man. They show us that what was called religion—dogma, myth, superstition, ritualism—is giving way before the teachings of the new faith;

and yet the irony of it is that the ideas of the new faith are nothing but the old ideas of the ancient prophets of Judea, who spoke, not for the Jew alone, but for all men. They show us that pure Judaism is obedience to the law of the land and heeding God's voice as heard by the conscience. No authorities are higher than these. They are our own, not to be disturbed by any. The tribunal of the law and the tribunal of the conscience are the supreme courts from which no appeal can be taken.

And do they proclaim for dogma? Certainly not! Ask men, do you believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures? Their answer is, it is beyond comprehension! Ask them, do you believe in a special Sabbath? Their reply is, it is priestcraft. Ask men, do you believe in miracles? They say, the laws of Nature were never suspended. Ask them, do you believe in love? Yes; I have a mother; I have a wife; I have a little child whose dimpled hand has wandered lovingly and affectionately over my careworn brow. Yes, I believe in love, and that feeling should be shared with humanity. Ask them, do you believe in charity? Yes; no man should live as a pig or a hedgehog. Do you believe in righteousness?—doing right as conscience dictates? Yes; this is the very essence of a good life. And righteousness—to do what is right, with God as the standard—to live and walk in love and to practice charity—this is the first and last of all religion, this alone is pure Judaism. Away then with priestcraft. Away then with the authorities of age and superstition only, and let us have this, the only pure Judaism; for not all the authority of inspiration, not all the force of age, nor all the power that masses give, shall make me believe where reason says nay—not all the authority of saints and miracles and angels shall make me obey, when God through my conscience bids me refuse.

The modern rabbi, then, should take for his model the prophets of Judea—those bold, fearless, undaunted men who dared to be free; who feared not to tell a king: "Thou art the man;" who hesitated not to tell the priests, "God has no pleasure in you, neither will He accept an offering at your hands." The rabbi's model should be those noble, courageous, intrepid heroes

> . . . . "who dared to be
> In the right with two or three,
> And who dared to choose
> Hatred, slander and abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the thing they needs must think."

The rabbi must follow these spiritual giants of Palestine, and accentuate only the essentials of Judaism; for, if our holy faith is to bless *all* the nations of the earth, it can only do so through those teachings which can be universally applied.

He must be the acquirer and the dispenser of knowledge. Our faith has assumed a mission that makes us the emissaries of universal blessing. We are to go to the world and say: "God is One, mankind is one, the law for all is one." Judaism must therefore be relieved of all narrow

injunctions. The rabbi, taking the place of the prophet of old, must fearlessly tell his people: "Throw out all Orientalisms! Cast away all the ancient local and national statutes! Cut away the obsolete, the non-essential! Lop off the dead branches that encumber the growth of the fairest of trees, for pure Judaism is a transplanted growth, and will here thrive as though indigenous to the soil!" To do this knowledge is needed. Emerson said: "Only a great soul can remain distinct." And until the day of blessed prediction, when Israel's ideals shall become real, the Jew must, on account of his mission, remain, in a measure, distinct. This requires courage, heroism, for if it be courageous to *die* as a martyr, it is heroic to *live* as one. Now, how can we display this virtue, if we know not wherefore? Novels are interesting; the history of Israel is enthralling. Comedies provoke mirth, but Israel has enacted on the stage of history a tragedy whose latest word has not yet been heard. The rabbi must give an intelligent knowledge of his people's history, aims, hopes, aspirations; and his people must be here to receive it. So shall they be able to answer their detractors. So shall Judaism be revenged—not, indeed, a base revenge—but it shall return blessing for curse, love for hate, good for evil.

So, too, in the midst of the down-pulling tendencies of a materialistic age, the rabbi must faithfully represent the ideal; especially must he arouse a high standard of patriotism. Palestine stands to us as a shrine, an emblem, a symbol. It is the birthplace of modern religion. It is a reminder of its claims. It stands to the Jew for monotheism, but not for a fatherland. It is no more ours, though its poetry, its pathos, its pictures of a divine life are, and cannot be taken from us. But no more should we longingly turn the eye to the land where our faith was born. We are not Judeans, but Americans. We are not Palestineans, but citizens of the greatest and grandest country on earth.

It is in this direction, and in humble imitation of the prophet of old, that it is my determination to go.

I am deeply moved, nay, I am profoundly agitated, when I call to mind the onerous duties of the mission I to-day undertake. Many of the heroes even of Jewish history, even Moses himself, hesitated, yea, trembled when they considered the serious tasks they were called to fulfill. How much greater then must be the solicitude of a very humble teacher like myself when I accept the burden of public service, to lead on the path of light and truth a community renowned for its attachment to all the most devoted principles of Judaism!

I, however, am somewhat cheered by the display of your confidence when you called me to act as your associate rabbi, and by the hearty welcome that has already been accorded me by your representatives.

But especially am I cheered when I remember that my lines are cast with our worthy and beloved rabbi and colleague, Dr. Jos. Krauskopf, whom you and I have learned to regard as a savior of Judaism in this land. We know him to be fearless, honest, faithful, true. We see in him a modern prophet, a faithful copy of his prototypes in Judea, and I

feel it the proudest privilege of my life to be permitted to share with him the burden of his work, even as by his presence I feel encouraged to fulfill my obligations fearlessly and unflinchingly.

I fully recognize that, however steadfast a leader be, he will be subjected to much disappointment, adverse criticism, resentment, anger and scorn. Though he have the meekness of a Moses, the manliness of a Joshua, the inspired enthusiasm of an Elijah, the dialectic power of a Micah, and the impassioned oratory of an Isaiah, still he will meet with much prejndice, intolerance, narrow and confined views that will distress him. For the populace is unsteady and unstable as the ocean's waves, never two hours together alike, never two instants without restless motion, as changeful as it is destructive, as fickle as it is sometimes cruel. These considerations, however, shall not deter me, with God's help, from concentrating all the power of which I am capable, all the knowledge I can gather, all the experience I have gained, all the deep love I feel for my vocation, all the strength I can muster up, and devoting them to the successful issue of the service of God, of your spiritual welfare, brothers and sisters, and of the well-being of those dear children with whom a gracious God has been pleased to bless you.

Brethren, my heart and hand are devoted to my God, my work and to you. Let your heart and hand be pledged to me!

Strengthen me with the cheering response made by the elders of our people to Ezra, when he undertook the great work of his life: "We will be with thee; be of good courage and do thy duty;" and with God's help "Congregation Keneseth Israel" shall mount from "strength to strength," announcing to the world "One God over all, one brotherhood of all, peace and good will among all," presenting to the world a glorious example of godliness and pure religion, of usefulness to Jew and non-Jew, an honor to Judaism and a glory to mankind.

ISRAEL'S FUTURE.

By Rabbi J. Leonard Levy.

Philadelphia, April 23, 1893.

According to some commentators of the Bible, the 121st Psalm is a picture of a pilgrim, on a journey to Mt. Zion. Footsore and weary is he. Exhausted with the journey along rugged roads and thorny paths, he has, at last, reached the Temple Hill. He well-nigh faints with fatigue; and therefore rests awhile to consider whether he shall proceed, or not. Thinking of the road already covered, and looking forward to the joy and peace that await him in the holy building, he determines to push on: encouraged by the intense belief that "his help cometh from the Lord, the maker of Heaven and Earth." This is a picture of one lonely wanderer to the ancient Jewish Temple. Extend the scene; enlarge the picture. You have no more, one incident in the life of *one* Jew, but an illustration of the past of the whole Jewish people.

It is impossible to retrace the whole of that past this morning; but one scene we must dwell upon, because therein is contained the event that made Israel a possibility to-day and that will make Israel's future a reality.

For a few moments, in our mind, let us turn to the birthplace of our religion—to the Ur of the Chaldees. Chaldea is the early home of education and religion. But that religion is debased. It is rank idolatry. Surrounded on all sides by images and figures of human beings and wild beasts, Abraham is led to higher, purer thought. The stone figure, the wooden block could not be the Great "God of Heaven and Earth." Perceiving the vileness of such worship, he determines to leave his surroundings. To his mind, God is the unseen Power ruling through all space—and with this idea as the central thought of religion, he is convinced, that religion would be the one great means of blessing the whole of mankind. Henceforth that is his mission, *that*, the mission of his family. They were to spread Religion. They were to live *by* it and die *for* it. Through them "all the nations of the earth were to be blessed."

This *was*, and still *is* Israel's mission. To fulfil it in the past was no easy task. Every reader of history knows that at any moment a single blow could have blotted us out of the role of nations. But by a remarkable providence, the blow, though aimed at us, always missed the mark. Our existence to-day can only be explained as the result of the

undying power of our Religion. It is to-day as true as it ever was; and the answer of the Rabbi to the Roman general who threatened to run the ploughshare over Jerusalem and there build an altar to Jupiter, is as forcible as ever: "You may with your armies destroy my people—but my religion is forever beyond the power of generals and legions."

For ages Israel, among the nations, was like a trembling dove in the claws of a greedy hawk, like a small fish pursued by a voracious shark, as the Talmud puts it "like a lamb among wolves." The fierce determination with which our fathers clung to what was theirs aroused antagonism on part of their heathen conquerors or rulers. "How dare this small Israelitish people refuse to bend the knee to the gods of the grove or river or mountain—to *our* gods and the gods of our fathers,"—said Israel's masters? To the lions with the Jew! To the dungeon, to the stake with the cursed unbeliever!" Every horrible form of torture was used against him, every cruelty, every horrid barbarism, that the mind of the bigot and fanatic could invent—but without effect.

The demon of hate was met and the demon of hate was conquered. How? The Jew realised that he was destined for a great work. He understood the promise "when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." He knew he was to live "to be a blessing to himself and the world." He suffered to perpetuate the word of God, the great truth of Religion, of which he was the sole possessor. Where was this word, this truth? In a book that he studied because to him everything was in it. What was that Book? The Bible. Is that Book so valuable as to be worthy of such sacrifices for it? Yes, indeed. The best literature of thirty centuries is to be found in it. Warriors have fought for it; martyrs have died for it. The sacred books of the Christian, Mohammedan, and the works of the philosophers have stolen its brightest gems. It fired the eloquence of an Akiba and a Chrysostom, "upon whose lips the bees settled and left their honey there." It suggested the divine poems of Halevi, Racine and Milton. It awoke the intrepid genius of Maimonides, Spinoza and Mendelssohn. It inspired the pictures of Raffael, the sculptures of Angelo, the music of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Händel. This book has destroyed tyrannies. It was this book that led the pilgrim fathers to found this republic, and it will yet inspire men to strike for freedom and the recognition of personal rights. It has been the pioneer on the road of civilization. It has kindled a love for right, duty and pure conduct. It has cheered the masses toiling for bread, it has brought hope and light and comfort into the homes of the afflicted. It inspired Montefiore, Howard and Fry to devote their lives to suffering humanity, and Reese and Cooper and Hirsch and Girard to provide for the wants of the poor. When Solon and Justinian will be forgotten, Moses and Ezekiel will be influential for good. When the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero will fail to touch a sympathetic chord in the human breast, the eloquence of Isaiah and the pastoral poetry of Amos

will move the heart and subdue it to goodness. When the philosophies of Aristotle and Plato will be no more read, the Psalms of David will still be joyously sung and the rule of life will be Solomon's advice: "Reverence God and keep His commands."

"The 100 best books, the 100 best pieces of music, the 100 best pictures are all in it." "What a book," said Heinrich Heine, after a day spent in his unusual task of reading it. "Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven! Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfillment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, all are in this book." People reverence the work as the very foundation on which national righteousness is built, and the motto of nations is "The Bible is the rock on which rests the well-being of our country." And its words appeal to us as no music will, even after a life of sin and sorrow. On his death bed Daniel Webster repeated to his physician those famous words "Even tho' I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff shall comfort me." And the great man faltered out "Thy rod—Thy staff, O God," and died.

We have come to have little regard for the traditional construction placed upon the text of this truly great work. We have come to regard it no longer as the infallible book. But we are anxious to pay a slight tribute to the book that has been the lever to civilization, morality and religion. There are in it many thoughts, many doctrines that do not appeal to us, but its highest and best teachings stand unchanged and unchangeable.

The poet said,

> "I saw a pine in Italy, that cast
> Its shadow athwart a cataract.
> Firm stood the pine. The cataract
> Shook the shadow!"

Shadows of superstition, shadows of bigotry, shadows of false doctrines may be shaken; but the universal principles of Judaism, these are firm, these are immovable, these are unchangeable.

For our fathers who handed these principles down to us we need not blush. They were spotless amid corruption, pure amid impurity, charitable in return for cruelty and insults. They were industrious in spite of clogging laws, persevering in spite of opposition, independent when even hypocrisy might have served them better. But *their* mission has become ours. The world has its eyes on us. The nations are concerned to know whether we be faithful to the essentials of Judaism, whether we widen it and broaden it, so that it say, "Not mine, nor thine, but all men's," or whether they should raise against us the finger of scorn and mockingly say, "Spoiled by prosperity, withered in the sunshine of liberty, weighed in the balance and found wanting." The intelligent among us realize this, and realizing it they ask, what will be Israel's future? Shall we be swallowed up by the nations? I think not. Shall we adopt the religion of our neighbors? No, for although Christianity

is a great and grand religion, although it has given an almost unequaled impetus to art, to aesthetics, we cannot give up truth for a modification of truth. What, then, will be Israel's future? Every student of religious history knows that there have been put before mankind two different foundations for Religion. One is called the God-Idea; the other, the Human-Idea. The God-Idea we find in its simplest form to be this: the belief in a God, absolutely One, to whom morality is the chief concern; and that all men form a unity, are members of a universal family, for the uplifting of which we are all to strive.

The Human-Idea is found in its strength in Heathenism, and in a few words may be defined as the deification of man. Of the God-Idea, God is the standard. "Be ye holy, even as the Lord your God is holy." Of the human idea, man is the standard, and the instincts of man are generally selfish. Thus the Human-and the God-Idea are for ever opposed. For while the God-Idea seeks to enforce self-sacrifice, the Human-idea teaches self-indulgence, and its motto is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Pure Judaism is the very embodiment of the God-Idea. Israel's task is to live the religious life. Israel's Future is to spread the God-Idea; to see it realized in the life of the nations.

It will be necessary to the end of time for man to believe in a God. It will be necessary to the end of time for man to look outside of himself and Nature, for the Creator of life. It will be necessary for man to the end of time to look outside of himself for the Cause of the Harmony that prevails throughout Nature, and to strive to introduce among man a life harmonious with that harmony in Nature. It will be necessary for man to the end of time to look outside himself for the Power which is making for righteousness, and to strive to introduce righteousness among men!

For many ages yet to come men will ponder on the problem of God, and the solution to the problem must be the Religious Idea—that God is a Unity, that He is absolute, eternal, the standard of morality and goodness, the source of all life, and thus the Father of All. What will be the result of this? Mankind will accept this as the only satisfactory basis of religion, and men will strive to imitate in their own lives, the ideal of Goodness and Morality called God. A wonderful harmony will thus be instituted, and the religious idea, "God, a Unity; mankind, a Unity," will be realized. And here lies the great chance for Israel's future. The greatest impulse towards the founding of this Universal Religion where "God will be One and His name One!" must be given by Israel. The founding of a religion, not of a particular tribe, but of all men, for all climes and times, for all places and all races—to found this is Israel's future work. It is not enough for us to repeat such beliefs in our prayers; it is not even enough for us to hold such beliefs; they must influence our lives. It is only by being true to them that Israel's future will be glorious; glorious in blessing all the human family; glorious in bringing all men to the knowledge of "God who is One and His name One."

That mission is not yet fulfilled in its entirety. So long as the cannon's roar is heard, so long as the arts of peace are not the only arts practised, so long as women are not safe unprotected, so long as prisons are a necessity and penitentiaries are requisite, so long as billions of people do not know of a God as Judaism knows Him, so long as ignorance is rampant, and vice and crime and hatred and prejudice exist, so long will Judaism not have fulfilled its mission, so long will Israel's work be unfinished.

We are proud of the part Judaism has played in the past. We are proud of the grand achievements of 3500 years. But we are not yet done. If we are proud to proclaim the words of the old prophet, "I am a Hebrew and I reverence the God of Heaven," we must be proud enough to remain true to those tenets that have been maintained by the life's blood of our nation. Talk about the martyrs who have gone to the stake cursing their oppressors. Why, for eighteen long centuries our history is one long tale of martyrdom, where hundreds of thousands died asking God to forgive their persecutors. Indeed, they knew not that if you crush one's body, that you do not therefore crush the spirit! They knew not that the rack and the dungeon and the stake could not conquer mind; that force cannot overcome spirituality. Moral truth is independent of armies, is independent of numbers, and mocks at crushing forces, and with the whole world at outs with him, while it could overpower the Jew, while it could torture him, and press the life's blood out of him, it could not drive reason from his mind, nor faith from his heart.

"Ye are my children," reports Isaiah in the name of God, "who will not lie." "*Beau sang ne ment jamais.*" No, true blood never lies. In your veins runs the blood of prophets and kings, of generals and of the most distinguished teachers of the human family. In your veins there runs the blood of Moses, of Isaiah, of Micah: of the Maccabees, of Hillel and Jesus! In your veins there flows the blood of men who have lived and died for an ideal, to the truth of which you are the witnesses. Be true to it! Let the world see how simple, yet how grand, how faultless, how true, how ennobling a thing is Judaism.

The partitions that separated men of different creeds are beginning to fall. The High-tariff walls built by the priests for the purpose of monopoly and centralisation are beginning to crumble. The spirit of true democracy is asserting itself and cries aloud "Down with the walls; let there be free-trade in religion." Jew and non-Jew are already beginning to draw closer to each other. They recognize that neither has a monopoly of truth, though there is much that is excellent, grand, in both systems.

Remain true to your mission. But like the pilgrim of old looking back over the road traversed, we see that we are still needed as witnesses of the Lord. One God, One Brotherhood, One End in View—to elevate mankind—these are not yet properly understood. When they are we will be done. As the ambassadors of an idea, we shall have delivered

our portfolios to the nations of the earth, and we may go out of existence. Our mission will be over: but until then, yield not; remain, if possible, active, if not possible—as silent witnesses of the Lord. And as in the past Judaism gave rise to the creeds that have blessed men so greatly, so in the future on the eternal principles of Judaism there will be constructed an all-embracing metaphysical system, the Religion of the Future, when the One God and the One Brotherhood shall have brought about the one aim, the complete elevation of man. As in the past Judaism gave rise to Christianity and Mohammedanism, as in the present on it are constructed Theism and Unitarianism, so will it furnish the basis, and probably the founder of the Universal Religion.

In the past, in spite of exile, plunder, torture, the Jew looked forward to this great future. He held aloft the pure word of God as the standard of morality and the One and Only God, as the standard of religion. This was and is his mission. This will make Israel's future not only possible but glorious; and from the eminence of a reasonable religion the Jew thinks he sees the world in time to come, turn to his ideals, and then there shall be no more Jew nor Christian nor Mohammedan, but brothers, men, children of the One Father, then all shall speak but one language, the language of love and peace, and amid the ruins of exploded superstitions, amid the crash of creeds, amid the wreck of irreligion he hopes, he prays, nay, he believes that he will see, as Israel's future, his own faith emerge triumphant, not the religion of the Jew, but the Common Religion of Humanity.

"The Message of the Modern Ministry."

RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D.

TEXT, ISAIAH LXI. 1—"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me because He has annointed me to bring a message to the humble; He has sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim freedom to those in captivity, Emancipation to them that are bound."

As I step forth into this consecreated place and, under the spell of the words of fervent emotion just spoken, look into your expectant eyes, I feel that this is the most earnest, the most fateful moment of my life. Out of the overflowing sentiments of my heart and the devout aspirations of my soul, I am prompted to exclaim in the spirit of the ancient Brocho: "Sh'echeyonu"—"O Lord God of the universe, Ruler of the destinies of men, I render grateful praise and acknowledgment unto Thee that Thou hast given me life and hast let me be found worthy to realize this sublime hour."

A solemn charge is that which comes to me out of the deep significance which lies behind this scene. It has illuminated my mind with the glowing ambitions of large purposes here to be realized, and has laid in my heart the foundation of a firm purpose on which I hope to rear the superstructure of a true and worthy ministry. I am transported in imagination into the midst of that stirring scene in the history of Israel wherein the great leader Moses brought forward into the presence

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of the people his young successor, Joshua, in obedience to the divine injunction (Num. xxvii. 20): "Thou shall bestow some of thine honor upon him, that the whole congregation of Israel may heed." Somewhat of his honor has been transferred unto me this hour by the most learned and honored teacher in Israel who has brought me forward into this pulpit as his successor. Full well am I aware that through his able and untiring efforts during upwards of a quarter of a century past, this congregation was brought to and held in a place of leadership among the congregations of America; that the profound scholarship and characteristic zeal of his pulpit teachings have exercised a directing and controlling influence upon the Jewish people at large. These truths make me profoundly conscious of the honor which comes to me as I take upon myself the tasks to which I have been called. I beg leave only to remind you, venerated sir, of the manner in which our sages interpret the ordinance which Moses of old fulfilled toward Joshua, and which you, his namesake, have fulfilled toward me: "Thou shalt put some of thine honor upon him"—*i. e.*, "some of thine honor," but not all of thine honor. That something is meant which cannot diminish, which can only augment, thine honor. For, says the *Midrash*, like a flaming torch was Moses. Countless were the lamps of intellect, numberless the fires of holy enthusiasm, enkindled by this flame, yet nothing of its glory was extinguished, nothing of its radiance was even dimmed.

Believe me, sir, that in the love of our ancient faith my heart is not cold toward this congregation, the child of your tender affections. Say not "Farewell" to it, for you shall still abide with it in honor and love.

Therefore do I adjure you, inasmuch as you stand so close to the hearts of these people, and because you are so bound up in the whole life of this generation—put your consecrating and blessing hand upon my ministry here, "in order that this whole congregation may be willing to heed," and to go forward in continuing and fulfilling the sacred purposes which are before us.

To this congregation, before all else, I would say that in answering your generous call to assume the guardianship of this sanctuary, I am deeply moved not only by a grateful sense of the high honor which descends upon me, but even more by the graveness of the responsibilities which are imposed. A stranger in your midst, I stand in this hour for the first time before the tribunal of your intellectual criticism. I have come only to the threshold of our new relationships, and am knocking at the gates of your hearts, hoping and trusting that they may

swing wide in welcome to me and mine. In the kindly light of these hundreds of eyes I seem to read expressions of cheer and encouragement like those which came up to Joshua in the hour when he took his place before the people and they greeted him with the watchword: "Be strong and of good courage." None the less am I aware that in the silence of your thoughts and in the hush of expectancy and abeyance which rests upon your hearts, you likewise are formulating a charge to me.

Upon the fulfillment of that charge will depend, I well know, the possibilities of a blessed work on my part in your behalf. It is the charge which was written upon the seal of your corporate charter more than ninety years ago, and which you have carved in imperishable stone over the outer gateways of this magnificent temple. To the man who enters this pulpit there comes the solemn charge of the whole history of this congregation as of an harmonious band of Israelites, proclaiming: "Be thou one of the disciples of Aaron, loving peace and pursuing peace."

I accept the standard from your hands, and to the insignia which you have inscribed upon its folds I do in this moment devoutly pledge my allegiance in the words of Isaiah, Israel's greatest prophet of peace (Is. lxi. 1): "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because God has anointed me to bring a message to the humble; He has sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim freedom to those in captivity, emancipation to them that are bound."

In plain modern phrase, I mean to say that, with whatever powers God has seen fit to endow me, I pledge myself unto this service. I do sincerely hope that the "spirit of God will be upon me," and I mean by that just what the prophet defined it to mean (Is. xi. 2), "the spirit of wisdom and intelligence, the spirit of counsel and energy, the spirit of knowledge and reverence."

I feel that God has anointed me for this task—not indeed, in any mystical or supernatural sense, but purely in accordance with the dictum of the Psalmist (xlv. 7): "Because thou lovest righteousness and hatest iniquity, therefore the Lord thy God hath anointed thee with the gladsome oil of consecration." Under these inspirations do I come "to bring a message to the humble."

The message of our religion is not to the proud, to the elect, the few and chosen, but to the humble, to the great masses of men and women who are bowed down with burdens of heavy toil and remorseless care through misfortune, poverty and adversity. Page upon page, volume after volume, of our Hebrew writings are devoted to the regula-

tion of the affairs of men according to the eternal principles of morality. By the exercise of Justice and the practice of virtue the evils which men bring upon themselves are to be prevented. Judaism is a protest against the iniquitous basis of human conditions, in whatever form they may hold. It proclaims as its primal message the rule of conscience. It avers that all the civil and political institutions which the past has evolved, all the social systems and theories upon which the present is experimenting, depend inevitably for their success upon the fulfillment of this rule. Let the social mission of Judaism be proclaimed to all the world with convincing effect, and little by little there will be lifted from the backs of myriads of men and women the degrading and stupefying burdens of oppression by which they are humiliated out of all consciousness of their human dignity, through which alone they are created in the divine image.

I do not mean to affirm that if social justice everywhere prevailed, all misery and care would depart from the world. I know that there would be thousands still in every land bowed down like the bulrush before the wind by the storms of adversity. To those who are humbled by the blows of fate which no human prevision or power shall ever be able to forefend, religion, and religion alone, proffers a reasonable, comforting and strengthening message. It points to the wisdom of God's love, which best educates and spiritualizes when it chastens us; it points to the transcendent wisdom of God's purposes, which out of all the harmonies and bounties of the universe preach the convincing lessons of faith and hope.

And so, in the spirit of those thrilling words in which the prophet came to his brethren in Babylonia, I come first with the message of our religion to the humble. They are not the least, they are the first, among you Our sages have cited a long list of the noblest characteristics of the soul, and at the end Rabbi Joshua ben Levi says: "But the greatest of these is humility." The man who knows the most is the most humble with his knowledge. Nothing is so grotesque as to see one parade a little learning and strut about in it as in a fantastic garb, to evoke the wonder of the simple-minded. Even more absurd is he who puts on the mantle of so-called free-thought or agnosticism and makes a bid for notoriety by calling attention to the fact that his intellectual robe is cut in the very latest and most approved fashion. He who has drunk deepest at the fountains of knowledge knows how inexhaustable they are, and in humility limits his desires to his capacities. And so he who has placed himself most sincerely before the great problems of life and death, of duty and destiny—he who has

brought his soul into closest communion with the soul of the universe, and while listening to the mighty heart-throbs of creation, has pondered the mystery of whence and whither and why—he draws back in humility and reverently humbles himself in awe at the footstool of a devout adoration. "The divine spirit may rest only upon a few, but chief among these," says the Talmud, "are the humble."

To the truly humble, to the devout men and women of this congregation; to those for whom religion is not a mere far-away abstraction, but a living reality; to those who love our faith and would have it a potent factor in the life of this day and hour, I would come as "a messenger of good tidings proclaiming peace." To them I would proffer the hand of peace, and pledge them my support in upbuilding this congregation, which they love, and in furthering the cause which we hold dear.

"He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." When trouble has entered your homes and cast its gloomy shadows on the hearth; when sickness has laid your loved ones low and spread the unmistakable pallor over their features; when the angel of death has flitted across the threshold and brought anguish unspeakable and the agony of despair; when the crushed and broken heart is bleeding to inanition, and all those fibres are severed which should hold it to love and duty—oh then, when I come into your homes perforce, let me come because I am sent to bind up the broken-hearted with the healing consolations of religion, to bring into your souls the light of immortal hope, and to open your eyes to the verities of the eternal and imperishable good in God's dispensations.

There may be times when I shall be sent also to others who are broken-hearted, crushed, not because of an outward grief, but because of an inward shame. As it is the mission of religion to awaken the erring to a realizing sense of their failings, so to those who are mourning over their own dead souls—dead to every higher impulse, to every nobler motive, shrouded in sinfulness and buried in infamy—religion sends its message of atonement. Let no man despair. God is just, but He is also merciful. He is near to every one who draws near to Him and calls upon him with sincerity. Judaism preaches no atoning sacrifice, no dogma of miracle and saving grace; it simply urges: "Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it." (Ps xxxiv. 14, 15).

It is the further message of the modern ministery "to proclaim freedom to those who are in captivity." When Moses, meek and defenceless as he was, stepped before the mighty monarch of Egypt, and, urged

by the propelling forces of his people's traditions and by the irresistible impulses of the inspirations of truth, demanded, "Thus saith the Lord: Let My people go free that they may worship Me," he became the prototype of the whole life of Israel. From the day when the manacles were torn from the wrists of the Hebrew slaves in Egypt and they walked forth free men, meek and defenceless as they were, the Jews have stood out against the might of princes and potentates, protesting against every manner of slavery, demanding that every man shall go free, that he may be free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Glorious as have been the triumphs of freedom, alas! too well do we know that there are thousands to-day held in the galling captivity of the slavish conditions of the modern industrial system, hundreds of thousands oppressed by the tyranny of religious persecution.

Let this ancient message, which has descended to the modern ministry, be proclaimed until into the heart of every individual it shall penetrate with convincing effect. Let it proclaim to those who are in captivity to pernicious habits, to baleful vices, slaves to lust and greed and degrading passions: "Behold, I have set before thee this day life and good, death and evil; choose life, that thou mayest find peace." God has endowed you with free-will. Be a man; use and strengthen your will. Cast off every degrading bondage. Rise from the worship of the material to the ideal, from the slavery of man to the service of God.

There is still another message of the modern ministry, and this, if not the most important, is certainly the most urgent purpose of its mission. It is to proclaim "emancipation to those who are bound," to those who are immured in gloomy prison-houses, to those in the drear and hopeless confinement of the dungeon. I do not at this time mean to dilate upon the importance of that work of the ministry which lies among the criminals and outcasts of society, although I firmly believe that nothing excels in importance the heroic philanthropy of this age, which is going about to all our jails, asylumns and penitentiaries, and laboriously blotting out the old inscription over their gates, and, where formerly was written "Punishment," now writes "Reform." For the present I pass this literal application of my text to speak of those who are immured behind other prison-walls which, though not visible and tangible, are none the less real and forbidding. Thousands are those who see rising before them like the strong walls of a prison-cell the stern fact of their limitations. They see that some men have genius, and they deplore that they have none; other men

have talents great and commanding; they bewail the meagreness of their own; others have skill or pronounced ability, they have none; others have privileges and opportunities, while they are hedged in by all manner of hindrances and opposing powers. For men religion proclaims "opening of the eyes," that they may pierce the dense mists and fogs of their narrow envies and jealousies; emancipation, that they may unbind the chains of their foolish fretfulness; reform of the whole life, based on the truth that for each mortal whom God sends into the world He has set a task to perform; for each capacity its proper activity. Let each one but use such powers as have been given him, and use them to their fullest possibility, and he will come up to what Ecclesiastes calls "the whole duty of man."

Beneath this prison-house of discontent there are dismal dungeons in which those are confined who are terrorized by fear, haunted by a thousand ghastly superstitions. They fear the tyrant who in their imaginations is enthroned on high; they lie crouching in mortal fear of his messengers, who roam invisible through the world and malignantly hurl their poisoned shafts at defenceless humanity.

To these "prisoners without hope" Love comes, and with her magic key unlocks the gates while she loudly proclaims "Emancipation." To those who come forth she teaches the lessons of God s love, and shows that "God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all His creatures." Under the mighty spell of that truth a wondrous reform is wrought in religion and its influence on life. By that reform the ancient thrones of terror are overturned, the minions of fear sent skulking into oblivion, and ten thousand grim and threatening spectres exposed under the light of reason as the laughing figments of the childish brain.

The message of the modern ministry addresses itself, as we have seen, unto all classes and conditions of men; its sole purpose is peace. Therefore, in answer to your charge: "Be of the disciples of Aaron, loving peace and pursuing peace." I make reply with glad assent. Like Aaron, I shall carry the staff which buds and blossoms in fragrance and beauty—the staff of religion. Bearing this staff as my support, I shall hope to find cheer and welcome when I bring to the humble the good tidings which uplift through strength and peace; when I bind up the broken-hearted and despairing with the heavenly solace of atonement and immortality; when I proclaim to the captives the glory of that manly freedom which is wrought by the resolute will, and to the imprisoned the emancipation which love alone can secure.

I will be a disciple of Aaron; and as Aaron went out among the people when the plague was raging, and stayed its devastation by taking his stand "between the living and the dead," and waving aloft the censer with its purifying clouds of devotion, so shall I go out into the midst of the plague of dissension, wherever peace may be threatened or disturbed between the congregations of this city or any of its institutions, or within the ranks of this congregation, and I shall take my stand between the dead and the living in order to save the living. I shall take my stand between the dead interests of the past and the living interests of the present; between dead issues, doctrines, rites and ceremonials, and the religious needs of the living present, to save whatever has life, to conserve whatever has vitality. I shall wave aloft in conciliatory hand the censer of reverent devotion, and in it I shall offer up to God as sweet incense whatever confidence and good-will and co-operation I may be able to win from you. I shall try to show due regard for the tendernesses of old associations, even while pointing out the needs of the new; and patience with innocent error, even while insisting on the maintenance of the invincible truth; and considerateness for all narrower claims, even while urging the broader benevolence of the love of humanity.

While thus in the pattern of Aaron and by the dictum of Hillel I shall strive for peace, let me ask of you to join with me in the effort to realize those aims which the sage sets forth as the object of the pursuit of peace when, in the closing words of his injunction, he says, "Love thy fellow-men and bring them near to the Torah—all whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace."

Standing firmly on the basis of Judaism in its purest conception, let us live and labor for the higher humanity, ever craving God's blessing. Amen.

"Taking Life Earnestly."

RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D.

TEXT, ECCLESIASTES, XI. 9.—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

ECCLESIASTES, XII. 1.—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Most old persons, and those who have undergone experiences in life, which ripen, mellow and mature, have in their dispositions a vein of earnestness which makes it an easy matter for them to understand and readily enter into the significance of such a theme as that which these texts suggest. To most young people, however, the very word earnestness has something in it which is more or less repellant, suggesting only that which is sombre, dismal and funereal. If they ever quote Scripture you will hear them cite this sentence from Ecclesiastes xi: 9, as if in jocose humor, say: "Rejoice oh young man in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes." Translated into modern phrase, and as actually carried out in life, this is taken to be an invitation, saying: "Go on, young man, do as you list, enjoy your youth while you may; bask in the sunshine of folly; loll about in the shade of the green tree of dalliance; drink deep at the

fountain of indulgence; gorge yourselves with the viands of every sensuality; whatever your eyes covet, whatever your heart craves, whatever your hands itch and burn to possess, pursue that, get that, and let that cheer thee in the days of thy youth.

You will open your eyes in wonderment and ask, "Can it really be that anywhere such license is granted?" You ask doubtingly: "Can this great volume, the Bible, which is and has so long been the moral standard and religious guide of men, hold forth such pernicious doctrine?" Such a quotation as the one cited would be a stronghold to one of epicurian proclivities. On his lips it would certainly be fraught with most diabolical influence over the innocent and unsuspecting. We are almost provoked to smile as we open the ancient tome and read on and conclude the quotation. We seem to see the sage counsellor, with a cunning expression and a roguish glance of his eye, shake his finger warningly in the young man's face as he adds: "But know that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment." That looks, as we say, like setting up a straw man for the mere sport of knocking him down. It reads like mockery, in one breath to permit and in the next to prohibit. But a little reflection will show that in this very conjunction of the phrases there is a lesson of profound wisdom. It is encased in these words like a jewel in a casket. That lesson is, I fear, most generally misapprehended. Earnestness is by the young regarded as something to be shunned, and the reason for this is due primarily to the preachers themselves.

There is an appaling amount of preaching done now-a-days, and much of it is preaching in the distasteful sense of scolding and fault-finding, and every week, when the pulpits all over the land open fire upon the defenceless congregations, there is a tremendous cannonading, amidst a deafening storm and roar and blaze, aimed at the corruption and total depravity and utter viciousness of the people in general, but especially of young people. The utterance of Ecclesiastes is everywhere reversed and negatived. The cry is: "Do not rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; let not thy heart cheer thee, for it is depraved in all its promptings; walk not in the ways of thine heart, for these ways are corrupt; go not according to the sight of thine eyes, for thy vision is perverse and misleading."

Now, all that sort of preaching, it is evident to the least observant, has very little influence upon those at whom it is aimed, and the reason lies, I think, in the palpable falseness of the premise upon which it is based, the doctrine of total depravity. It says human nature is utterly corrupt and its native promptings vicious. Without at

this time entering into any discussion of that doctrine, I will only say that Judaism is utterly and irrevocably antagonistic to it, that we know the influence of such a teaching in its logical effects to be injurious in the highest degree, leading to bitter pessimism, to a surrender of all faith in mankind, and utter despair at life and all the world.

We are optimists, and eagerly follow the teaching of that sage in Israel, whose kindly heart prompted the admonition, "Haveh don eth kol adam le-kaf sechuth," "Judge everyone as being innocent and worthy" until the reverse is proven.

Whatever there may be in our individual experiences to give us a gloomy and distrustful view of our fellow-men, our religion points unceasingly to the good, and from its standpoint we may not entertain, nay, must unequivocally reject the charge of universal, innate sinfulness. I do not believe there is as much downright wickedness in human hearts as there is folly. I do not believe that, taken all in all, there is as much malice among men as good will. I know there is more sunlight in the universe than darkness, and even when we are in the dark we know the sun is still shining. So goodness always prevails, though at times we see it not. It is not that Sin is absolute monarch, but that Folly is prime minister and rules the state. Most of the errors and transgressions which people commit are from sheer thoughtlessness or frivolity. It is this we must attack and vanquish. What we need to cultivate, what we need to preach and have preached to us is more urgent, hopeful earnestness. If we took life neither too dismally nor too lightly, but more seriously and truly, we should evade ten thousand pit-falls every year. By this I do not mean that to be earnest one must go about with sombre looks and downcast eyes and folded hands and a cat-like tread, but I mean that at all times, whether at home or abroad, whether in solitude or under the gaze of the world, whether gliding along in the midst of gayety and rejoicing or in the valley of the shadow of grief, treading the thorny pathway of affliction, at all times, [I Samuel iv: 9.] do you "quit yourselves like men," never forgetting the responsibilities, the duties and the glory, aye, the divinity of manhood and womanhood

We have a way of excusing and palliating this lack of manliness, this want of earnestness, this treachery to the truest in life by saying, "Well, young people must sow their wild oats," or "A man must see the world." On that matter John Ruskin pronounces this most pointed and scathing rebuke: "In general I have no patience with people who talk about 'the thoughtlessness of youth' indulgently; I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and the indulgence

due that. When a man has done his work and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with his fate if he will, but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless, when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless where his every action is the foundation stone of future conduct and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now, though indeed there is only one place when a man may be nobly thoughtless, his deathbed. Nothing should ever be left to be done then."

But I hear you say, "We cannot put 'old heads on young shoulders.'" Neither need you. That is only an excuse, a begging of the question. Earnestness is not incompatible with youth nor with the chaste pleasures and pursuits of youth. The first half of the text, "Rejoice in your youth," is not to be condemned; it is as true and as good as the last half—worthless each without the other. This is the wisdom which speaks to us out of the very conjunction of the phrases of this text.

"But it is a law of nature that the young should be 'wild,'" says some one. Oh, how in my ears is ringing still that burst of passionate eloquence which I heard fall from the lips of one of the most earnest teachers of to-day, as he cried out in the indignation of righteousness and made answer to that flippant phrase, when he said, "Call not that a law of nature which is lawlessness of nature. Say not that it has always been and will always be! Think of the inconceivable depths of degradation from which society has reached its present stage and ask if the rule of conscience will not remedy this. Fellowship is needed and a public opinion on behalf of purity."

The great trouble is not that we are endowed with bad hearts, but that we endow shallowness of mind and weakness of will and ignoble motives with the sanction of tolerance. There is an amazing amount of easiness and selfishness in the way in which many of us take life. It is wonderful how pliable we are. Some are as little exercised in determining their own fate as they are about breathing. Respiration proceeds without any exercise of our will, and so human destinies are often fixed without any real exercise of individuality. We take life as it comes, skipping along over the highways of existence as merry-hearted as at the carnival. Suddenly calamity comes. We did not

realize, never dreamed before that the earth beneath our feet was not forever firm as the rocks of the everlasting hills, but in the hour of our calamity how it sways and rocks and trembles beneath us, while we totter and quake; when thus we stand face to face with the reality, the awfulness of life, we see things differently than ever before. Then we become inoculated as it were with a wonderful medicament. Earnestness courses through our veins, seriousness looks out of our eyes, we walk circumspectly, we utter our words with caution. The carnival is over, the flimsy mask has fallen off, we see the real features of existence. What was past seems but a dream. We say:

"I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke and found that life was duty."

There is probably not one of you that has suffered any in life but has had this vivid experience, a coming into earnestness, an awakening to the stern realities of existence, duty and destiny. If you have not had that experience, it will come to you perhaps some day when you stand in the crowded room, where all is expectant with bated breath, and sobs and groans and shrieks give vent to the anguish of the broken hearts; when you see the fountains of hot tears overflowing and the loud wail pierces your very soul as a beloved form is borne for the last time over the threshold, or the dull thud of the clods resounds in your ears amid the melancholy "dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth." Have you been fretting and vexing yourself about the petty ambitions and pleasures and vanities of daily life? You forget it all; it vanishes entirely. Have you harbored spite and envy and greed? These go, too. Have you been perplexed about this or that problem of economy or social order? You lose all interest in it. Have you been asking about this creed and that dogma, this observance and that rite? It matters little now. In the most earnest of earnest moments you have only one concern, one question, and that is, "Am I right? Has my life been right? Have I done all for the world and for my beloved ones that I could? My light is flickering, burning lower day by day. Any gust of wind may put it out. Am I ready?" Oh, we all know that in such moments earnestness finds a door open and enters into every heart, even the most frivolous and callous.

It is not thus I would have the young learn earnestness. Such a lesson is the task after school imposed as a penalty. It most often provokes revolt. It makes men complain of their fates and denounce God and the world. It drives weak minds often out of the gloom of excessive grief into the most senseless extremes of gaiety to evade the

thoughts which haunt and terrorize them. I would have you learn earnestness betimes, in youth. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," that thou mayest have strength to face any thought and make wise provision for any fate.

The world is more deadly in earnest to-day than it has ever been. Men feel more intensely, think more deeply than at any period of the past. It is because they have come to see the worth, the dignity, the rights, the great interests and possibilities of life. They have learned that these great revolutions which are breaking out in the social, political and religious world, like the long-suppressed fires of volcanoes, are but the outward manifestations of deep inward experiences of thought and feeling.

Men have found out that the tree of knowledge must grow, and that its growth will not deaden the soul-life, nay, will but nurture it by the refreshing shade which it casts over the heart. And as knowledge grows from more to more, the more earnest and intense grows life, its desires, its aims and ambitions. Men are no longer satisfied to be confined to the acquisitions of the past; they yearn for noble ideas not yet attained; they thirst for greater and better blessings. Reverence for hallowed institutions fills their hearts; but all the strength which the wisdom of the past can afford is centered into the earnest effort of the present to bring amelioration, light, comfort and counsel to the countless thousands of suffering humanity. All great questions of human happiness and progress are debated with eager, intense earnestness. Upon the young will depend their solution.

I want to show you thus that our greatest need is the cultivation, even from our earliest days, of a manly and womanly earnestness, such as will give us the nerve and sinew to withstand adversity and withstand prosperity as well. Rejoice in your youth, but all the while remember that for all things 'God will bring thee into judgment,' *i. e.*, that there is a moral accountability which none can shirk. After all, the warning of Koheleth cannot be remitted. We need it in the midst of life. It must be the lofty motive and restraint, the noble impulse and law that shall maintain within us a sustained, continuous and unshakable fidelity to all that is real, earnest and true. Such a restraint as this is the only power in the world that can touch the secret springs of our souls, quicken our love, our hope, our veneration, our awe, our fear, our joy, and teach us to take life earnestly and truly.

Nothing has given me greater joy and pride since coming to Philadelphia than to find here the evidences of the existence of a large body of earnest, active young men and women studying the vast prob-

lems and working upon the earnest tasks of the age. Nothing has afforded me greater encouragement than the words which were spoken by the young men in the public demonstration with which you saw fit to honor me in the past week. The co-operation which was then pledged me I shall most gladly welcome and heartily appreciate. I trust that with God's help an influence and practical power for good shall go forth hence to arouse young American Israel everywhere to a keener sense of self-consciousness and a more earnest activity in behalf of our sacred cause.

This is the truth I wished to elucidate—the need of taking life more truly, more earnestly, we may well emphasize on every hand. To live so that "each to-morrow finds us farther than to-day," must be the inspiring motto of every child and remain that of every man and woman, else existence is purposeless and sinks into bestiality. All our days must be a constant ascent to higher things. It is always up-hill work, true, but "*faciles est decensus averne*," down hill means degradation. We must, as George Eliot teaches, care greatly for something worthy of our care, choose worthy work, believe in it with our souls, and labor to live through inevitable checks and hindrances, true to our best sense of the highest life we can attain." This is the main thing—to believe in something with our souls. The orator, the preacher, the poet, the novelist who carries us with him, who sways us, moves our hearts, rules our minds, decides our actions, he is the one who believes with his whole soul in what he says—he is in earnest. This is that magic power, that undying influence which dwells in the ringing utterances of the prophets in the stirring strains of the Psalmist's lyre in the admonitions of Moses and the sages! It is the soul power, the earnestness, the true life-experience which they express. It is the mystic cord that draws heart to heart, soul to soul, the human to the divine. Would you be something in the world of souls? Would you be somebody in the life of men—a power to sway, to hold the regard, the love, the veneration of others, and merit the favor of God, then cultivate an earnest spirit; never apologize for your tears or your sympathy or your love, your awe and veneration and worship, or any expression of true earnestness. Let the soul speak—let the heart throb. Mount upon the back of the frivolities, the habits and vices, the passions that draw you on, and direct their course and rule over them and be their master. Rejoice in life and let your heart cheer you, but always hold fast to the dignifying sense of your moral accountability, that there may play upon you the glory and radiance of the wisdom and mercy and judgment of God.

Inscribed in undying affection to the memory of

Rose Berkowitz Krauskopf,

the tenderest, noblest of sisters. Nearest to each other in age, our hearts were bound up from earliest childhood in each other's happiness. Never did the shadow of a doubt flit over our love, nor the trace of a cloud cross the horizon of our mutual devotion. In life she had been sent before by Providence to prepare the home, none the less so in death.

Her soul is bound up in the bonds of life here and hereafter.

HENRY BERKOWITZ.

Rose Krauskopf.

Biographical.

ROSE, daughter of Louis and Henrietta Berkowitz, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., January 5th, 1859. She was the fifth child among seven and the younger of the two daughters. She received her education in the Jewish Schools and in the Public and High Schools of her native city. That education of mind and heart which gave her the splendid qualities of soul which shone out so resplendent to all that knew her, she received in her home. The mother lived on in the daughter. During many years the mother was an invalid, and she was nursed and tended and relieved of household cares by this daughter, as yet a mere school girl, the elder sister being married and living at a distance. After her mother's death, in 1875, the whole charge devolved upon this daughter, assisted by a ward of the family, now wife of the Rev. Dr. Henry Berkowitz. In 1876 the family removed to the pleasant town of Coshocton, Ohio, where the brothers were in business. Here some of the happiest days of her life were spent, and the vacation days were full of the glad anticipation of the time when she and her foster sister were to become the wives of the two divinity students whose future was to be also theirs. October 28th, 1883, the double wedding took place in Coshocton, and Rose Berkowitz became the wife of Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, then stationed in his first ministerial charge at Kansas City, Mo. The work which she did by his side in that busy Western City left an indelible impress on the community, and she is sincerely mourned there to-day by all who knew her.

In 1887, pursuant to the call to "Keneseth Israel," she removed with her husband and child to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Kauskopf's life was bound up in that of her husband, and she was indeed his helpmate in the fulfillment of all his public and private duties. She aided him not only with her heart, by her love and inspiration, but also with her hand and brain. Her untiring self-sacrifice, her solicitous thoughtfulness, her patient and methodical industry, relieved her husband of hundreds of the burdensome details of his work. She was a factor in the organization and maintenance of all the charitable, educational and religious associations with which her husband and his congregation were identified. Her philanthropy was without tinsel. None will ever be able to measure its extent and effect. Her simplicity of manner and unaffected sweetness of disposition gave her an immediate place in the affection of all. She was a woman of sincere religiousness.

Her illness was brief. She died at her residence, 1537 Diamond street, Sunday, 1 A. M., January 15th, 1893. She left three children, the youngest an infant ten days old. The funeral obsequies were held under the auspices of the Congregation Keneseth Israel, from the Temple, Tuesday, January 17th, 1893, with every mark of honor. Her death is felt as a personal loss in hundreds of homes. Grief is manifested by thousands throughout the land. Had she occupied the lowliest sphere by the side of the humblest man, her nobility of soul must still have shone forth in the brightness of her true womanliness. She is lamented as "the ideal minister's wife," and in the tender recollections of the people who felt her worth, no less than in the sacred affection of the hosts of her intimate relations and friends she will live in blessed immortality. But six weeks of happiness was allotted for the reunion which had brought brother and sisters to live together in fulfillment of the dream of years, when death claimed her as his own.

"The Cup of Consolation."*

RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D.

"TO COMFORT THE MOURNER—A CUP OF CONSOLATION."

"L'nachem ovel Koth Tanchumim."

"Still seems it strange that thou should'st live forever?
Is it less strange that thou should'st live at all?
This is a miracle, and that no more,
Who gave beginning can exclude an end,
Deny thou art, then doubt if thou shalt be."—YOUNG.

"For we are strangers before thee and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." (1 Chronicles XXIX. 15.) These were the words last spoken by me when last I addressed you. Little did I then dream how bitterly was this truth to be demonstrated to me before I should again confront you in this pulpit. An invisible hand, as it were, led me hence down from the sunny heights of joyous anticipation and the wide-spreading prospects of usefulness by a precipitous pathway into the gloomy forests of anxiety, thence through the narrow defiles of worry and care, haunted by most dismal terrors, on through the "valley of the shadow of death" to the very brink of despair. Surely I should have fallen there, as would also those who were bereft with me, had it not been that hundreds of hands were stretched forth to draw us back from that awful chasm, and lead us again by the gentle offices of kindness and tender regard into the open pathways of life and duty. Friends, I should not make this private grief a theme of public comment were it not that this whole community and friends everywhere, in overflowing sympathy and condolence, have shown that our sorrow is also theirs. The Cup of Consolation, which so many have been prompted to hold out for us, has strengthened us with deep

*Delivered on the Friday evening following the death of his sister, Mrs. Rose Krauskopf.

draughts of sincere and thoughtful consideration. In that cup have been commingled all the ingredients of the wine of their pure and sweet affection, with the lees of their bitter suffering and deep reflection. With grateful heart have I sipped of its contents and been strengthened. I come back to you to-night chastened, humbled, but stronger through grave experiences, to speak to you of what those consolations are by which religion sustains us in the hours of darkness which settle in dismal hopelessness over all our lives.

We are all of us moving on through this world: pushing eagerly forward to win its prizes and pleasures. We are naturally full of "Lebensmuth," the buoyancy of life and the love of life. We live in high hope, absorbed in our duties, goaded on by our ambitions to new and better endeavors. But all the while—although we rarely think of it, unless by some untoward calamity startled into the recollection—all the while we are moving forward to the edge of a precipice. We know not at what moment we shall reach the brink. But, once there, death will push us off, down from our dizzy height into the terrible yawning abyss. He, Death, the awful and relentless, spares none. One plunge, what then? Ah, this is the appalling mystery. You look into the deserted countenance of the dead; a moment ago, perhaps, it was all animation. The eye mirrored the placid depths of the soul and reflected inexpressible love, infinite tenderness, anxiety, hope and yearning. It is the same beloved face that lies before you; the same form, but now, alas, so cold, so rigid, so absent and meaningless—dead! dead! All their powers are undone.

"Gestern noch auf stolzen Rossen,
Morgen in das Kuehle Grab.',

But you will not, you cannot believe that this is all.

You have, no doubt, heard some great master play upon his musical instrument. In his hands it seemed a thing of life; it spoke his inmost heart; it poured forth the very soul of melody divine and harmony supreme. That instrument mayhap is broken to-day, shattered into a thousand fragments, but has melody itself therefore faded away forever? Is harmony gone from earth to exist no more? No. That harmony was not a mere excretion of the wood and the cords; the master put it there; he gave it soul, and that soul is in his power, though the instrument be irretrievably ruined. So the great Master, God, has put the soul into these wonderful instruments of clay, our bodies, and He produces harmonies unspeakable, even through human lives. Thought and emotion are not as some would have us believe, mere excretions of brain, as bile is of

the liver. Because the eye is broken, is light therefore extinguished? Though the ear be bereft of its power, is sound therefore destroyed? Likewise though our bodies pass away, the soul is not therefore annihilated. Though our instruments must break, our sonls remain forever in the Master's power.

Now mark the common analogy, which is the source of all our painful doubts. Yesterday mayhap a peach tree heavily laden with ripening fruit stood in all its beauty and glory in an orchard. This morning in the storm a shaft of lightning shivered it to pieces, and now it lies low forever. Its leaves and branches and trunk and roots will soon be resolved into their native elements. Just so, they tell us, the human frame when dead will be resolved into its native dust. The same result awaits them both. "Soon their place shall know them no longer." The substance which made the human body and the substance that made the tree when they decay do not absolutely perish—they merely pass through a chemical change into earth and gas and moisture. It needs but little experiment to prove that nothing in all the wide creation can possibly be annihilated. Fire, water, all the elements combined can utterly destroy nothing. The coal burns; this means the coal changes its form into ashes, heat, smoke and gases. All that formed the coal still exists, but released from the previous combinations and entering into new ones. No one ever disputed this nor ever can. Right here it is, however, that the inference is made which leads to the monstrous assumption that, since all organic matter is reducible to the inorganic, therefore man, although so highly organized and gifted with such transcendant capacities, is yet no more than the tree, but like it he passes into the senseless clod. It is against this false analogy that I would warn you. Let me remind you that death is not the beginning of dissolution; in truth we are continually undergoing change. Every motion of the arm, every movement of the body, every breath we draw tears down our tissues, which food and rest rebuild. This is one of the most wonderful laws of our being. The physicians declare that there is not a particle of matter in my body now that was there seven years ago, or will be there seven years hence. So even my body, that it may live on, must wear out, as last year's corn must decay before this year's seed can sprout. To live on we must die. There is constant decay and re-creation. But, mark you, although my body changes, I do not change. I am the same individual still. The ego, as the philosophers style it, that which characterizes and distinguishes me as a distinct personality, persists. This strange, subtle something—we call it soul—is an element, an

ultimate, it cannot like the body be decomposed, broken up and made to enter into new combinations. You can never become any one else. Your memory, your conscience, your imagination, your self-consciousness, your hope, your remorse, these must remain ever yours, or, if your soul is to die with your body, then all these must perish absolutely. There is no other alternative. But lo, here we strike a contradiction, an absurdity, for have we not seen that, as all admit, nothing can perish absolutely, not even matter! The substance of the body is not annihilated, how much less then mind or soul?

Not even the mote that flits in the sunbeam, nor the remotest atom in the interstellar spaces can, by any possibility, be annihilated. Shall, then, all these God-like capacities in man for eternal unfolding be, only to be expunged? Nature abhors and rejects annihilation. The mind of man cannot picture it. "The soul shrinks back on herself and startles at destruction"

We were looking out, my friend and I, over the waters of a beautiful bay. It was a glorious night. The moon was in her splendor. The silvery sheen upon the rippling waves and the clear vault of heaven, glistening with its myriads of stars, made one of those indescribable scenes of beauty which fills the heart with nameless emotions and lifts us heavenward in aspiration.

"O can it be," involuntarily exclaimed my friend, "that all this grandeur is only for now? Must we pass away, and creation with all its beauties and joys be thereafter utterly extinguished for us? How blighting the thought, how woful, how bitter!"

No, do not embitter your life, your every joy with such a thought. Drive out this snake from among the beauteous flowers in the garden of your heart! Down with this chattering spectre that haunts your thought! Charge not your Creator with a cruelty too dire to be named. Yon stars that look down upon us to-night so serenely, so grandly, that set our minds to work busy with guesses and computations of size, orbits, distances and movements; that fill our hearts with a rapture which carries us to the sublime heights of adoration; those stars are flying through space in obedience to a law and harmony so transcendent that we must needs call it divine. Now, if there is no immortality, and ours is the haphazard, purposeless existence it seems to be, then the Creator cares more for yon masses of dead matter than for our spirits. And yet we know that our spirits, the likeness of the Divine image itself, are a thousand times greater, more wonderful and more precious than a myriad of such masses can possibly be. You can measure and compute the mass and density of a star, but can you

measure a thought? Can you find the weight of a hope or take the dimensions of a single impulse of a mother's love? These elude the grasp of your powers; they reach out into eternity; they are of the soul, immortal.

"The stars may fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in years," but our incorruptible spirits can never die, they are indissolubly linked to eternity. There they needs must attain the perfection which on earth they alone of all creation cannot reach. The plant comes to perfect development in grace and beauty of form, and in yielding its seed-bearing fruit has exhausted its capabilities. Its manifest destiny is attained. Not so with the human soul. There may be found in the fields myriads of perfect flowers, but man never grows to the stature of perfection nor exhausts human capabilities. While the tree yields but one kind of fruit, the flower but one kind of seed, the products of the soul are not to be numbered. Thought suggests thought. One mind, in proportion to its power, stimulates into active being other minds. The inventor, e. g., who has achieved a success, although he have concentrated the knowledge, the skill and experience of years into one grand effort, has not with that success exhausted himself; on the contrary, he has opened up for himself and others new and undreamed-of fields of thought, new and still more alluring regions of discovery. Of this, Mr. Edison, "the Wizard of Menlo Park," is a living example.

The bee builds its hive and the beaver its house with most wonderful adaptability and mathematical accuracy, but thus they builded hundreds, thousands of years ago, just the same as to-day. With them there is no change, no progress. They soon come to the limit of and exhaust their capacity. Now observe the habitations of man: the primitive hut, the stately mansion, the gorgeous palace. Mark the magnificence of his cathedrals and all their countless and varied details of form in architecture; ever some new combination, new thought, new beauty, symmetry and power of expression. Here is progress, illimitable! Progress everywhere! Is it possible to believe that that progression and development is to be broken off when it has only fairly begun?

In the same manner "Mitzvah gorereth mitzvah," virtue engenders virtue, one good deed creates the desire to perform another. So our Montefiores, Touros, Peabodys, Coopers, Shiffs, Drexels and Childs, through every act of benevolence receive an increased zest for still greater benefactions and stimulate others by their example. The work of the mind is never, never done. The hunger of the heart is never,

never sated. The thirst of the soul is never, never quenched. We become conscious of nobler duties and equipped for more glorious conquests from day to day. Human capacity and desire for progress is never exhausted.

Our hope in a future of unending development is emphatically confirmed when we recognize that it is within our power even now to exercise the free will, to further or to hinder our development and progression—to choose present hardship and difficulty, to prefer present inferiority and deprivation in order to secure the betterment that is to follow, and thus insure our steady progress. Thousands have chosen death itself and met their doom with a smile, knowing that the life, progress and betterment of the soul was greater and better than all else. This is the strongest distinguishing trait of man over all other objects of creation. It is the crowning test of his soul power. It lifts him out of his relation to the brute and fits him to affiliate with God.

Friends, these are intimations of immortality before which the reasoning man must halt, intimations whose fathomless purport he cannot disguise, and before which the ready denial of immortality slinks away to hide itself in confusion. And yet these are only a few of such intimations; there are many more, some that might appeal more strongly to your minds than those I have chosen to recall. I have said intimations of immortality, remember, not proofs. I have said this advisedly. I have such a perfect respect for all doubts and difficulties on this subject, because I know full well that at the moment we begin to reason we also begin to doubt. More than 2,000 years ago the great Athenian philosopher, Plato, wrote his "Phædon." This dialogue is supposed to have been the conversation between Socrates and his disciples immediately before that sublime man, in accordance with a merciless judicial decree, calmly drank the cup of poison. The "Phædon" set forth the logic of the ancient world on immortality. This was then deemed so invulnerable that it robbed Socrates of every vestige of that dread of death which most of us feel. About one hundred years ago our own Moses Mendelsohn reproduced the "Phædon" in modern garb, adducing new arguments in place of the old, because, strange to say, those had become so fallible that to the reasoner of modern days they seemed well nigh worthless. (See introduction to "Phædon," by Mendelsohn.) But Mendelsohn's arguments have likewise proved vulnerable, or at least doubt has been cast upon their validity. They, too, may wear out like a garment.

We know what the wisest have thought and said. With the greed

of the famished have we devoured their arguments. But somehow, we must confess, there has ever lingered a feeling of the insufficiency of it all. The heart sinks as the conviction forces itself upon us, that it is not likely that men will ever be able to demonstrate to the perfect satisfaction of our reason that the soul lives on. But let us be candid. Let us be serious. Do you not see that in the nature of things such absolute proof is not possible? The grave has never revealed its secret, and we cannot know the disembodied spirit without each one dying first to ferret out that secret for himself. But, on the other hand, be candid enough to confess that it is just as impossible to demonstrate to the perfect satisfaction of our reason that the soul does not live on. When you tell me "I cannot believe in immortality because it is not capable of incontestible proof," then I say to you either your words are flippant, given in false conceit of your mental powers, or you are guilty of a weak attempt to beg the whole question by your effort to shift the burden of proof. "The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body," says Professor John Fiske, "is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy." Every effort to prove that there is no beyond has failed. The whole subject, then, since it can be neither positively proved nor positively disproved, but is always open to argument and doubt, is seen to transcend the domain of positive, scientific affirmation or negation and to belong really to the domain of faith. It is like our belief in God or moral obligation, a necessary and substantial fact of religion, sustained and upheld by all the best results of human speculation and strengthened by all the exploits of human investigation.

"The real test of the soundness of a belief," some one has well said, "is its practical effect on life." Let us apply that test to the doctrine of immortality. Without that belief man is the most enslaved, cramped and pitiable of wretched creatures, weighed down with a brooding consciousness of impending annihilation which sinks him below the condition of the unreasoning brute that knows nothing of such a fate.

With that belief how free, how strong, how exalted is man, rising calmly above all the vicissitudes of life, while through toil and trial, through sorrow and joy a new and more radiant lustre is ever added to the halo of divinity that encircles his brow.

Without that faith reason is a dream, virtue is a folly, love is a lie, hope a fiendish mockery, all religion is false, God himself a deceiver, because He created man and filled his heart with a world of unat-

tainable wishes, unsatisfied affections, and this eternal yearning after immortality only to dupe and delude him. With that faith we have an answer, the only satisfactory answer that has ever been found for the problem of existence.

Without that faith we are "doomed to sheer intellectual confusion," and the night of our grief remains the unconquerable darkness of despair. With that faith the morning cometh and the splendor of the unquenchable light of an eternal hope.

Without that faith the sanctifying exercises of religion are little else but a hollow self-delusion. With this one supreme act of faith, this grand moral probability which rationalizes existence, and toward which all our profoundest intuitions and all the loftiest flights of intellect draw us on, these services and acts of worship, are a consecration of the human to the divine. Their self-scrutiny into motive and conduct and making atonement between man and God constitute as sublime an act as any of which human beings are capable, referring, as it does, all the interests of this life to that infinite ideal of perfect holiness and love with which religion blesses mankind.

Without that faith the Cup of Consolation holds at best but a soothing opiate; with that faith it is overflowing with purest sustenance and inspiration. O, receive this faith anew into your hearts. It will lift the clouds from your life. It will usher in the dawn of a better to-morrow. It will light up your future with the roseate golden hues of undying hope and transform your whole career into the likeness of a superior, a heavenly glory.

NOTE.—Speaking on the "Consolations of Religion" as a part of the previous discourse, on the following day, Sabbath morning, Dr. Berkowitz took as the text of his sermon Psalm lv. 23:

"Cast thy burdens upon the Lord and He will sustain thee; He will never suffer the righteous to be moved."

Ages have rolled by since these words were first uttered, and yet they come to us with a force and freshness as though but now spoken for the first time. During all these thousands of years and to thousands of suffering mortals have these words been a source of untold comfort. Their deep well-springs of consolation have never failed to those who would draw thence the refreshing waters of faith.

It is not possible for us to say what those burdens were of which David speaks. By some it is supposed that the persecutions of Saul are meant, by others the perfidy of Achitophel, and by still others the treachery and sad fate of his beloved son Absalom. It matters not. We hear in this Psalm the sobs of a soul in the extremest anguish. The terror,

the bitterness, the moaning and reviling, are all but the natural outbursts of a human heart writhing in indescribable pain under the relentless blows of fate, which inflict the wounds of a sorrow that can never be assuaged. They touch us keenly on our human side. We all have our burdens—disease, poverty, failure, remorse, the death of the beloved ones. It is but natural that we should moan and cry out when we are lashed. It is in those moments of agony, when the burden weighs unbearably upon them and crushes them utterly, that many become atheists. Grief most often breeds infidels. The seeming hardness, cruelty and injustice which caused the grief, these settle like impenetrable clouds over the intellectual horizon. The superficial philosopher then becomes guilty of the most unphilosophical reasoning. He jumps at conclusions. He sees but an insignificant part, and dares to pass judgment on the whole great plan. He presumes with his petty optics to measure the infinite. He denies and blasphemes—he curses God. Not so King David. When his great grief has found some vent in the outcries of lamentation, he comes back to his deeper and truer self and says: "But I, I will call upon God, morning, noon and night. He will hear me. Cast thy burdens upon the Lord, He will sustain thee." Likewise does Job act in the extremity of his grief. The shallow philosopher, who is portrayed in Job's wife, says: "Wherefore hold fast to your integrity? Renounce God and die!" This is exactly what the logic of infidelity proclaims: "Under the burden of your griefs, O wretched victim of all cruelties and injustice, wherefore hold fast to your integrity? Give up all the claims of life and duty, deny God and commit suicide!" Not so Job. "What!" he makes reply, "should we accept the good from God and not accept the evil?"'

The most earnest spirits the world has known, the men and women who have suffered the deepest heart-experiences, and have passed through the keenest mental agony as they have confronted the problems of grief, are the ones to whom in the hours of our calamity we should most wisely turn for help. They have never taught despair or permitted surrender. They lead us back in humility to ask: "Is any man pure before God? Is any man more just than his Maker?"

I stood once before a loom and watched with wonder and delight while the hidden machinery wove upon a surface of silk some beautiful pattern. Little by little as the work progressed the design was revealed, until at last there stood forth in all the beauty of form and color Nature's pride and chiefest glory, a rose. As I continued observing with delight and awe, suddenly the machinery ceased its

motion, and the beautiful fabric, seemingly unfinished, was withdrawn. At my remonstrance the master said: "The work is done. A single thread more would be too much." The pattern was perfect. It presented the rose falling from the stalk just as it was bursting into full bloom. The design had been wrought out with the accuracy of perfection.

I surrender my judgment in all humility. I had set up for myself a beautiful statue of happiness. I had carved it from the rough marble of human conditions. Friends had brought me all possible offices of helpfulness. I had labored to perfect it, and had succeeded beyond all anticipation. I had set it in this light and in that, to bring out the defects, that I might remedy them, and at last it stood forth in all its expressive loveliness, a work of rapturous beauty. Lo! a sudden calamity came. Terror seized upon me. A nameless agony overpowered me, as, helpless, I stood and saw the beloved image totter from its place and fall to the earth, ruthlessly defaced and broken. I cast myself upon the ruin. I cried aloud over it. I moaned and sobbed. Never, never will the fountain of my tears run dry. With heavy hand I come to lift up my work again. With the tools of duty and usefulness I shall strive to restore it to its place, this image of my happiness, but never, never again will it be what it was before. As I make this effort, I shall try to remember the injunction of the rabbins: "Cast all thy burdens—*i. e.*, 'all that which He hath given thee'—on the Lord." He gave the marble and the materials for the tools, and the strength to work and the skill. Yea, He gave all. It was His to take away. By this truth He will sustain us—that "He will never suffer the righteous to be moved." That which is right will always stand. In the physical universe there may be conflagration and storm, earthquake and eclipse, yet, whatever the calamity, as we may name it, the world stands unmoved and all things work together for the fulfillment of the laws of the Creator in accordance with the rule of right. In the moral world there may be all manner of upheavals and disruptions. There may be a beating and dashing of the waves of corruption in wild tumult, as they cast up the mire and filth that festers in the bottom of the seas of pollution, yet in vain will they beat about the eternal law of right, which like a Pharos stands immovable in the midst and sheds its guiding light afar over the wild waters. In the spiritual life there may be weakness and doubting, irreverence and frivolity, fanatic ecstasy and wild despair. Above all change stand the experience and conviction of humanity that in the unfolding of God's plans all is right, and could never be but as it is. God's sustaining arms are about us. The duties of life command us.

The Antipathies

OF

Race, Creed and Class,

I.—"THE RIVALRY OF RACES."

RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D.

February 3d, 1893.

"FRIENDS:—I once heard a father give to his son this sage admonition: 'Be cautious with whom and how you speak on these three subjects—politics, religion and society.' I can subscribe all my observations in life as an indorsement to the truth and wisdom of this pithy piece of counsel. Rarely is the man to be found, and still more rarely the gathering of men or women, who can with perfect candor and yet without passion discuss either of these topics. This is not at all to be wondered at. All the differences that divide people may well be subsumed under these three great themes—politics, religion and society. They are like the three sides of the triangle, that little musical instrument of percussion which dominates the whole orchestra; strike one of the sides and you set the whole instrument into a tingling and passionate vibration. Touch up a man with the rod of discussion on any of these three questions and you set the whole man tingling with arguments and vibrating with feelings. The petty squabbles of the corner politicians grow into the contests of parties, treasons, revolts and wars

of nations and races. A sermon delivered in an obscure German village by an obscure German monk led to the Protestant Reformation, to the endless quarrels of sect against sect, to most irreligious wars and an eternal breach among the followers of the Christian religion. Many and many a time has the frivolous and seemingly innocent gossip of two women at the back gate set a whole neighborhood aflame and inaugurated bitter family feuds that have been perpetuated through many generations. The discussion of a practical question of economics evokes a strike that ties up a whole railroad system, bars the highways of traffic and communication between cities and countries, raises the prices of commodities, creates suffering, hunger, desperation, rioting, bloodshed, murder. Assuredly then there are no more vital and dangerous themes than these, and most pertinent and timely is the admonition to guard well the entrance into controversy. At the same time it is plain that if so much difference exists among people on these matters it is an evidence of an equal degree of ignorance or misunderstanding, and neither ignorance nor misunderstanding can be dispelled excepting by full, frank and free investigation and discussion. '*Mittoch havichuach yisborer haemeth.*' 'Through discussion truth is elicited,' says the Talmud. Let but passion be deposed and calm reason be enthroned and there will be no need to set sentinels at the gateways of speech and immure the tongue in the dungeons of silence. It is because we are in such sad need of enlightenment on these matters, and because I believe it is our paramount duty to study them and stimulate others to a study, that I have selected for the discourses of our next three Friday evening gatherings the root problems which yield the fruitage of all this dissension, viz., 'The Antipathies of Race, Creed, and Class.'

"First then as to the rivalry of races. On the chart of human history one long, undulating, blood red line should be drawn to mark the unbroken record of the hatred of races, that has lasted from the earliest to the latest day. The rivalry of races has kept the various factions among men embroiled in perpetual warfare and created the proverb: '*Homo hominis lupus*,' 'Man is a wolf to his fellow men,'—his fiercest and most ravenous enemy. Every recorded page of history tells, alas, the intensity of his passion, the brutality of his deeds. And still today as of old the physical differences between men create strange antipathies. The Chinaman with his oblique eyes, the Negro with his fleshy lips, the white man with his sallow complexion, the Arab with his pointed chin, the Kalmuck with his broad ears, the Indian with his high cheek bones, and all the rest of the long procession of human beings whose physical characteristics distinguish them one from the

other—how as they pass, their differences provoke comment that unaccountably turns into ridicule. How they laugh and jeer at each other and like silly boys call each other names till wrath is provoked and undying hatred ensues. Ever since the day when on the school ground the boys turned upon me and pointing their fingers in scorn cried: 'Jew! Jew!' and brought the tears to my eyes, I have wondered at this strange characteristic of human nature. Later, one fine day I found myself blackballed and refused admission to a literary circle because I was a Jew, and where there had before been tears for relief there came now only the blush of confusion and shame. My wonder was intensified to amazement and indignation. But to-day, after years of patient study of the historical and psychological reasons underlying this strange, all-powerful motive of human conduct; after having, through patient endurance and severe discipline, risen to that plane of feeling and reflection from which I can, as I verily believe and hope, look down stoically and with pity upon every exhibition of race hatred, to-day I come to lay bare as far as in my power lies the secret sources of this malicious and degrading force in human affairs, and to help slay this poisonous serpent with every weapon of sense and soul at my command.

"'It is a valuable discovery of recent times' says L. F. Ward in his 'Dynamic Sociology' Vol. 1. p. 455 that if we would know the history of man's development from the lowest savage state, we have but to study the series of gradations which the various existing races actually present. That the results thus obtained are reliable, there now remains little doubt. It is upon this assumption that are based the great works of Tyler, Spencer, and other recent writers who have suddenly thrown such a flood of light upon the whole problem of society and civilization." Beginning such a study with the lowest savages of darkest Africa we find that warfare is the whole life of these people and hatred the single motive. The contention of the lowest men for the objects that shall gratify their desires, becomes the rivalry of families, clans, tribes, races. Where reason is feeblest, where natural affection is dullest, where sympathy is sought for in vain, there race hatred is keenest and the doings of men directed by it to the most brutal and bloody deeds. It was born in darkness. Cruelty and greed were its parents. Such is the origin of that bitterness which set the Egyptian in enmity against the Israelite; the Spaniard against the Moor; the Russian against the Turk; the Turk against the Armenian; the Magyar against the Czech, and all the Aryans against the Semitics, and these combined against the poor dark skinned sons of Ham.

To expose the origin of this race sentiment ought to make us turn

from it in loathing and in disgust. But the trouble is that even if one show so clearly that no man can controvert it, how disgraceful is its origin, how vile its practices and how utterly corrupting its results, yet just as some people will adhere to old exploded superstitions and in spite of better knowledge and conviction will refuse, e. g., to sit with thirteen at table, so in spite of all demonstration of the utter senselessness and heartlessness of this race antipathy so degrading to human kind, the very next phrases you are apt to hear from them will be: 'No Irish need apply,' or Jews not wanted,' or 'Hateful Pollack,' or 'White trash,' or 'Vile nigger,' or 'Chinese not admitted,' and so on through the category of contemptuous epithets with which one race assails another.

Perhaps none have more persistently maintained the inviolability of race ties and the advantages of a pure and aristocratic strain of blood than have the Jews.

Much error prevails as to the racial element of Judaism. I have spoken of the Jews as a race. This is only partially the truth. The Jews are one of the Semitic nations among a number of others. Mr. E. A. Freeman declares that the unique phenomenon is presented by us of a race preserved through its religion, (Lectures, Race and Language,) I confess that as long as our eyes were turned backward and we looked longingly into the past and yearned for the return of the nationality, so long to the thousands of the homesick in Israel was the race preservation the chief thing and the religion but a vehicle to hold, a garment to clothe it in. But our eyes are now turned to the future. Thank God we are free from the medieval shackles. All the world is our Canaan. At last we may if we will, make our mission a reality. Henceforth let the religion be what it should all in all have ever been, the highest motive and purpose of our existence, the race element but the vehicle, the garment. The garment may wear out, but under God the soul Judaism will live on forever.

We have not been the least to blame that the differences that distinguish those of unlike races have at all times been greatly intensified and exaggerated. The logic of this doctrine has made it possible for the iron-handed chancellor, Bismarck, with heartless cruelty to drive out all the Poles from Eastern Germany unhindered; it has made it possible—yes, necessary, they say—for the anti-Semites to make life wretched for their victims on the Continent, and the Russians to take the most execrable and fiendish methods to rid themselves of the 'alien' Jews. The world looks on amazed, perhaps, but with folded hands. In the meantime the petty prejudices that individuals harbor seem to be

justified and are strengthened, hearts are still broken, homes are still blasted, careers ruined and the records of history are still to-day being written with the dark red blood of race hate.

There are not wanting men who stoutly defend and justify this antipathy through which the more powerful dominates the less powerful race. Only a few years ago Judge Calhoun, of Mississippi, is reported to have declared before the constitutional convention of that state, 'That it is a law of divine ordination that the white races cannot tolerate divided sovereignty.' D'Israeli was fond of maintaining that 'a pure race of Caucasian organization is indestructible, while every mixed race disappears.' This 'land of the free and home of the brave' in which we live has moreover officially pronounced in favor of race discrimination by putting up the bars and closing securely all the gates through which the Chinese might enter. Now the new emigration laws tend to extend the application of this principle illimitably.

This race sentiment has in fact come like a new discovery into the modern world and has proven itself a new force, potent to transform entirely the geographical, political and social relationships of men. The history of the movement has been well likened to the action of the enchanted well of the Irish legend. 'This well lay for centuries shrouded in darkness in the midst of a gorgeous city, till some one opened the door that hid it and the morning sunlight flashed upon its waters. Immediately it arose responsive to the beam; it burst the barriers that had confined it; it submerged the city that had surrounded it, and its resistless waves chanting wild music to heaven, rolled over the temples and over the palaces of the past.' It was modern learning that came and with its key of philology it unlocked and with the handle of ethnography it opened wide the door and the sunlight burst in and revealed the enchanted well of race affinities. The sentiment has spread like a flood over the world. People who had stood far apart, had hated each other and fought against each other, learning that a comparison of languages had shown them to be derived from one common stock, forgot their hatreds in the joy of a new found kinship and drew nearer together, even though their langauges were so unalike that only the scholar could detect the similarity of roots. Primitive Sanscrit had given birth to languages as remote and different as Persian, Greek, Latin and English. Celts and Teutons found out that they were cousins when the fact was revealed that one and the same Aryan ancestry had preceded them all. Hebrews, Phœnicians and Arabs, being alike of the Semitic race, were distinguished from the Aryans, and both Aryan and Semite turned aside and left the Turanians to themselves. Many who had wandered apart in the marches of

history now found that in form and feature, in stature, facial angle, size of cranium and other physical peculiarities, they were allied. The Balkans called out to the Russian, and where before there had been a growl of wrath there now came an assuring cry and a helping hand in the hour of need. Men who had had no direct dealing with each other for ages, found out that they were kindred in blood, and they came out of their narrow tribal and clannish hatreds into the broader interests of their nation and their race. 'There is no fact more remarkable in this movement,' says Lecky's 'History of Rationalism,' page 216, 'than the manner in which it has in many countries risen to the position of a religion— that is to say, of an unselfish enthusiasm uniting vast bodies of men in aspiration towards an ideal and proving the source of heroic virtues.' Through this mighty revolution in the feelings of men those two greatest events in modern history became possible—the drawing together of the Teutonic nations to form United Germany and the drawing together of the Latin races to form united Italy. Only through this sympathy and kinship of races has it come about that Pan-Slavism, or the great scheme of uniting all the Slavic peoples into one great confederacy, has become so powerful an agent in the practical affairs of Europe. Poets have found a new theme to thrill their harpstrings, statesmen have discovered a new force with which to mould and fashion nationalities into governments. Great masses of men have come nearer together, their interests have been enlarged, their views have been widened, their sympathies deepened.

All this has been cited in justification and praise of the race sentiment.

It is far from my mind to declare that these differences between races are valueless. It is true, as has been said, that if you set up in a line an American, an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman, Frenchman, German, Swede, Norwegian, or Icelander, a Spaniard, an Italian, a Prussian, and a representative of every nationality under the sun, and bared their right arms and struck a lancet in each the blood let out would have the same characteristics, for it would be red complex fibrine, globuline, chlorine and containing sulphuric acid, potassium, phosphate of magnesia, and so on. And yet there is a difference in blood. All men are not born equal. The fact that races of every grade of development now coexist is evidence hereof. Physically, socially, in habits, customs, endowments and capacities there are wide differences. Each race has given to it by God its peculiar genius and traits. Some races are superior to others It would be retrogression and defiance of nature to amalgamate them. It would be an injury to mankind to give up an advantage which a chaste and noble ancestry

has bequeathed to its descendants. At our peril do we refuse to recognize these truths. But the great truth of God to be borne in on human hearts is the fact that however unlike externally—within, all men are the same; however unlike physically, on their moral side all men are equal, born entitled to equal rights and privileges in the world. However unlike mentally before God all stand in spiritual equality as children entitled to His equal favor.

Rivalry between races in reaching the highest possible self-development of the resources, of their genius, their land and environments is good, is wholesome, is necessary—a thing to be strongly urged for the common weal. But nowhere under the skies can there be found any justification for one race to seize an advantage, in order to drive out or oppress, or malign, or persecute, or injure or eradicate another race. The moral law is as binding between races and nations as between individuals. Men, in the aggregate, are too barbarous, too obtuse to admit this. But the dawn is breaking, a better day is coming. It was for this more than aught else, I firmly believe, that in God's own time America was discovered, that these United States were called into being. Our great World's Fair should celebrate the final obsequies of race hatred. Rev. Mr. Talmage, out of the right promptings of his heart and through the power of his fervid imagination, voiced the sentiment of this country when he said:

"The sooner we get this corpse of race prejudice buried, the healthier will be our American atmosphere. Let each one fetch a spade and let us dig its grave clear on down deeper and deeper till we get as far down as the center of the earth and half way to China, but no further lest it poison those living on the other side of the earth. Then into this grave let down the accursed carcass of race prejudice and throw on it all the mean things that have ever been said and written between Jew and Gentile, between Turk and Russian, between English and French, between Mongolian and anti-Mongolian, between black and white, and put over the grave for a tombstone some scorched and jagged chunk of scoriæ spit out by some volcanic eruption and chisel upon it for epitaph: "Here lies the carcass of one who cursed the world. Aged, near 6,000 years. Departed this life for the perdition from whence it came. No peace to its ashes."

What we should thus be doing in America would be but the example and forerunner of what would follow in Europe, and afterwhile in Asia and round the whole globe.

The race motive I deem at best, one of the lowest and and most selfish. In this great movement of the nineteenth century, and behind

this gathering together of the men of each race, I seem to see the finger of God. It is pointing to a still greater movement of which this is but one step forward. After all, the race hatred that has cropped out is but insignificant in comparison with the great growth of race sympathies. That sympathy I firmly believe will continue to grow. It will grow like a flourishing vine till it o'ertops every wall and barrier that keeps men apart. Men of all races are bound at last to come together in a great brotherhood. They will not give up their physical differences. They may not eat and drink together or inhabit the same kind of house; they will not intermarry; there will not be a fusion of blood, but there will be a fusion of hearts' sentiments, an amalgamation of moral and spiritual forces among men, irrespective of their size, color or feature, a union of hands and hearts, a coming together for education, for charity, for justice, for truth, for righteousness, for the upbuilding of all that is godly. No longer will one sneer at the other, no longer will one patronize the other, no longer will they build up limitations, bars and hindrances, but every gate will swing on its hinges, every door will open wide and every human being, child of God will come in by the right of the godlikeness of his soul into a genuine triumphant brotherhood of all races and conditions of men.

The Antipathies

OF

Race, Creed and Class

II. "THE CLASHING OF CREEDS."

RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D.

February 24, 1893.

The whole wide world seems to be filled with the din and tumult raised by the clashing of creeds. All the ages past are under this terror. I have traced the footsteps of our sires through many lands, ranging in imagination back into the remotest past, but nowhere could I escape the confusion, the heartrending outcries, the clamor that on all sides arose from the clashing of creeds. The silence of desolate Chaldea seems to be disturbed as from the mounds and ruins of the buried civilization of long ago come the sounds of contention, and out of the dim and hazy tradition this bold and startling fact that Abram must flee for the sake of his creed and the right to maintain his convictions. On the banks of the Nile there is a commingling of voices. Pharaoh blasphemously defies Jehovah and Moses challenges the em-

missaries of Egypt's gods. Israel triumphant in Canaan swears eternal warfare against Edom and Moab and all their idolatries. Where Carmel lifts its proud peak to overlook the lashing waters of the Mediterranean I seem to hear the bitter, burning, withering scorn and irony with which Elijah mocks the priests of Baal.

The Orontes trembles, the gods of Syria topple from their pedestals at the onset of the rival powers. Far off into Babylonia I wander with the exiles of Israel and Judah and there am a silent witness to the war of creeds and see the Babylonian, the Mede, the Persian, each in turn celebrate the war triumph which has proven the superior might of his colossal gods over those of opposing nations. Afar from the East come the echoes of the contentions of the Brahmins in India, the Buddhists in China, which are prolonged towards the setting sun, through the Levant, among the Isles of the Ægean sea, in the Peninsula of Greece, and throughout the mighty Roman empire, as again and again the Titans of some new mythology storm the heavens whence some primeval Zeus enthroned in safety hurls them down pierced by the thunderbolts of his wrath and crushes them with the weight of some great fuming Etna of oppression.

Christianity comes up and the long, bitter and bloody warfare that marks the downfall of heathendom is waged. Mohamedanism, with fire and sword, lights up the path and hews the highway of its progress out of Arabia, across Africa and to the very gates of Europe. Christian and Mahometan make a common enemy of the Jew, and all three together spurn the Pagan. The intense and relentless feud between the followers of Arius and Athanasius breaks up the Christian church into two hostile sects, sworn to undying enmity.

The ebon blackness of the dark skies of the Middle ages become lurid with the smoke and flames of the autos-da-fe of the countless martyrs who perish at the stake in fealty to their faith. The tranquil air deep in earth's caverns is lashed into rage by the agonizing cries—the crystal vault of heaven is pierced by the woeful, heartrending wails of those who are the merciless victims, brutally murdered by the mandate of the Inquisition. Those who issued these commands were not always strange as it seems to us, fiendish, malicious and brutal demons, but often men who were in all sincerity acting according to what they really believed to be their duty. They were men of deep learning, men often of exalted, saintly character, men of seemingly tender hearts and righteous motive but so blinded by their fanatic zeal that they believed they were doing God's work, bringing all men into His fold. Out of love for those who being outside the

pale of the church were walking on the brink of perdition, they felt that they were justified, nay it was their highest, holiest duty to reach out a strong hand and whatever the resistance, draw back with all force from the verge of eternal perdition Jew and heathen, heretic and infidel. Thus in religion's name were crimes unnumbered committed; for religion's sake was blood spilled without measure or stint. To love God, seemed to imply as a test, to hate men. To save souls it was held necessary to torture bodies.

"Oh, it is excellent, to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant," said Shakespeare. No power has proven itself so gigantic among men as religion, and none, we blush for the manhood of the race to confess it, none has more wantonly abused its giant strength. Not one of the historic creeds of the world can justly claim to be exempt from this charge. Whichever had the power abused it, maintaining its own claims by abridging the rights and crushing out by force the claims of the opponent. When the Protestants were in power they persecuted the Catholics; when the Catholics were in power they persecuted the Protestants. Both cursed and cast out the Jew. All the petty sects turned from hurling filth and stones at each other to hurl them at this despised people. Oh, the heart grows sick at narrating these bloody stories of persecution. The tongue refuses its utterance in picturing their harrowing details. Gladly would we turn from them; none more gladly than we, the descendants of those who from first to last have lived in the tumult and confusion of this mad warfare of religions and were the hapless victims of the cruel wrath that sprung from this clashing of the creeds.

It is too striking a coincidence, too significant and suggestive a fact that we should be able to ignore it, viz. that the year 1492 which witnessed the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, (the land which had become a second fatherland to thousands of our people,) likewise marked the discovery of America, the opening up of a new world.

Religious oppression had committed its darkest, deadliest crime. It had fatally outdone itself. Henceforth its strength should fail, its force decay. In that hour a slumbering hero awoke to the rescue. The oppressed flocked to his standard. Toleration planted his banner in the new America and claimed the land for the Sovereign of all the worlds, by the supreme, the divine right of religious freedom.

"Peace hath its victories no less than war." Milton's words have found their verification in our history. A bloodless revolution has been fought out during the past century on this continent. Using none other but the keen weapons of intellect, heeding no commands

but the clear ringing mandates of common sense, men have here without noise or confusion, without crime or bloodshed, silently fought out the great contest of the ages. There have been no religious wars under this government of the United States—God be praised. This is the distinguishing glory of the New World.

Great and stirring were the political changes that preceded and made possible the comity of creeds in this country. Summing up the lessons of the past which had culminated in that deluge of blood known as the French Revolution, as with a stroke of genius the founders of our government incorporated them in the charter of our independence and the constitution of our liberties. A hundred years and more was the new government of Democracy subjected to the test of changing party interests, of a marvelous development of material resources and the throes and convulsions of a civil war. All this was needed to establish the doctrine of private judgment by which every man having a vote, i. e. a right to his opinion was made secure in the exercise of its royalty. Thus was this land dedicated to freedom. It says to each one to-day: Exercise your rights and be a man; perform your duties and be a citizen.

Great and far-reaching were the changes in the intellectual world, which alone could quell the clashing of creeds and lead to the comity of religions. It needed a Kant in Germany, a Locke in England, a Descartes in France to propound the philosophy of tolerance; Montaigne and Bayle to give it their criticisms; Lessing in his "Nathan the Wise" to furnish the world with its most potent object lesson in the sublime drama of pure and perfect tolerance. It needed that men should come together, live together, labor side by side to find out that they were not so hateful as each had thought the other. Here in America for the first time in the world's history was it brought prominently forward that there are more agreements in men's creeds, however various, than disagreements. In charity, in education, in political social, moral and even in many religions interests and causes all could join hands in the bonds of genuine fraternity. The force of the old dogma died slowly out which put on the lips of each sectarian the bold, broad apodictic assertion, "My religion is true, the sole, saving religion on earth; it alone is divine, all others are false and degrading"

At last men have found out that there is some grain of goodness, some soul of truth in every faith—that none is absolutely false, barren of any redeeming quality, but each one in its own way, however feeble and erring, its opponents may deem it, is a reaching out after, an ef-

fort to grasp the mysteries of the Infinite, to convey the eternal longging of the human soul and express its affinity to the source of all spirituality. It has remained for our days to find out the solemn verity of the old Jewish dictum, "The seal of God is Truth" and in modern phrase to reassert it as Professor A. D. White has so aptly done, saying that "all history shows that the first article of a saving faith for any land or any time is faith that there is a power in the universe strong enough to make truth-seeking safe and good enough to make truth telling useful."

It was formerly the way of the oppressor to tear his victim limb from limb, to torture him with untold agonies and burn him at the stake. That age, thank God, is far, far behind us. It became the way of the oppressor, giving up tortures, to enact cruel penal laws against the one whom he named heretic. Thank God that was generations ago. It next became the way of the oppressor to deny his victim the honors and emoluments of office, to bar the route to distinctions, to so hamper him materially, politically and socially that he was virtually banished. This is still the way of Russia and other lands to-day. To the credit of humanity be it said that every man of sense and feeling in America is filled with righteous indignation at this survival of barbarism.

It has remained for our time to find out what one of the Rabbins of old affirmed, that "investigation is our duty, honest error is no sin." At last it is beginning to dawn on the best men of to-day that an open stand must be taken on this question because all persecution of opinions is immoral, grossly irreligious. Thus Castelar has called out from Spain answering the sentiment of all America: "We must have an end of all persecution of ideas. I condemn the governments of France and Prussia when they oppress the Jesuits; I condemn the government of Russia when it oppresses the Jews. I affirm that to persecute ideas is like persecuting light, air, electricity or magnetic fluid, because ideas escape all persecution; when repressed they explode like gunpowder."

It has remained for our time to inscribe on its standard as its most glorious watchword: the common fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of men, heeding at last the injunction of the old Hebrew prophet Malachi (II 10.) unto all men:—

"Halo ov echod l'kulanu, halo el echod b'roonu; madua nivgad ish b'ochiv.

"Have we not all one Father; hath not one God created us all; why then should we deal treacherously with one another."

It has remained for our land through the commingling of creeds to give the world that beautiful lesson of the harmony of all religions which is so exquisitely taught by the concord of the chimes that ringing out from the belfry of each of the churches of the various sects in New Haven, render the chorus of one and the same melody, calling together the people of all creeds to pour forth their hearts in the words of the same psalmist, to centre their meditations on the lessons of the same scriptures and inspire their lives with the same ideals of righteousness, mercy and love.

Filled with an optimistic sense of all that had thus been done in recognition and achievment of religious liberty in America, I was so far carried away by sanguine expectancy that in October 1890 I dared to hope that the World's Columbian Exposition of America might give a rebuke and a telling lesson if not a quietus to all religious prejudice and persecution abroad. I knew about the heresy trials going on in this country and that there were still sects and creeds who were at enmity. I knew that Jews were not wanted in some hotels in America, but I regarded the demonstrations of these sentiments here as mere bread and butter tragedies as compared with the disgusting outbreaks of anti-Semitism on the European continent and the woeful, heartbreaking tragedies of persecution being enacted in Russia. Nevertheless I made bold to propose that all men who prize this boon and recognize the victory of religious liberty as the greatest achievement of Columbia should unite in appealing to this government to mark that victory by some worthy trophy at the holding of the great Exposition. Not by publishing a book that might wear out and fall to pieces, not by erecting a monument that some storm might shatter or some convulsion swallow up, but resorting to one of the oldest known methods employed since the remotest ages, by the issue of a special coin in token of this supreme victory. That coin should bear on its face, a copy of Ezekiel's stirring monument to religious liberty, (the gift of the Jews of America to the government on the occasion of the Centennial celebration) portraying the death throes of persecution. That coin should bear on its obverse side some sterling maxim from our charter of independence or some throbbing sentence from the lips of one of our great statesmen, telling the triumph of religious liberty. Passing current among the people, circulating throughout the globe, this coin would be treasured as an heirloom and passing from sire to son, give to the twentieth century the solemn charge of the nineteenth.

My proposition as you know, was favorably acted upon by the World's Fair Commission at least so far as asking from Congress the issue of the Souvenir Coin was concerned. It is with pain and regret

that I must add however, that the proposition was degraded into little else than a business speculation and by Congress was saddled with such restrictive and prohibitive legislation as is subversive of those very principles of freedom of conscience and the non-interference of church and state which it was intended to impress and commemorate. Instead of being a testimony to our fame, I regard the souvenir coin as an evidence of our shame until Congress shall rescind the legislation requiring the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday.

It was the blunder of ages in Europe to try and make men religious by act of law. This effort led to all the bloody wars and persecutions. I cannot believe that America will prove recreant to the trust which God has given her.

While I raise my voice in earnest protest, I do at the same time however, give glad recognition to another and better token that our hope shall not be frustrated. A great historic event, something which when it has once transpired cannot be blotted from the records of men, nor its influence fail of everlasting effect—such will be the World's Parliament of all Religions, which is to be held as an auxiliary to the Columbian Exposition. The representatives of the great historic faiths are to sit together in frank and friendly conference over the great things of our common spiritual and moral life. There will be Buddhist scholars from Japan, India and Siam. One of the High Priests of Shintoism; two eminent Mohomedans; an eloquent expounder of progressive Hinduism and several orthodox Hindus have agreed to attend. The Chinese government has commissioned a scholar to represent Confucianism. There will be delegates from Bombay to speak of the Parsis faith. Christians of all denominations and from all lands side by side with Jewish scholars will be in attendance. All will confer to deepen the spirit of human brotherhood among religious men of diverse faiths; to set forth what are deemed the important instructive truths taught by each religion; to indicate the impregnable foundations of theism and the reasons for man's faith in immortality; to strengthen the forces adverse to materialism; to inquire what light each religion may afford to the others; to furnish an accurate account of the present outlook of religion; to throw all possible light on the solemn problems of the present age and to bring the nations of the earth into more friendly fellowship.

With a sense of profoundest joy and gratification did I receive this week from Chicago an official appointment as a delegate entitled to participate in this Parliament of Religions and to present a paper setting forth the teachings of Judaism.

I thank God for these tokens and I begin to trust once more that history is again to be read under the original caption of our old Bible : *Ze sefer toldoth adam.* " This is the Book of the generations of men." Still let us hope that the tumult of the clashing of creeds is to die out, and at last the great day of amnesty will come, of which Victor Hugo spoke so eloquently "when wisdom and clemency will be one," the day of the return to the first principles of every religious creed. Then up there in the heavens the great souls who lived and toiled, suffered and died for humanity will exult. Socrates, with his disciples, discoursing in the groves of some higher Athens, on the goodness of the gods and the beauty of virtue, fearless of death ; Moses serenely uttering the sesame that opens the locks on all human hearts: *V'ahavtah l're'acha kamacha* " thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" the prophet protesting: "Let each nation walk in the name of its god, we will walk in the name of Jehovah, our God ;" the gentle rabbi of Galilee declaring: " By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another," and Bruno, Servetus, Huss and Luther, Akiba and Spinoza, and all the martyrs for religion's sake, rendering joyous approval, will send down upon us their benedictions from on high.

"Nobody's Children."

RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D., before Congregation Rodef Shalom, Philadelphia, March 3rd, 1893.

The Nineteenth Century has been characterized by Victor Hugo as pre-eminently "The Century of Woman." Until now it was said:

> "Man is the hunter, woman is the game;
> Man for the field, woman for the hearth;
> Man with the head, woman with the heart;
> Man to command, woman to obey;
> All else confusion."

But in this century, woman has aroused herself to a recognition of the gross injustice done her; she has also awakened to a consciousness of her own fault, her share in blameworthiness; she has come to see the sin in a narrow, one-sided life, often a life of emptiness and gossip. Best of all, she has entered into a fuller comprehension of the great possibilities of genuine womanhood. With her remarkable powers of insistence and endurance she has secured access to and unlocked a hundred doors of opportunity hitherto closed to her. She will no longer submit to be hunted like game, to be decoyed or entrapped by a man, either to be encaged like a pet or imprisoned as a drudge. She is everywhere by her successes proving her capacity for tenthousandfold more good in this life than ever society would permit or she herself had dreamed possible. She has gone to the fountains of knowledge and found not one of the springs of wisdom sealed up for her; she has threaded the labyrinths of practical affairs, and found her way safely through their winding paths, demonstrating everywhere that woman has not only heart but head as well,—that she has not only feeling but practical sense for the larger concerns of life. It is no longer true that "Men make our laws and women make our manners." Men may legislate, but women are moulding the senti-

ment which frame the laws. Women may determine the fashions and manners of society, but men hold the power of veto or approval which decides the fate of our social usages. It is no longer true that either shall command and the other obey. "Thought in thought, purpose in purpose, will in will," they are toiling side by side according to their talents and energies for the upbuilding of the individual, the family and the race. To the solution of the great sociological problems of the day woman is bending her thought, and is contributing probably most of the effective work in the redemption of humankind through educational, philanthropic, moral and religious forces. Thus in achieving her rightful part in life, rounding out her womanhood in the development of all its possibilities, has woman made this pre-eminently her century in the world's progress. Contrary to the warnings and croakings of the tribe of would-be prophets, she has not surrendered any of that tact and tenderness, any of that grace and loveliness by which, in the heart of man, she is consecrated to the highest, the purest, the divinest of earthly hopes and aims. She has not lessened the beauty of home, nay, she has ennobled it through a grander inspiration. She has not yielded in childward care and the rearing of youth; nay, she has refined it with the dignity of a clearer intelligence. Wherever the woman goes, she is still the woman, as maiden, wife, or mother, and wherever she goes she leads by the hand little children. All the privilege and new power she gains is not for herself, it is all lavished on the children in fulfillment of the task to which through motherhood she has been consecrated by God to be the educator of the coming race. If the nineteenth century is the century of the woman, the twentieth century will be the century of the child. In the waning of the present we see the portents of the coming age, even as we read in the sunset glow of the skies the tokens of what the morrow shall be. It is America which is hastening forward the century of the children.

Berthold Auerbach, the great German writer, said at the time of the sweeping emigration of his countrymen into America about 1848: "Deutschland ist unser Vaterland aber America unser Kinderland"—"Germany is our fatherland but America our children's land." These words have become true in a much deeper sense than Auerbach meant to convey. America has become the land of the children, *i. e.*, the land where children get full recognition, where emancipated from all forms of terrorism every possibility is opened up to them for the development of their powers. The new education of Pestalozzi and Froebel has found a more general acceptance in our land than elsewhere. It is true that there is a manifest difference between children reared in

Europe and those reared in America. Our boys and girls have some very bad faults. I believe that I am expressing the American sentiment on the subject when I say that we shall try to correct these faults, but we will never consent to go back to the European limitations of child-life. The foreign theory, bluntly stated, is that children are "the property of the parents," and that no one shall dare to interpose in their control of this "property." The theory of our country is that boys and girls have rights which even parents may not abridge. The parents' vanity in the child's talents, or his desire to make money by the display of them, is sternly interdicted. Nor must the child be permitted to beg or work, to stunt its body, deform its character or contaminate its soul. Here more than elsewhere it is recognized that "the child is father to the man." The boy of to-day will be the voter, the ruler of to-morrow. The girl will be his queen-consort. The boy will become either a law-maker or a law-breaker. The girl will be his companion. What wonder, then, that hundreds of millions of dollars are spent annually by our States on public education. Child-saving legislation is attracting most serious study and evolving some strikingly radical and advanced theories among the earnest students of social problems. The State of Michigan is leading the world in this reform. Fifteen years ago one of the members of the Institute of France, M. Drouin de L'Huys, once a minister of Louis Phillipe, calling the attention of his countrymen to this vital question, exclaimed in his address; "Behold, gentlemen, the State of Michigan, only about forty years old, and has the merit of being in the advance of ancient Europe in the inauguration of a new era for dependent children." It is being clearly apprehended on all sides that as "the hope of our country is in our youth," we have most to fear from ignorant, dissolute boys and girls. Therefore is it a matter of public concern to see that every child shall be saved to the State, to become a good man, a good woman, fitted for citizenship. Nothing dare stand in the way of this consummation. Private charity wisely supplements public precaution. Mainly through the agency of religious people and organizations a magnificent array of Institutes, Orphanages and Homes are found throughout the land. A leading rank is assigned by the United States Government to the Jewish institutions of this kind.

It may sound like a startling paradox, in the face of all this effort in behalf of children through legislation, education and private benevolence, to say that "The crime of this age is the treatment of its children by the community." These are the words of Dr. A. G. Byers, of Columbus, O., and contain the deliberate opinion of one of the men of our age best qualified through experience and observation to

pass judgment in such a matter. Moreover, his words found no dissent on the part of a great gathering of representative men and women specially qualified to decide in such matters, a convention of the most large-hearted and broad-minded Americans, gathered together from all the States and irrespective of politics, race or creed, constituting the "Seventh Annual Conference of Charities and Corrections." (Proceedings, p. 370.)

"The crime of the age is the treatment of its children by the community." Should this assertion be an exaggeration, it is nevertheless strong testimony to the fact that those who are most deeply interested in the welfare of humanity are most keenly sensitive to the claims of the little ones. By their active endeavors the philanthropists are bringing in the century of the children. But I am firmly convinced that there is no exaggeration in the statement. This has been the crime of all the ages. In earlier times people were blind to their guilt. Our eyes are opened. We are conscious of the crime. All the efforts we are making in behalf of the child are but evidences that the conscience has at last become quick and sensitive. See where stand far and wide throughout the broad land jails, prisons, penitentiaries, reformatories of whatever name and kind, growing in number and in size and equipment from year to year, each one of them a monument to the crime of the age through the wanton neglect of the childhood of the passing generation. Think of the enormous amount of energy and of public money expended for the purpose of retrieving failures and reforming characters. How much better if all this energy and money were expended in forming character and forestalling failure. If it is the right of society to punish crime, it is certainly the duty of society to prevent crime. What truth is more trite than this: "Prevention is better than cure." It is better to form the child aright than to reform the man or woman. And yet, instead of going back to the head-waters and damming up within safe reservoirs the little streams of vice, we wait until they have run together into mighty channels, and then at the outlets build and build and build in vain, huge dykes of penal laws, only to see them again and again torn away by the onward sweep of the overwhelming current of crime. The present age goes stupidly on repeating the blunders of the past.

Truly it is time that we begin to legislate in behalf of the children. It is well that the great task of educational reform in which all schools and churches are united should have fullest scope and attain its ends. Let the magnificent philanthropy of our day in behalf of children do its utmost. But after all that these agencies may accomplish, singly and unitedly, to blot out the crime of the age against the

children, and to prevent its repetition, there will still be needed, more than the new laws, or the better schools or the truer churches and wiser charities, there will be needed for every child a clean, decent home, and in this home a higher standard of parental and filial duty. Home should be the nursery of virtue alone. Alas, how many homes are the breeding places of vice. Mark how homes are founded on the whim or the passion of a moment. There are few restrictions placed on marriage. It is perfectly amazing to note how many people marry on the spur of the moment, at first thought and without taking a second or third thought; marry for money, or to spite some one else, or to win a bet or prove their mastery one over the other. There is no one to call out, "Halt!" Do you know what you are about? Are you prepared to build a sacred sanctuary called a home? Are you fitted to influence and transform the whole career of another human being? Are you ready and qualified to assume the solemn obligations of parenthood? No such questions are asked. Off to the court house they run. The license is obtained for the asking and the fee. It is not far to the nearest justice or minister. No matter what time of the day or night, he is ready for these emergencies. He has no responsibility the moment the license is produced. So they marry in haste, too often to repent at leisure. After a little while the incompatibility of temper shows forth, bad habits come into play, then follow indifference, thriftlessness, incontinence, intemperance, cruelty, desertion, and all the demoralization that leads to the outrageous scandals that find their vent in the shameful and disgusting proceedings of our divorce courts. And the poor, innocent children, the helpless victims of all this degradation, what of them? God pity them. There are more laws for the care of cattle than there are for the care of the children. It may be, often is the case that the marriage is a happy though a hasty one, yet illness or incapacity or death forces the household into such quarters as makes home life an apparent impossibility. The children grow up in the streets.

Someone has well said: "There is one cradle that is never empty. It is the hard cradle of the streets, in which are rocked the children of poverty, misery and vice." The great city is their parent. Hard, cruel parent, who cares not for the child. "The muddy tides of the world's sin and misery meet in the streets of such a city as this, and throw their dark waves of brutish lives into the foul rooms of filthy hovels and along the swarming pavements of courts and alleys."

"Whose child are you, little boy with the ragged clothes and downcast look, skulking about the corners, lounging in public build-

ings to keep warm, living nobody knows where, doing nobody knows what?"

"Nobody's child, nobody knows, nobody cares."

"Who are you, little girl, begging in the alleys, singing your ballads on the streets, waiting or dancing in the saloons?"

"Nobody's child, nobody knows, nobody cares."

Who can hear of this and his heart be untouched with pain; who can see this and his eyes be not dimmed with the tears of compassion? Mercy bows her head in shame and Pity sobs with grief. Sad, sad is the fate of "Nobody's Child." Father and mother are in the cold, cold ground, and cold and cheerless is the world about it. Therefore has the heart of humanity been touched by the sight, and magnificent orphanages have been built in our days as never before, and homes created for the homeless where they have shelter and raiment, comfort and training.

Did it never strike you as a strange and startling fact that despite all this magnificent private charity, which cares for the tender orphan and rears him to self-support and self-respect better often than parents could have done had they lived, despite the immense number of such asylums and institutes, there are hordes of children outside of these refuges, outside of the schools, outside of the churches, outside of the influences of any true home life, yes, outside of the guardianship even of the laws of the land? I mean the street gamins, the outcasts, the waifs, the neglected children swarming in the byways of our cities and towns. They are not qualified to enter the orphans' homes because they have parents. Parents, God save the mark! so steeped in wretchedness and vice, so far sunken beneath all human contempt that, measured by the standard of true parenthood, they are Nobodies, whom it would be blasphemy to name by the sacred titles Father or Mother. In 1890, 5479 children were committed to reformatories in the United States by magistrates. More than half of these child criminals were children of Nobodies. Sad as is the fate of Nobody's Child, far, far sadder is the lot of these children of Nobodies. Nobody's child may become the child of some warm-hearted charity, but the children of nobodies belong to them They may have abandoned their child, may have driven it forth, may have left it in charge of vicious associates when they themselves were dragged off to the jail or the penitentiary. It is the blackest part of the crime of society in its treatment of children that it calls these little outcasts by terrible names, and brands the little innocents forever with the infamy of their guilty sires. It is heartrending to read the stories of thousands of these little "nobodies," as revealed in recent years through the investigations of the

Charity Organization Societies of the great cities. Dr. T. J. Barnardo, of London, exposes the system of white child slavery which is to-day in vogue in that metropolis. Any man can hire or purchase for begging purposes a child of either sex, if he only knows where to inquire. In his little pamphlet, "The Shilling Baby," he tells one incident, one out of many such, a pathetic story of how he bought a little baby for a shilling from the wretched mother, who was making a living by renting out the child for begging. Babes are drugged, often maimed, and then exposed for hours in rags and filth to provoke the pity of passers-by. Hundreds of children have been rescued by purchase, and Dr. Barnardo's cottages for destitute children stand forth among the grandest of Old England's charities. Later in life, if not rescued, these little nobodies are taught by their parents to beg, cheat, lie and steal. Trace any of these children to their haunts. I speak out of my own experiences and those of others of much wider experience when I say that, as a rule, the boys and girls, the gamins and outcasts of our streets, are the victims of such heartless, degraded nobodies. What shall be done in the matter? Something must be done to prevent these children from reinforcing the hosts of tramps and criminals. Some few desultory efforts have been made, but as a whole society does nothing, and this is the crime of our age in the treatment of its children. It is herein that Michigan has set the lead. In 1871 that Commonwealth established the first State Public School for the temporary support and education of all dependant children of sound mind and body, radically separating dependants from delinquents. No other government had ever undertaken such a work before and but few have since. Reform schools exist, but a child must have committed some transgression against the law before he can be placed there. There is no provision for dependants. Save the children! Take them away from the worthless, vicious parents is the cry. But what shall be done with the children? There are ample laws for the punishment of the parents, but the child can go to rack for all the law cares, and but for the private benevolence and the scrutiny exercised by the Humane Societies wherever they exist, the crime of society would be still greater. The Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania has, during the past ten years, been wrestling with this problem most earnestly. Its success in finding homes for hundreds of outcasts, under the zealous direction of Mr. Homer Folks, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times.

What is needed is a stirring agitation of this question here and everywhere, until public sentiment shall demand and secure the remedy for this terrible wrong. Not a single child must be lost. The remedy

for this crime of our age lies partly in legislation, to secure a more perfect guardianship of every child, with officials and proper resources to see that nobody's children and the children of the nobodies are taken from the haunts of vice; the remedy for this crime of our age lies partly in private and public benevolence to establish temporary homes for all such children, where they should be kept only so long as may be necessary to separate the incurables from the curables. The weaklings in intellect, who are liable to become insane, and the weaklings in morals, who are liable to become criminals, and the weaklings in industry and thrift, who are liable to become paupers, to be kept in institutions so as to prevent them from further contaminating the race with their blood—thus recognizing the law of hereditary and having the courage to act on it. All the others, the curables to be kept just so long as in each case may be needed to prepare them to enter worthy homes, where they shall have a share in all those joys and delights which belong to a home. It is a great mistake, one that our Jewish orphanages are guilty of, to keep the boys and girls too long. Better that ten children should have the benefit of one year than that one child be kept ten years, says Mr. Letchworth in his admirable paper on "The Child and the State." The remedy for this crime of our age, furthermore, lies in clearing up the distinction between dependant children and delinquent children, the innocent and the criminal, as well as the curable and incurable. We must give to each of these classes of children, nay, to each individual child, the kind of education it needs, instead of massing them indiscriminately together; we must bring out the hand-power as well as the head-power of the child and make him self-supporting through industrial training. The remedy lies in removing this whole matter out of the sphere of haphazard charity and planting it in the well-ordered domain of the obligations of citizenship. I mean that it is wrong, it is equivalent to putting a premium on vice, to demand that the prudent, thrifty, self-respecting parent, who exercises all due caution in rearing his child faithfully, shall be taxed either by the State or by private benevolence to feed and clothe and rear the child of the shiftless, worthless parent. These latter should be made to pay for their own child either in money or in work.

But all these remedies are after all subservient to and preparatory to the one great positive and effectual remedy of supplying for each child in the world a good home. Perhaps no one has expressed this truth more concisely and eloquently than did Justice D. J. Brewer, now of the Supreme Court of the United States, in a decision which he rendered in a case reported in the Kansas Reports, Vol. 28: "The

common judgment of all voices, the truth that the best development of a young life, is within the sacred precincts of a home. No institution, however cultured and refined its instructors, however pure its life, however faithful and devoted all its officers and teachers to the care, nurture and education of the many children within its walls, will give that sweet, gentle and attractive development that comes from the personal and affectionate training of a home. There is something of the same difference as between hotel life and home life. There is more publicity to the one, more privacy to the other. There is something official, as it were, in the one, and personal in the other. The varied graces of true womanly nature ripen more sweetly and more surely in the one than in the other. I would not detract in the least from the advantages which these institutions afford to the young. I believe they are a large blessing, and that even for those children who have homes an occasional and temporary sojourn in one is of lasting and incalculable benefit to the development of the child. But when it comes to the question of a life wholly within an institution and one wholly a home life, I think all will agree that the latter is to be preferred. I think every parent, when asked whether he or she would have his or her child forego during all the years of childhood the blessings of a home life, for the sake of the advantages furnished by even the best institution in the world, would unhesitatingly answer in the negative." (P. 562.)

The sum of all the remedies then is that society must see to it that every child has a good home. This is exactly what the States of Michigan and Ohio and Pennsylvania are doing. The old apprentice system is reversed. Instead of having boys and girls bound out to those who apply for them irrespective of motives, the State now, through its agents, searches out appropriate homes for the dependant children, and when necessary pays the family well for the responsibility it assumes and is kept under. The placing out system, as it is called, is generally conceded to have passed from a fine theory into a successful practice.

The cheering result has been reached which expresses itself in the glad message of hope that "For every homeless child there is a childless home." That homes must be secured in every case at any cost. It will pay in the end. "The children in the slums cry to you to help them. They appeal to you to help them body and soul." Such was the ringing charge of Prof. Felix Adler, last week, in a meeting held in our sister Temple to consider the building of decent homes for the poor. "There are children living near our house," said Mr. Caryl, of the University Settlement on Alaska street, "who had better

be deprived of life now than to grow up and branch out from the slums I see them every day, and my heart bleeds for them. Save them from themselves and evil influences by giving them clean, comfortable homes." There is no work before the people of Philadelphia to-day more urgent from every point of view—health of body, mind and soul—than that of cleaning up the slums and making home a possibility for thousands. Heed it, I beseech you, for the sake of the children. Save the child and you have redeemed the man. Think of those little nobodies. O what pathos is there so stirring, no heart can steel itself against it, like that aroused by a homeless child! The little one is walking on the edge of a precipice with yawning interminable depths beneath; the forces of corruption crowding thick and fast about it, urge it over the brink. Will no hand be stretched forth to save, no hand to guide, no arm to protect, no heart-clasp to hold it? Hear the cry of the little ones out of doors. It rings into your homes. You put your arms about your own darlings and you say with a shudder "Thank God, it is not my child." But fortune is fickle. What if, in the next whirl of its mighty wheel your child became the outcast. If then from the serene heights of immortality you look down upon the doings of earth, how will not you shower your benedictions upon the good soul that should care for your neglected darling. Shall we not strive to merit such blessings? While the cry of the children is still in our ears, and we hold our little ones thus close to our hearts, let us vow that we shall so live for them that in the next era there shall be no vicious, broken up homes, and as far as our efforts can prevent, no outcast, dependant children.

O that cry of the little children. It will not be hushed. It penetrates even here into the sanctuary. When that cry shall be heeded then religion's grandest work will be wrought. You cannot make a pyramid stand on its apex. You cannot make the great work of human redemption from sin and misery stand unless you build from the base upwards. Build the character on the open basis of child-life, and as the virtues rise heavenward the faults will surely converge to an apex in maturity. Let there be more teaching to the young and there will be less need of preaching to the old.

O that cry of the little children. It pierces even through the clamor of politics. Statesmen, wise beyond the interests of the fleeting hour, are legislating for the future of the State by answering the need of those who will some day be the State

Thus is the crime of our age in the treatment of its children being recognized and expunged. Woman is most active in creating the reform. When the cry of the children ringing through the dying decades of this century shall have awakened a full answer from State and Church and Home, then woman, taking the little ones by the hand, shall under God lead forth from the century of woman into the century of the little children.

A Jewish Chautauqua Movement.

RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D.

March 10, 1893.

Foreign critics declare that the whole American nation is chipped and chiseled into a dreary uniformity. An acute observer who recently traveled across our continent, commented upon the striking similarity in the towns he visited, in the hotels he stopped at, among the people he met; everywhere the same general style of architecture in stores and dwellings, the same wearisome bill of fare at each table, a monotonous sameness among the people, in dress, speech, manners, tastes and views. Travelers are apt to generalize too freely we all know, and yet this judgment cannot be entirely subverted. I will not say anything about the charge of sameness in our tastes, as shown in what we wear, and how we live; I think that the architect and the artisan, the tailor and the milliner, being specialists, are more apt to correctly develop than to warp our tastes; besides, the thought and energy which we pay them to spare us can well be expended for those things in which we in turn can better serve ourselves and others; but of the masses of

people, it is alas, too true, that when not acting under impulse they take their cue from some one who most powerfully dominates over them. There is very little exercise of individuality, the masses re-echo the thought, the sentiment, even the very words of those whom they fear or admire. The wife, as a general thing, is an index of her husband's opinions, and the husband is apt to be the index of his wife's tastes. Children, as a matter of course, follow the views of their parents. In the same family, the sons are usually of the same political party with their father, and the grown up daughters side wiih their mother in all questions. This is not always from conviction, but because it seems to be the more pious and is the easier way.

Far be it from me to say aught that might detract in the slightest degree from the sanctity and the reverence due to that commandment upon which home life rests; nevertheless, I cannot but feel, that oneness of will in all things (which can alone conserve the perfect harmony of family life) does not demand that each member of the family should entirely sink his individuality and make it subservient to the will of any one member of the family.

The development and the exercise of a positive individuality of thought, taste and sentiment in each person, is the force and trend of life in our country. Despite the fact that demagoguery has its way in politics, and our great cities are still undeniably under the control of the ward politicians, nothing so exasperates a loyal American as does this domination of the mass of the people by one man Even in the school house, the master is no longer endured whose sole aim is to impress upon his pupils his own views. What is sought after is, correct information and truthful conviction through open questioning and discussion. The same spirit should manifest itself more thoroughly in our homes. There must come out of the growth of stronger individuality, that genuine refinement, which, over-riding all petty contentions, will be able to harmonize the conflicting wills and wishes so as to work out the highest good of all. The life of the family can but become fuller, broader and intenser in interest, affection and sweetness, by the freest possible scope for the expansion of the highest individuality of each member of the sacred circle.

As it is now, the peace of society seems to depend upon the perpetuation of a condition of affairs in which the high water mark of individuality is fixed at a general standard of mediocrity. Anything above the standard line seems eccentricity. Byron rhymed it thus:

> "Society is now one polished horde,
> Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored."

Running along in two parallel lines from husband and wife into the family and school out into society, you can distinguish the domineering from those domineered over, the bores from the bored, those dictating and those servilely yielding, the opinionated from the opinionless.

Most prominent, is our selfconscious, opinionated, domineering, patronizing fellow mortal, spluttering and clamoring for all the attention, and monopolizing the conversation; stiffly contending for his views, inconsiderate, obstructive, petulant, boastful, the tyrant at home and the despot at school; the uncompromising and exacting man or mistress, in store, shop, office or kitchen; the haughty lady and the pompous lord in the social circle. It cannot be truthfully said that such persons as these, however great their pretensions, are truly refined and cultured. There is a positive lack in the make-up of character of such men and women, painfully apparent from day to day in the want of due consideratedness and gentility which should mark true manhood and womanhood. The apparent strength of character indicated by their strength of opinion and sentiment is often but the bluster, pomp and boastfullness which conceals inner weakness and depravity. Much which is only shoddyism in social pretension and snobbery in conduct is put on to conceal the vulgarity beneath.

The great majority of people, however, belong to that other class which has been mentioned. They are always vacillating between two opinions; they go to and fro, asking the views of all they meet, incapable of independently forming a judgment, a resolution, a decision of their own. They run with the crowd; they form the crowd. They take up every new fad and religiously adopt the latest mania. They accept off-hand the opinions of the last speaker whom they may have heard, the last book or paper which they may have read. They are satisfied that others should do their thinking; satisfied that others should worship for them; satisfied that others should assume their share of the burden of duties to sorrowing and afflicted humanity; satisfied even that others should put upon them a yoke, a heavy yoke of social obligations which they wear patiently and resignedly, because public opinion seems to demand it. Such is a well known class of people whom the greatest of poets has pictured thus:

> "Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
> And as the air blows it to me again,
> Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
> And yielding to another when it blows;
> Commanded always by the greater gust;
> Such, is the lightness of your common men."

Why do they not break ranks and get out of the dreary uniformity?

Why do they not push out, more of them, and conquer some ground of their own and retain it by the force of more powerful, distinguishing and controlling individuality? The only answer I can make to these natural queries is, because of the innate laziness, mental as well as physical, of ordinary mankind. It is due to the absence of ambition, this prevalent submission to the control of slothful apathy. One goes into an elevator, and as with winged speed, he is borne aloft to the top floor of a great building; he boards a cable car and speeds on to his home without effort; goes to sleep in a magnificient Pullman car and awakens in the morning to find himself at his destination There is something so gratifying to ones indolence of disposition in the service of all these modern conveniences, that he fain would be served thus in all other respects So, like the little child which is helped in its school lessons, and has all the hard problems solved, he too grows weaker, more dependent, more helpless from day to day, and sinks into that class of underlings seen on every side, who have scarcely enough individuality to distinguish them in the crowd. These have waded out of the slush of primitive slothfulness just so far into the stream of knowledge as to get that little learning which is "a dangerous thing." They have opinions, yes, any number of them on any subject and always at hand. There is no theme which they dare not essay, be it politics or metaphysics, economics or theologics, but they have not, and care not to advance to convictions. Yet between opinions and convictions stretches the whole diameter of genuine knowledge and genuine culture.

"Opinions," says Emerson, "are temporary, but convictions are uniform and eternal" The touch-stone by which the distinction is determined, is self-sacrifice. For his opinions a man will not lay down his life, rarely inconvenience himself; for his convictions (if they be genuine) there is nothing which a true man is unwilling to do.

Opinion is based upon a low degree of probable evidence; conviction rests firmly upon the basis of the most positive and incontrovertible evidence. Anyone may hold an opinion, but to possess and be possessed by a thorough going and fervent conviction, which is not a mere caprice of passion or prejudice, but a true thought that burns in the soul and sets aglow the whole being with the ardor of resolute action, this requires the exercise and development of a positive individuality. Strong character means strong conviction.

Friends, I have not presented to you this picture of the existing classes of men, for the mere entertainment which might be afforded. I have presented it to you for the purpose of interesting you in an earnest proposition to bring some relief, some betterment fo these conditions A candid recognition of the state of Jewish society through-

out the country, has led to the conviction that the great need among the people at large, is a fuller development of individuality, an infusion of stronger conviction, and the development of a higher type of manhood and womanhood. Would that it might be denied, but alas, it is too true that, for the most part their exist in Jewish circles these two distinctive classes, the opinionated and the opinionless, the domineering and the dominated. Genuine knowledge, true culture, thorough convictions, burning ardent devotion to Judaism, these are traits and conditions alas too rare. While the people are well meaning, kind hearted, charitable and as a rule highly intelligent, there is wanting among a great many that strength of personality which should constitute the expression of a decided earnest and inflexible character. There is, on the contrary, an overwhelming amount of lightness and flippancy charged against the body of Israelites which running into all manner of time consuming frivolities become a natural index to tastes and wishes. Busy people are they all, and yet the golden hours and the fragments of hours, which might be redeemed, and economized consecrated to nobler purposes, are frittered away by hundreds in idle pastime at the card-table and in gambling. Indeed these pastimes have taken such fast hold of the life of many communities as to have made pursuits of a distinctive and lofty Jewish character to hundreds and hundreds a source of indifference if not of ill concealed aversion. Thus, by downward steps, degrading to lower and lower planes, the tastes and ambitions of the people are descending. Vices. hitherto unknown in Jewish homes and in Jewish life, are making inroads, so that divorce, infidelity, desertion, peculation and suicide, crimes entirely unknown, yea, hardly dreamed of as possible in our midst, have come to be familiar.

What shall we do to infuse into the home life a new and better spirit where the old Jewish spirit is wanting? What shall we do to infuse into the individual new and better ambition, the love of more elevating pursuits and past-times where now they are descending to ignoble levels? For upwards of ten years, I have been studying the methods which are in vogue and in successful operation among other religious denominations for the purpose of reaching down into the lives of the people at large and taking fast hold upon the individual to bring him up out of slothfulness and sensousness and materialism, into the love and pursuit of the ideal.

Most prominent as an educative factor in successfully accomplishing this purpose, is what is known as "The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." This organization has been in existance seventeen years; hundreds of thousand of people have been easily led to participate in

its movements, and have had their lives redeemed from bitterness and the weariness of routine, from the emptiness and shallowness of mere diversion. Keener interest has been awakened in thousands upon thousands, interest in the great problems of life and duty; correct knowledge on hundreds of themes brought within easy reach of the humblest of mortals. They have been encouraged and helped to beautify and exalt their lives. Simple courses of readings have been arranged by the Chautauqua Circle, especially adapted to the needs of busy people. These courses are prepared from the most elementary readings for young boys and girls, on through college studies to the complete university course. All the work is done at home, by the individual Forty-five minutes reading a day, if persistently carried out through the months from October to June during four years, secures to the reader a diploma, but what is far, far better than even a diploma, secures for him habits of reading and study, habits of close connected persistent thinking, the joy of a larger interest and participation in the fascinating life of the times, the quickening impulses of self-education, and the genuine results of a broader and truer culture. Thirty thonsand people have graduated from the Chautauqua society; its readers exist in all portions of the United States, in Canada, in Japan, in South Africa, in Great Britain, indeed wherever the English language is known. It has infused new ambition into thousands in homes, in churches, in schools, in prisons, in the Army and in the Navy. Its methods, in all their elaborate details, have been wrought out with such perfect adaptation to the needs, that other religious and educational organizations have seen fit to utilize them. The great Roman Catholic church, which boasts of being the same from the first through all the ages until the last day, has, in its wisdom, taken up the methods of the Chautauqua Circle, and this summer will open, after two years of preparation, the first summer school for Catholics in the United States. Between fifty and sixty summer assemblies exist in various parts of the country, all receiving their impetus from the first and central assembly at Chautauqua in the State of New York. In these assemblies, the readers come together, the members of the same inter-national classes meet and pursue the same studies in the bonds of fraternal interest. Lectures, concerts and classes are arranged so that the summer outing instead of being squandered in vain gadding, gossiping, flirtation and questionable indulgences, is thus utilized to the highest advantage. The best writers and speakers, a high class monthly magazine, news papers and periodicals, and all the best factors for promoting the intellectual, moral and religious life of the people, lend their force to this movement.

Shall not the intelligent Jew demonstrate his intelligence by learning from example? I make bold to proprose for your earnest consideration, the inauguration of some such movement among our people in this country. It was for this purpose that at the first opportunity after my coming to Philadelphia, I brought together the Jewish teachers here to form a School of Pedagogy, with the ultimate aim of commencing a Normal Course for our Jewish teachers throughout the land. It was for this purpose that I solicited the representatives of the various congregational and literary societies, and the Yonng Men's Hebrew Association of Philadelphia, to meet together in the effort to unify and systematize their work, to prevent overlapping and repetition, and in every way to strengthen their efforts. This suggestion found its proper recognition. To get into the classes that already exist in the various societies, and give them the help which previous thought, consideration, planning and preparation could afford, is the further aim. To reach out through these existing societies with the purpose of creating new and more wide-spread interest in the larger numbers who do not participate in their work, is the next purpose. I have been at the meetings of our Jewish Culture Association, auxiliary to this congregation and have fonnd a body of earnest capable interested young men and women. I face this congregation and I see hundreds who do not participate in the work of that Association. To awaken in them the interest that shall bring them into affiliation with its labors and to help all our kindred organizations in a like manner is another purpose of this proposition.

I have drawn up a plan based upon and patterned after the methods of the Chautauqua Circle, and have submitted it through a sub-committee to a general committee, composed of the representatives of the existing societies. Under the suggested name of "A National Circle for Self-Education," a systematic plan for the work of such an organization has been proposed and favorably received. The courses of reading are to be arranged on Judaism, American Institutions, Art, Science and Literature. These readings are to be prescribed in detail and are to benefit all classes of men and women, without regard to creed. Thus shall the opportunity be created for all to stimulate and enlarge the intellectual life and especially to inform themselves on the subjects of Jewish history, literature and doctrine in order to meet and overcome existing ignorance and misapprehension as well as to create a deeper reverence and a sturdier enthusiasm for Judaism Those who join in this work may do so as individual readers, as home readers, as members of local circles, of Young Men's Hebrew Association, of congregational or other societies. The Jewish Publication Society of

America would thus receive the constituency it most needs, that of a large body of readers for its publications. Jewish writers would find a sadly needed recognition; latent talent would be drawn into active usefulness for good and the vulgar ignorance of Jew and non-Jew in reference to Judaism which is so prevalent, would have no excuse for its perpetuity.

The committee has acted favorably upon the general plan, and I have brought it forward to the larger committee of this whole congregation in the hope that out of the nucleus which here might be brought together of thoughtful, intelligent, earnest, enthusiastic workers, such a movement might eventuate in a tangible creation. Starting from this congregation I would have it submitted to the still larger committee of the whole Jewish community of Philadelphia. in the earnest hope that all the people, irrespective of the congregations or institutions with which they may be affiliated, recognizing the value of such an educational adjunct, would leud theia cooperation. To this end a conven ion has been called for April 18, 1893. In due time we could then place the work, issuing from head-quarters in Philadelphia, before the Jewish Communities of the whole land, in the justifiable hope that it would meet with speedy response, and that especially in the smaller communities, the villages and towns in which isolated familes reside, the help and stimulus thus proffered, would be acccepted with the utmost avidity. A fitn cohesion would be given to existing societies as well by inspiring a clear consciousness of the motives, as by imparting a definite system by which to realize the aims for which they are established. A higher tone would be lent to the social gatherings of the people, the discussion of the home circle would broaden in interest, and into the individual life there would be infused newer and better ambitions, that would redeem and save from the dead level of mediocrity, from the stupidity of monotonous routine, and inspire the motives of a development towards that stronger individuality, which, through conviction, creates firm character. For the realization of these aims do I earnestly solicit your hearty co-operation.

Plan proposed by Rev. Dr. H. Berkowitz, for the organization of a

JEWISH CHAUTAUQUA SOCIETY.

Adopted by a Committee of the representatives of the Jewish literary, congregational societies and Y. M. H. A. of Philadelphia as a basis of organization, to be submitted to a general convention April 18th, 1893, at 8 P. M. at Assembly Room of Keneseth Israel Congregation.

NATIONAL CIRCLE FOR SELF EDUCATION.

AIM.—The N. C. S. E. (National Circle for Self-Education) has for its aim the

systematic direction and encouragement of self education among busy people, to promote habits of reading and study, and also to foster close connected, persistent thinking.

PLAN.—A course of readings ranging through four years is required of each member. These readings are designed to afford a general education and to stimulate an interest in Judaism, American Institutions, Art, Science and Literature.

METHOD.—The prescribed books and magazine articles are recommended by a board of six eminent educators. The readings are arranged to extend from the first of October to the last of June and are so classified as to enable the ordinary reader to complete them by devoting about forty-five minutes each day to the task. At the end of each year each enrolled reader answers a series of questions upon the work of the year and at the end of four years a certificate or diploma is awarded to those persons who have answered these questions with credit.

MEMBERSHIP.—Anybody who can read the English language may join the N. C. S. E. It is for busy people who desire to pursue some systematic course of instruction, it is for High School and College graduates and for people who never entered High School or College, for merchants, mechanics, clerks, salesmen and saleswomen, shopgirls, mothers, busy housekeepers, as well as for people of leisure and wealth. It is especially designed to afford to all persons irrespective of class or creed an opportunity to inform themselves on subjects appertaining to Judaism, its history and its literature.

HOW TO JOIN.—In order to join the N. C. S. E. the following questions shall be answered in order that a correct record of the entire membership may be kept.

1. Give your name in full.
2. Your post office address, with County and state.
3. Are you married or single?
4. What is your occupation?
5. With what religious denomination are you connected?
6. To what religious organization do you belong, if any?

No entrance examination is necessary. Members will be received at any time if they will endeavor to make up the year's work. The reader does not pledge himself to do more than one year's work.

CIRCLES.—Individuals may prosecute the studies of the N. C. S. E. alone; but their efforts will be greatly faciliated by securing

(a) Home Circles composed of members of the same family and using if desired, one set of books in common.

(b) Local Circles composed of two or more persons who may do the work with more stimulus and thoroughness by meeting together as frequently as possible to read and converse on the subjects of study and by arranging for occasional lectures, by organizing a Library, Museum or Laboratory. These may aid in elevating the social and intellectual status of the community.

(c) The Young Men's Hebrew Associations, Congregational Auxiliary Societies, Young Peoples' Literary Societies and other organizations conneeted with any religious or educational institution will find the plan of the N. C. S. E. especially adapted to their needs. Circles may be formed by any such organizations among members of the same; thus securing from year to year firmer cohesion as well by inspiring a clear consciousness of the motives as by impartiug a definite system by which to realize the aim for which they are established. The results of these readings may be turned to good account in the programmes of the public entertainments of the societies, by having the most meritorious papers and discussions, as well as selections from the read-

ings, repeated at these open meetings. In the official organ of the N. C. S. E. space will be given to articles relating to the readings of the month. The suggestions and practical help thus proffered to each in this manner will bind all these organizations more closely together in the fulfillment of their kindred purposes.

DUES.—To defray the expense of correspondence, membership book, etc. the annual membership fee has been placed at the nominal sum of fifty cents. The books for the required readings are secured for the members at a very low cost which may be reduced by two or more persons clubbing together to buy a set.

Secretaries of all Circles who forward fees for the members of their Circles must send in with the same the answers to the required questions on "How to Join." (blank forms will be sent on application.) Each member of the Circle will thereupon receive in return a membership book containing a certificate of his enrollment and receipt for one year's dues besides a Syllabus of the questions to be answered and returned at the end of the year in order to show that the prescribed course has been faithfully followed. All who satisfactorily fill each Syllabus for the four years of prescribed readings will receive diplomas.

ARRANGEMENT OF CLASSES.—The first class, i. e. all members, being either individual readers, or connected with circles who are duly enrolled, begins the course in October 1893 to complete it in June 1897. This will be known as the "Class of '97." Those enrolled for membership the following year will be known as the Class of '98" etc.

The readings of the several classes for any one year will be the same.

A class of books written by leading authors and especially adapted to the needs of self-educating readers will be selected from year to year by the Educational Committee.

SUGGESTED READINGS FOR 1893—4.

In Jewish History:—
"Outlines" by Lady Magnus,
Sections to be assigned with collateral readings.

In Jewish Literature:—
"Outlines" by Dr. D. Cassel,
Corresponding to the historical sections.

In Americans Institutions:—
"Social Institutions of the U. S."
By Bryce.

In Art:—
"How to Judge a Picture"
By Van Dyke.

In Science:—
"Walks and talks in the Geological Field."
By Winchell.

The readings for each month are to be arranged so that the amount of work per week will be definitely laid out for the reader in advance.

Elective courses to suit the needs of classes already existing or to be formed, will be arranged from time to time. Courses for advanced readers will be likewise established.

"The Jew a Riddle."

RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D., before Congregation Rodef Shalom, Philadelphia, March 24th, 1893.

To mankind in general the Jew is a riddle. He has been called the Sphinx of the nations. To most people he is an object of peculiar curiosity. No doubt many of you when among strangers have experienced a strange sensation when you have observed that you were considered peculiar because of the fact of your being Jews. Again and again has the ludicrous side of this fact presented itself to me in my experiences. Even in the city, where the synagogues stand with doors swinging open, in welcome to all who attend, but more particularly in the rural districts, are people on the alert to find out the peculiarities of the Jew. When a Rabbi goes into a village there is an excitement about the place; he is expected to appear in some sort of antique garb, to exhibit strange peculiarities and outlandish mannerisms. If religious ceremonies of any kind be performed, eyes are opened wide and ears distended in strange and wonderous expectancy. There is not only a ludicrous, but a serious side to this fact, which confronts us quite frequently in our every-day life. It is a part of the unfairness to the Jew. People read our Bible, and perhaps the records of Josephus, and there they stop; and so, for the most part, when the Jew is referred to, they think only of the Jew of antiquity. They expect him in his religious exercises to still adhere to the obsolete forms of ages past. An almost every-day question brought home to me is: "Do not the Jews still have sacrifices?" Questions of the rankest stupidity; some that would be almost impossible for you to believe were I to cite them, are brought to me often by people of great intelligence. I can attribute them only to the account of this injustice to the Jew, which arises from the common practice of reading his history up to the beginning of the Christian era, and never after that caring to know

what it contains, resting in the supposition that since then the Jew has been at a stand-still. The logic of what is called the New Dispensation has made the Jew superfluous. He is an anachronism, a riddle which cannot be explained, and so is most often ignored or pushed aside. The thought of the men and women of the present hour, when it circulates around about the subject of Jews and Judaism, deals as a rule only with the most ancient times. The Jew is thought of as standing in the shadow of the great temples of Egypt, at Memphis, Thebes and El Karnak, or he is pictured in the far away lands of Persia, Assyria and Babylonia, or wandering about the shores of the Bosphorus or through the Levant—carrying his ideas along with his wares into far distant places.

What intensifies the mystery on this subject is the fact that the mighty empires of the Pharoahs and the Ptolemies have gone down into oblivion and never risen from their sepulchers; Isis and Osiris, the Gods of Egypt, are forgotten; the mighty monarchies of the far-away Orient are to-day but ruins; Ormuzd and Ahriman, the gods of Light and Darkness, have faded for ever; Antioch, Nineveh and the great cities of Greece and Rome, lavishing the splendor of nature, art and genius, where men paid tribute to their gods, offering the hecatomb to Apollo and incense to Astarte, all have gone down into desolation, and with them are buried their religions. The common conviction has voiced the sentiment of the seeming historic law of cause and effect, declaring that:

> "What once hath been shall be no more!
> The groaning earth is travail and in pain
> Brings forth its races, but ne'er shall restore,
> And the dead nations ne'er shall rise again."

The Judean Commonwealth was overthrown in the year 70 of the Christian era, when Titus made his triumphal march through the city of Rome. What marked the political downfall of the Hebrews was, however, unlike that of any other people, but the beginning of their conquest of the world, for strange to say, while the theocracy has gone, perhaps, for ever, Jehovah is still the God of Israel. Unlike the gods of all the nations, He has not ceased to be worshipped, but is revered and adored more widely than ever among the children of men.

The contrast with all other historic processes grows all the more intense when we come to consider that the number of years in which the Jews had a government and a land of their own, are but a few years compared with those they spent in the slavery of Egypt, in the far-away exile of Babylon, and in their wanderings up and down the lands of Europe to the present time. Unlike that of all other peoples,

though the Jewish nationality may be dead, the Jewish religion still lives on. Still more is the riddle intensified and mystified by the fact that having no home, the Jew has had nowhere recognition and protection; he has been the pariah, the outcast of nations; the strong arm of the law was against him, and not for him except in the rarest instances. Princes and peasants were alike hostile. Synods and councils excommunicated; Parliaments and Cabinets exiled him; society ostracised, envy calumniated; bigotry reviled and tortured. The staple of the religion of multitudes has been the extermination of the Jews by conversion or by coercion. Hapless, homeless, helpless, the story of their wanderings is the world's saddest epic of suffering. Unlike the other people thus situated, the Jews did not become degraded into a gypsy band, corrupted, licentious, without social or moral order of any kind, but have maintained their integrity. The general unfolding of their gifts has continued despite all checks and hindrances.

Who shall account for this wonderous fact; who will solve the riddle of history and answer the Sphinx among the nations? Many have attempted the solution.

It has been said that the Jew still exists, in spite of the oppression and the persecution of ages, because of the purity of the race. To-day it is known to be a fact that the various races of the world have contributed of their blood to the Jew. It is a fond and ancient myth, dispelled in the present hour by the researches of ethnographer and historian, that the Jews are of unmixed blood; that they are carrying in its purity the blood of Abraham and David, Solomon and the Prophets. We know that by intermarriage and conversion there have been in the succeeding generations hundreds and thousands of Gentiles affiliated with the Jews. Strong as the race ties are and effective as they have been in conserving the integrity of our people as a distinct people, no mere physical cause can satisfactorily account for the perpetuity of Judaism. The religion has persisted, however the people may have changed.

It has been said that because of the intense confederation through persecution, through being driven together by oppression, we have held together in lasting union. We needed not the grip nor the password of the secret fraternity, for "Sh'ma Jisroel," "God is one," on every lip was the "open sesame" to the Jewish sanctuary, the Jewish school and the Jewish home, in every land. This watchword has been magic to bring succor to the brother in distress, and secure him a resting-place at death among the graves of his kindred in faith, though far away from home and friends in remotest lands. Yet oppression has

here or there for long periods been removed and none the less, has Israel remained like a family, however, widely disposed its members yet fondly bound in the bonds of fraternal obligation and regard.

It has likewise been asserted that the Jews have maintained their existence in the face of that common law of cause and effect which has overthrown so many principalities and powers, because they have kept to the intellectual life. That they have, amid all the streams of human experience and all the currents of human thought and of human emotion, centered the intellectual life upon the nourishment of the spiritual life, is a sublime fact. The school has everywhere been a necessary adjunct to the Synagogue. The Rabbi is pre-eminently in title and function, the teacher. The zeal for learning has become a hereditary passion. Bible, Talmud, Midrash and all the tomes of their great literature became, as it were, a portable fatherland for which the people lived and by which they outlived all degradation. Athens and Alexandria have in turn shown that other people too have most ardently cherished the intellectual life, and yet, this alone could not perpetuate their existence.

It has likewise been said that the Jew has maintained himself by reason of the sanctity of his home life. The mystery of his perpetuity is to be explained by the purity of his domestic relations; by that tender, filial and fraternal regard which has distinguished this people high above all other peoples, and made it prominent by the demonstration of statistics even in the nineteenth century, because of the sweetness, the tenderness and the purity of the home. It was well said by the lamented Dr. Lilienthal, in a discussion of this theme (Hebrew Review, Vol. 11, p. 124): "The three angels who led Israel through the wilderness of agonizing suffering were Education, Domestic Happiness and Brotherly Love. Mighty cherubim were they, guarding the holy ark of the Covenant."

Analyze all these reasons that have been cited, and such others as are usually brought forth in explanation of the fact we are considering, and, whatever force they may have, it will be found true, I believe, that these are not, in themselves, causes, but effects. We must dive below the surface in order to discover the causes that on the surface are indicated. Dr. Lazarus, of Berlin, who, with Professor Steinthal, is the founder of the modern study of the Psychology of Nations, has well suggested that, in order to get at the solution of the riddle, we should not ask why the Jews are here; why does their religion still exist; but we should inquire why are other people no longer here, why did their religion pass away? Answer this, and you will find the answer to the query why Judaism has maintained itself. After its

religion has evolved and come to the attainment of its full development, the moral sense of a people always become enlarged and clarified. It was so with the Romans through the inflow of new thought from the world without. It was so with the Greeks by the development through enlarging influences from without and within. When in the light of this purified moral sense it was found that the foundations of the religion were at fault, the religion was doomed and slowly passed away. There was such a conflict in the mind of the Greek of the later day when he came to study the fundamentals of his ancestral religion. That religion had, for instance, permitted the exposure of innocent children upon the mountain tops until they died from neglect; had deemed it right to steal as long as you were not found out. Against such precepts as these the Greek revolted when he came into the larger and fuller consciousness of a true morality. So, too, with the Roman, the influx of the new and larger thought of the whole European world and the whole Asiatic world which he, by his conquering advance, north, south, east and west, absorbed into himself, caused him to understand that the foundations of his religion were resting on sand. A religion which sanctioned slavery, which encouraged licentious orgies, the prostitution of innocence in the worship of the gods, now gave offence to his better moral sense. The righteous protest grew until it outwardly vented itself by the overthrow and abrogation of the religion. Long before the downfall of those ancient States, the gods had already been driven from their thrones.

How was it with the Jew? Let me by a picture present to you the contrast. There is a remarkable cemetery in the city of Frankfort. When you pass through the entrance you are at once surprised by and absorbed in the beautiful works of sculpture, but more than all things else, as you pass on, does a marvelous work of nature interest and startle you. Near the little chapel, somewhat to the east, you see a mound, where built upon a mighty foundation is a monument made to stand for ages. Upon it is a slab, bearing the family name of the ones who are buried beneath. The great slab upon this monument is riveted down with bolts of iron. The date inscribed upon it is 1782, and at the base of the inscription are the words, "This grave has been purchased for all time; never shall it be opened." Wonder of wonders! out of the crevices of the rock, up through the rent which the storm has made in the mighty slab, a little seed, taking root in the earth, has shot forth, and a great birch tree has risen into the air. Swaying with the breezes, it defies with god-like force this human inscription by tearing from its moorings the monument, and bursting asunder the bars of iron. Thus has it been with Judaism. All the

power of nations, of mighty potentates, of ecclesiastical usurpation and condemnation, putting slab upon slab, have not been able to destroy the seed and the living, growing force of Judaism that has sprouted and made its way up through the crevices of liberation out into the sunlight and air of God's freedom.

Never has Judaism in all these ages found itself in contradiction with its fundamental doctrines of the unity of God, of the eternality of the moral law and the immortality of the human soul. Whatever has gone on of change in forms, rites, customs and ceremonies, the fundamental truths are to-day the same as they have been. Nations have gone down, and with them their religions, because they were in fatal contradiction with universal and eternal truth. The Jewish nation has been destroyed, but the Jewish religion has remained, because it was the imperishable seed of truth. The darkness of obscurity gave it nourishment, the heavy oppression gave it a secret vitality which in God's own time was destined to sprout forth and break through every obstructing bond of human repression. The mighty tree still spreads its branches for consolation, refreshment, beauty and joy to thousands of mankind.

It is his firm adherence to these primal truths which he has given to the world, that alone can account for the perpetuity of the Jew in the face of all obstacles. Whatever there is in the effort to keep the race ties pure has been but the result of that natural anxiety which he has felt for the maintenance of the principles of his religion. Whatever there has been of the intensity of his brotherly devotion, whatever of exalted filial and fraternal regard, whatever of intellectual earnestness, it has all been not the cause but the effect of his pure and undying enthusiasm for the sublime precepts which through him have been untiringly promulgated to the world. To himself the Jew is not a riddle. Unto every one who reads his history fairly, and especially unto him whose heart beats in sympathy with the mighty inspirations of that history, the Jew could not in the past, cannot in the present surrender, and must in all the future, if true to himself and his divine intuitions, continue steadfast to his faith. Oh, let the world be just to the Jew! Let it not look upon him as upon some object in a museum, of interest only to antiquarians, but place itself truly in contact with the Jewish life of all the ages in its earnest motives, and then be honest and sincere in judgment.

Too long has this judgment been wilfully blinded by ignorance and prejudice. For hundreds of thousands there has been ever one ready solution to the riddle of the Jew, viz., that he is under a curse and cannot die. During the sixteenth century there appeared in dif-

ferent parts of Europe various persons, each one of whom declared that he was "the wandering Jew," or "the undying Jew," who was supposed to have witnessed the crucifixion, and to have struck the victim while bending under the weight of the cross, bidding him "move on," whereupon he was cursed with the reply: "I shall stand here and rest, but thou shalt wander on till the end of days."

Out of this misty legend filled with hate, those clouds gathered from which fanaticism sent its fatal thunderbolts upon the Jewish people. It represented the popular belief that the Jews, having dealt Christianity the blow of a denial, had received a supernatural doom A whole fantastic literature has grown up in all languages about this freak of the human fancy. It is still soberly taught as a religious doctrine, under which discrimination, contempt and abuse have been justified in lands where civilization is supposed to mean the love of truth and right.

Let me point you to the Jew of the present as he stands truthfully, depicted in a mastively piece of sculpture by Ezekiel which won the Academy of Arts prize in Berlin. Jerusalem, the mourning widow, sits regretfully lamenting; at her feet her brave defender, the Jewish warrior of antiquity, in his dying grasp the broken blade of his blood-stained sword; Israel crucified, bound to the rocks, presents the agonizing history of Medieval persecutions. By his side is the presentation of the Jew of the modern era. You do not see him as an aged man, crouching in a state of fear with downcast head, never daring to smile, filled with remorse and vainly yearning for death; but as a youth with form erect in manly stature, clad in lion's skin as token of his strength of heart and power of endurance. With hands uplifted over his eyes, he scans eagerly and hopefully the distant horizon to see the full-orbed sun of emancipation, of whose rising the dawn of religious liberty in America has given promise to the whole world. Thus he stands watching and waiting for the fulfillment of the dream which glorified the vision of his seers and the hope which thrilled the song of his poets.

The Jew has a right to ask of the world that it cease to regard him as a riddle to be ignored and misunderstood, and that he be recognized at his worth as a force for genuine good, one whose gift is not to be despised by any man. The Jew himself must cease to regard himself as a riddle. He must take his heritage for what it is indeed, a glorious trust. He must feel that the task which descends upon him is mandatory; he must arouse himself to a clearer consciousness of the place that he holds in the history of mankind; he must realize more especially here, as the American Jew, what opportunities are his, and

what a solemn obligation by reason of these opportunities devolves upon him now, more than ever, to live not unto himself alone, for mere pleasure and toil, but unto his ideals of old, for the great good they may be to serve the world. Let us, then, not endure to be set like the sphinx on the roadside, a subject for wonderment and comment which none can explain. As men and women, living, breathing, acting, toiling, aspiring, with a message to speak, with a mission to perform, let us be up and doing, so that by our ardent efforts we shall make the motive of our being so clear to the world that the mystery shall fade from about us and the riddle, unto even the dullest apprehension, stand forth clear beyond all doubt and misunderstanding forever.

True and False Conservatism.

RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D., before Congregation Rodef Shalom, Philadelphia, May 5th, 1893.

It is five months to-night since first I stepped into this pulpit in the presence of this congregation. It is just five months to-night since these Friday evening lectures were begun, of which this is to mark the close for the present season. Fifty times have I addressed you from this consecrated place. Five busy months of fascinating interest, whose life has brought us near together and bound more and more firmly, I trust, the bonds which bind us together as Rabbi and people. The hour is reminiscent. It invites a review. I recall again the first time I looked into your faces and remember how, from the kindly light of hundreds of eyes, there beamed upon me encouragement. From hundreds of silent lips there seemed to come to me a solemn charge which voiced the sentiment of this whole congregation, as it had been stamped well nigh a hundred years ago in your corporate charter, and as it had been graven in imperishable letters in the stone over the doorway to this magnificent edifice, in the name Rodef Shalom. It said to me in the injunction of Hillel of old: "H've metal midov shel Aharon"—"Be of the disciples of Aaron;" "Ohev shalom v'rodef shalom"—"Loving peace and pursuing peace." To that charge, you will remember, I made reply, saying: "I will be a disciple of Aaron. Like him I shall carry the staff which buds and blossoms in fragrance and beauty—the staff of religion." * * * I will be a disciple of Aaron; and as Aaron went out among the people when the plague was raging, and stayed its devastation by taking his stand "between the living and the dead," and waving aloft the censer with its purifying clouds of devotion, so shall I go out into the midst of the plague of dissension, wherever peace may be threatened or disturbed between the congregations of this city or any of its institutions,

or within the ranks of this congregation, and I shall take my stand between the dead and the living, in order to save the living. I shall take my stand between the dead interests of the past and the living interests of the present; between the dead issues, doctrines, rites and ceremonials, and the religious needs of the living hour, to save whatever has life, to conserve whatever has vitality."

Such were the words then spoken by me as a stranger. In the light of the five months of those reciprocal influences which have made us acquainted with each other, I feel that the hour calls for a lucid and direct application to our affairs of the principle then announced. Our aim, then, as from the first agreed, is to maintain and further peace; our purpose is to conserve Judaism. These are the two terms of our equation.

There are some who make a great desolation, with fire and sword, laying waste fields, ruining homes and transforming life into death, and then they say: "The wrangling and contending is over; now we have peace." But we aim at a peace which shall be secured not through destroying, but through conserving Judaism.

There is a conservatism in name and a conservatism in fact. There is a conservatism which is true and a conservatism which is false. Let us clearly distinguish between them. A false conservatism plants itself firmly upon the past and says: "Here we stand, and nothing in the world shall move us." A true conservatism says the past is ours, a storehouse of experience and wisdom to serve for the present need; the past is our inspiration for present aspiration. A false conservatism is stagnant and retrogressive. A true conservatism is active and progressive.

A false conservatism is based upon mixed motives. Sometimes it is a tenderness for old associations; sometimes an exaggerated and unwarranted reverence for the old; sometimes a mistaken filial piety; sometimes innocent error; sometimes ignorance; sometimes superstitious fear of change; sometimes stubborness and fanaticism. A true conservatism is based upon a single unmixed motive, not a concession of parents to children or children to parents, but only a concession to the love of truth—radical steadfastness to old and incontrovertible truth, a heroic steadfastness to truth under new forms and changing conditions.

The watchword of false conservatism is: "What hath been shall continue to be!" The watchword of true conservatism is: "What ought to be, this, and this alone shall be!"

Prompted by the spirit of what I believe to be a true conservatism I came to labor for the maintenance and upbuilding of Judaism, prom-

ising, like a true disciple of Aaron, to use whatever energy and capacity God had endowed me with, to go into the midst of the plague of dissension wherever it raged, and waving aloft the censer of sincere devotion with conciliatory hand to seek to stay its ravages.

I found not one plague, but if you will, ten plagues raging in Philadelphia Judaism. The first plague showed itself on the very first night I entered this pulpit. It was the plague of minor dissension within this congregation. I found here contradiction and disagreement in pulpit and pews. The comment and discussion which arose because I entered this pulpit with uncovered head, and without the customary robes of office, demonstrated to me the existence of a pharisaic emphasis placed on the mere form, which outweighed entirely the purport of the message I had to speak in behalf of Judaism.

I am here to conserve the sentiment of reverence which is the soul of religion. I would not, therefore, wantonly rob any one of that which to him is an essential and inviolable source of reverence. For me that form is dead. It is an obstruction to reverence. I know that it is bound up in the climatic conditions of those lands in which it is necessary to cover the head and uncover the feet. I know that it is part and parcel of the etiquette, the social, political or diplomatic affairs of oriental nations, in which the subject must prostrate himself before the ruler, and hide not only his head but his face as well. I know that as a religious usage it grew out of that "fear of God" which declares: "Man, thou art a miserable worm of the dust; therefore bend low, crawl in the dust, hide thy head, yea thy face, before the Terror which rules the world!"

I know that climatic and social and political conditions in this part of the world do not demand such conduct or raiment. I know that from the first Judaism has contended against all such terrorism. It averred "Bonim atem l'adonoi elohechem '—"Children are ye of the Lord your God," not miserable worms. It changed the precept of fear into the precept of love, declaring: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy might!" A true conservatism commands: "Walk erect in the dignity of manhood! Seek not to crush, but to exalt the divinity by which God has created thee in his own image." The false conservatism says: "What hath been shall continue to be!" The true conservatism says: "Nay, what ought to, shall be." In accordance with this mandate I found it impossible to conduct a service on the so-called second days of the holidays. The reasons for this are well known to have lost their significance ever since every trace of confusion has been removed, and

the day and date and hour are fixed beyond all peradventure. Such dead limbs on the tree must be hewn off even with a crash, if we are to save the life of the tree and let its sap rise in new and vigorous shoots.

We cannot, however, leap to the top of a building. Let us, then, go in and mount by the steps. Thus shall we here proceed, not by dictation or coercion, but only by reasoning and conviction.

The second plague which I found raging here was the plague of dissension in our schools. I found no unison of sentiment among the parents, among the pupils, nor even among the teachers themselves. The school is, by most, simply tolerated. It is regarded as something that must be endured. There are but few who love the institution; there is an utter absence of enthusiasm in its behalf. German is still taught, although the reasons why it should be taught rather than Italian or French do no longer exist. German was the language of the Synagogue, but it will not be in the future. It is retained, I am told, because possibly some members of the congregation might resign if it were omitted. A false conservatism says: "What is, shall continue to be!" A true conservatism says: "What ought to be, shall be!" In accordance with this determination I called together our teachers, and all others, that we might study the needs of our schools and how best to meet them. Teachers from all the various Jewish schools of the city have participated in these meetings, which for the past three months, every Monday evening, have held sessions at our school-house. The good effects of these meetings will, I feel confident, grow more and more manifest in staying the plague of discord and disaffection in our Jewish schools, and bringing instead the healthfulness of unison and system and more effective work.

The third plague which I found raging here was congregational rivalry. We are here not to deepen but to bridge over every chasm that may separate congregation from congregation, Israelite from Israelite, brother from brother. Nothing is more fatal to the conservation of our cause than an ignoble rivalry between those who are its exponents and guardians. Against every symptom of such a plague I have set my face in determination to purify it.

We sent our greetings to Keneseth Israel, where recently the new Associate Rabbi was inaugurated; we sent our congratulations to the venerable leader of Mickve Israel on his seventieth birthday; our cordial greetings go out to the new Rabbi of Beth Israel, who is being installed to-night. We are ready and glad to acknowledge that every new intellectual, moral and religious force which comes to Philadelphia Judaism is a gain to our cause for which all are to be grateful.

The fourth plague which I found prevailing was the opposition

between congregational and other societies. A false conservatism proclaims: "What is, shall continue to be!" A true conservatism: "What ought to be shall be!" In obedience to that purpose I asked that the representatives of the various associations should unite together, as they did, to try and systematize and unify their plans as an educative and moral force in the community, so that, instead of working apart, they should work harmoniously for the common end of conserving our cause by bringing the young men and women into a more intelligent and enthusiastic affiliation therewith.

The fifth plague here prevalent is the dissension between the charities. A thorough and systematic co-operation between all is a consummation devoutly to be wished. "This institution is run by such a crowd," it was told me, "and that by the other cliques, and the third by such and such a congregation."

Whatever the petty differences might be I was resolved to recognize none of them. All are alike striving for the common weal, to uplift and aid and ennoble the indigent and suffering in our midst. To all alike have I consecrated voice and hand and heart, grateful that there are so many disinterested, self-sacrificing men and women laboring in the spirit and by the methods of the new charity to conserve character through self-helpfulness and bring heavenly solace to stricken souls.

The sixth plague is factionalism in educational concerns. A meeting was held in the school-house of our congregation some time ago to arouse sentiment and raise funds for the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York. Our congregation contributing to this cause lent the force of its name and influence thereto. "It is an insult cast into your very teeth," some one said to me. "You a graduate of the Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati, and your own congregation leading the opposition!"

Friends, I acknowledge no opposition. I favor the cause of Jewish education as the vital force in the true conservatism. Contribute, if you will, to Hebrew education through the agency of the New York Seminary, but be honest enough in your love of education, generous enough to treat with at least an equal considerateness the Hebrew Union College one of whose pupils you have deemed worthy to stand in your pulpit and interpret to you the message of our faith.

"What hath been shall continue to be!" cries the false conservatism. The true conservatism demands that old sores shall be healed, old contentions be dropped. It is time to forgive and forget, to let bygones be by-gones, and join hands in the much-criticised and belittled

but earnest and unabated efforts of the Union of Hebrew Congregations to conserve Judaism in America.

The seventh plague which raged in our midst was a deadening apathy. There were hundreds belonging officially to our congregation to whom it was in fact a dead institution. Hundreds there were who never crossed the threshold of the synagogue more than once or twice a year. "Open the doors on Friday evenings and they will gladly come," was the cry which greeted me. "Gladly," I responded. "Friday and Saturday and every day, if strength be given me to cope with the task."

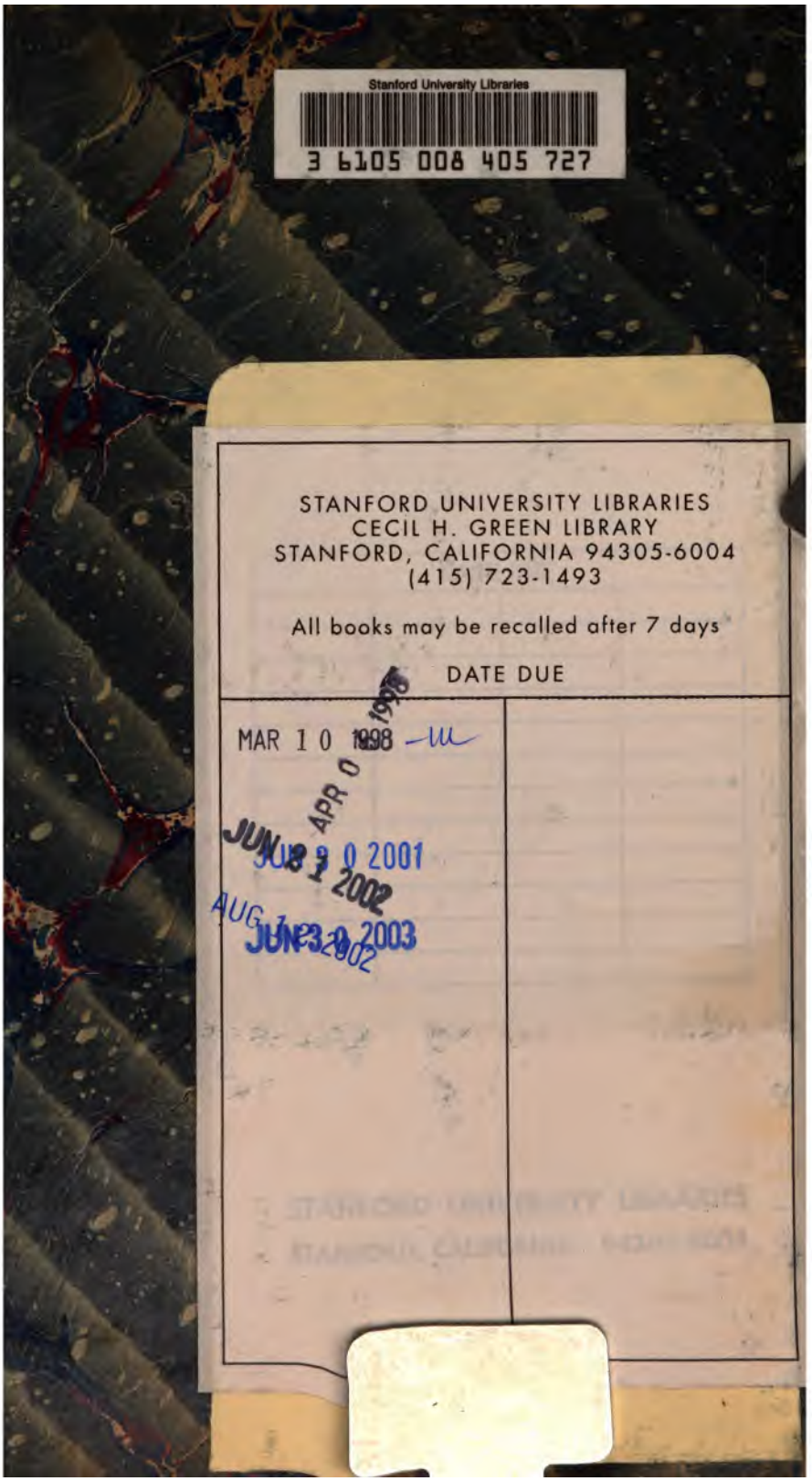
So the doors have been open and many have come week after week, and their interest has been awakened, and for them at least a new era has begun in our congregational life. One thing revealed itself with unmistakable clearness to their minds, and that was this: This magnificent building, which had become endeared to a whole generation and associated with the most sacred moments of their lives, showed its twenty odd years of service. It had grown dim and sepulchral, the carpets falling into shreds, the appointments looking dingy, a worn aspect throughout. The need created the demand. Better light is wanted—sunlight by day, electric light by night. The ventilation of the building is beyond endurance. Once a year it might be borne in silence, but once a week what headaches, and colds, what perspirations and nausea unbearable! The acoustics! Will nothing ever be done to silence that mocking echo which defeats the hearer and baffles the speaker, and menaces the vocal organs of one and the hearing of the other. Once a year those benches, uncomfortable as they are, leaving a crick in the back, might be put up with, but once a week they become a penalty unmerited. One bold spirit ventured the proposition: "Let us raise ten thousand dollars to improve and modernize our synagogue." A discouraging laugh was the only response. Yet, to the surprise of the incredulous, upwards of four thousand dollars have already been subscribed. This is, however, by no means satisfactory. The president of our congregation gave a just and most stinging rebuke to the young people of this generation, when he told them that twenty years ago the young men of the day, who were by no means as well to do as their sons now are, bought the property and built this synagogue, and spent thousands of dollars in order to give to their children the benefits which they have here received. Will not the sons emulate the example of the sires? They, in their day, made extraordinary sacrifices for the cause they loved, sacrifices of money, time and energy. They sought to conserve and preserve

Judaism for their children. To this end they put up this expensive Temple, removing out of obscure quarters into a place that should ever be a source of pride to all. They brought the wives and daughters down from the gallery and let the families sit in worship together. They introduced the language intelligibly to all, to make the worship satisfy the cravings of the mind. They introduced the organ and the choir to lend the blessed exaltation of sublimest music to the heart's devotions. Old, worn-out, disorderly and undevotional usages were put aside, often with struggling, for the better conservatism of Judaism. Will not the sons in their day give likewise of their means and their time and energy and thought to make this grand old congregation a living factor with the living generation for the honest conservatism of Judaism? If, God forbid, this edifice were to burn down tomorrow, and it were uninsured, I doubt not, a wave of enthusiastic loyalty would sweep over the community, and where now there are contributions of tens there would be hundreds, and where now there are hundreds there would be thousands of dollars given. "What ought to be, will be done," of that I feel assured.

The eighth plague which I found was a wide-spreading ignorance among the young on all subjects appertaining to Judaism. A select body of young men and women were doing excellent work in the *Jewish Culture Association*, but the great majority had no share in the same. I asked a bevy of boys the other day what *Bar Mizvah* meant. They had all gone through the rite. They had learned the Benedictions mechanically and could repeat them, parrot like, without knowing a Hebrew letter. Not one could answer. A girl was found to explain the term, and yet girls are not deemed eligible. Something must be done to reach down to the needs of the lowlier ones. Not a single member of our congregational family, young or old, humble or superior, but should find a sphere for the attainment of better knowledge and the development of a more earnest spirit.

The ninth plague, akin to the last and like it, raging not alone here but far and wide throughout other communities, is the abysmal ignorance of, and utter misapprehension by even the intelligent world, of all that concerns Jews and Judaism. It was to oppose the ravages of these plagues that I have labored to inaugurate some plan of popular education in these themes on the basis of the great Chautauqua movement. A false conservatism would say: "Let well enough alone; what was good enough for our elder brothers and sisters should be good enough for us and our children." But the true conservatism cannot pause to heed this croaking. It sees the ravages of the greatest

of all, the tenth plague, which, with a virulence and malignancy rarely equaled, is raging round about and throughout the world. It is the malevolence against the Jews, the petty, snobbish prejudice of know-nothingism in America, cowardly Ahlwartism and cruel, iron-hearted Bismarkism in Germany; Roumanian perfidy and barbarous Slavism in Russia. The darkest chapter in all the black pages of the annals of suffering, exile, abuse and persecution is in this era being written in Jewish annals. Shall we of Israel stand apart in such a trying hour and quibble about forms and speculations? In God's name let each conserve the faith according to the dictates of his own conscience, the one with phylacteries and talith if he will, the other with whatever ceremonials truly answer his needs; but in God's name, brethren, let us not be blind to the dismal portents nor deaf to the ominous prophecies of the hour Let there be peace within our ranks, and in one unbroken phalanx let us move forward in the battle against irreligion, injustice, immorality, cruelty and oppression, proclaiming against the monotonous outcry of a false conservatism: "What hath been shall still be!"—the ringing watchword of a true conservatism: "What ought to be, henceforth shall everywhere prevail."



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